

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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THE ORGANIC MARCH OF MAN.

A Discourse by E. M. Wheelock, on "Human Evolution," to the Unitarian Society of Spokane Falls, W. T.

"The word became flesh"—John 1:14. There is a story widely current that once a little Hebrew, of mean presence but splendid courage, stood on the Hill of Mars in the Hellenic city, and declared to scoffing Greeks that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." It goes without saying that such an utterance was received with scorn by the polished Athenians who could not conceive that their favored race, standing on the pinnacle of culture, were of the same blood as the "outer barbarians." So the sturdy "apostle to the Gentiles" found little favor with the worshippers of the "Unknown God."

Yet in that day the brave avowal of Paul was scarcely more abhorrent to the proud exclusiveness of Grecian thought, than are the teachings of science, to-day, to the belated religionist; for while the dauntless Hebrew simply declared the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God, science to-day teaches the universal touch and clasp of all organic life, saying in vivid words, that in the one loom of a common origin, both time woven all the forms of life; these forms are the signposts and mile-stones along the organic march of man. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird, beast, are all steps in the stairway which reaches from cloud to cloud, and terminates in soul! The worm at our feet is climbing the transfigured mount!

Every animal has been melted in the vital crucible from which man is made. Each form he uses is a wayside inn along the upward journey of the soul. His outward shell passed through every vegetable and animal body before it took on the human appearance, as in lower nature an analogous chemistry evolves electric bodies and wings from eggs and worms. When matter became organic, man was a possibility, for his psychic nature was once enshrined in flint and platinum; when the spine appeared he was already in view. To become a self-conscious spirit, the psyche must first pass through every expression of life from land-escape to skyscape; from the glowworm to the star; from the daisy to the sun; from Simia to Seraph; from dust to Deity! This measureless cycle is all synthesized in man, who attains self-consciousness only after a countless series of evolutions. The stone becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god.

"And the poor grass will plot and plan What it will do when it is man."

Mineral, vegetable and animal structures, nay, atmospheres, planets and suns are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man, on different stages of his transit. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. The cosmos is minimized in him. Animals forms are the fetal and infant entities of man. Begotten as we by the one life, its children as we, the Will that sent them out on the infinite sea, will take care that they land on the other side—the side of self-consciousness and the ripened evolution of man.

It is the human idea that crystallizes the snowflake, veils the leaf, and paints the flower. These objects once carried our lives, and left them higher than they found them. Through all nature one growing purpose runs—the building up of man. There is nothing in the world but the human, actual or

potential. Says the Kabbala: "If man did not exist, there could be no world." He is the brother of all things even as God is the father. Though the earth incessantly revolves, yet he is always at the top. Each of the various types in the mineral, plant and animal realms, elaborates its mine of the vital principle, and, rising in the stately miracle of life, passes it on to a higher form. In the primal cell its purpose, aim, tendency. No atom can slip from the ligature of law. Prick the skin that is nearest, or the nebula that is farthest, and you draw the life-blood of law. Thought thinks in the atom; each molecule has a brain; and the forces of nature are the fingers of God. All thoughts are things, and all things have thoughts. Time and space are the immeasurable continents, and matter the equally measureless content, of creative investiture; thus all things wait on man to serve him in his fates. He is made of the same stuff as the oyster he eats, or the corn he hoos. All the animals are on the King's highway, only at indefinite distances behind us. We are all interlinked in origin, in life, and in destiny. If man is a philosopher he is also a polyp, and many a horse is wiser than his groom. Often the dog in a man is the best part of him. All creatures and all plants are on the same road. Our kindred stand at every mile-stone, and from the herded beast to Humboldt, from the Saurian to Shakespeare, from the stone to the star, is but a step. The circumference of man is the universe, the centre of the universe is man. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. The dog is a barking man; the tree is a rooted man. He has cloaked himself with each astral fossil stored up in the auric envelope of the earth.

Upon molecular life which is the mineral, growth life which is the vegetable, and instinctive life which is the animal, is founded a life of life which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself, for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abysses of Gehenna are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. There was neither fiend nor angel in the universe till man appeared. It is he alone who "plays the devil." There is no hell for man, except the hell in man, created by man. The wise man recognizes his own species wherever life is seen; this is true to the very marrow. The advent of man is the universe beckoning to the atom to come up among the gods.

"His eyes dismount the highest star; He is, in little, all the spheres."

Animals are but plants loosened a little at the roots; while the fibres of man run down to every sweet and bitter thing, from the metal to the gas, from the violet to the vine. His body rolls long with the orb, kneaded together out of their juices and her clay. He is as much harnessed to matter as fish or dog, only with a larger arc. He stands waist-deep in matter as in a swamp. He is glued to nature. He is caught, like the be-draggled fly, in the viscid fluidity of things. Both his feet branch down into roots that share the universal life, with the toad and the tree. His heart beats in the slender pulsations of the jelly-fish. He has worn in his evolution the whole vesture of life, a vesture woven without seam from top to bottom, stretching from pit to pinnacle, from angworm to angel, from sponge to spirit, from protoplasm to prophet!

Step to step, through ages measureless by time, from particle and epicule, from cell and protoplasm, from plant, polyp and quadrumanian we scaled creation's altar stairs. In us are sun and moon, snow and mountain ranges, bud and flower. Many mothers fashion for one child, who yet, in his oneness, comprises myriads. There is nothing but is related to us; tree, sea-shell, or crystal, the running river or the rustling corn—the roots of all things are in man. Whatever is found as form in nature is present by form in man. The lower creation is planted permanently in him. He has distanced whatever is behind him, yet carries it all in him. He incorporates each fruit, root and grain, and is stuccoed all over with quadrupeds and birds. In his natural degree he is the measure of the material cosmos, for he has grown from the star-fish and the chickweed, and "he has prowled, fanged and four-footed in the woods." Just as the stone feels its way to the flower, and as the acorn out of Sol's sunbeams fashions the oak, does the animated dust climb at last to a human brain, and the fluent mountains melt into man.

But slowly does the body forget its heredity. The animal is hoisted on man. The old brutehood lurks in each cerebellum; if he looks at the universe at all, it is through a Jewish pin-hole. The slice of beef on the rich man's table has a history that goes back to the dawn of creation, and so has the needle that sews the poor man's rags together. The pauper is brother to the prince. The life of the race circulates in each individual, and the disease of the individual is in the blood of the race. The world is in man as much as man is in the world. This truth is as far above the thought of the church as the blue sky is above the reach of one's hand, yet it is in the world, and in it stands the new time. As the Jewish hierarchy slumbered while the star-led Magi worshipped at the feet of the chosen Babe, so sleep those now who represent ecclesiasticism of the time. Of all classes the priest is the most stupid; he is born with the blinkers on, and speaks to men out of the windows of Noah's ark! The men-

brew myths are to him the ruins of the universe, beyond which lies the yawning gulf of perdition. Such men talk of "losing their souls"; they would do well first to find them.

Man is the Wandering Jew in whose ear the flat rings forever, "Move on!" He is the tree Idraşgil, whose roots are in Hela; whose trunk is in the lower natures; whose fruit is passion from the blood of instinct, and whose branches wave in the air-deeps of the world's breath. He is the Midgard serpent in whom ends and beginnings meet and who hoops the whole world round. He is the true ark of Noah, in which all the lower natures are housed. He travels with a whole menagerie in his cerebellum, and in him the Creator brings all his dumb creatures under one roof. When the animals came to Adam to be named, each as he drew near brought to Adam a token of himself—a token that he had dropped as he passed that way long ages ago.

The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Every atom avows life—human life—the kingdom of God in leasts. Man has touch with every spherule. The circle of his arms is the girdle of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of Mercury come tardy off beside the fleet Ariel of Edison and Bell. He is the Proteus that slips from form to form. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image, and from his own heart and brain are shed the bibles of the race, as the leaves are shed from the tree. He is animated oxygen, breathing granite, living clay. He was pre-figured in the crystal and predicted in the plant. "Prediction grew into prophecy in the reptile and bird. Prophecy grew into assurance in the ape. Assurance ripens into fulfillment in the man."

"Man doth usurp all space, Stares thee, in rock, brook, river, in the face, 'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea, 'Tis but a disguised humanity."

Science watches the monad through all its masks, and detects through all the troops of organic forms the Eternal Unity. All feet fit into that foot step and all things have passed that way.

Plato learned in Egypt that nature is all one piece. All her varied wardrobe is cut from the same cloth. The Unity is so unbroken that the merest gnat carries on his back the key to the universe. A drop of maple syrup and a drop of human blood have their origin in the same corpuscle. The fungus and the oak on which it grows, the animalcule and the scientist who studies it, are one. The sun has no fuel that the earth cannot duplicate. The slime pushes up into the lily; the dung heap is transformed into the grape-vine; from the refuse of the sink and the sewer come the tint of the pink and the odor of the rose. Filth and fertility are the same word. So we climb the creative ladder from weed to man.

And more or less bulk signifies nothing. The earth is but an astral grain. The atom is as large as the Alps. Infinitesimals are as huge as infinities. The world is wrapped up in the particle. The drop balances the sea. The sand-grain is a masterpiece like the sun. In every cobweb there is room for a planet. Through the egg and the orb stream the same laws, and the blood globules in our veins dance to the same tune as asteroid and star. If the lenses of our eyes were differently adjusted, the whole universe might come within our plane of vision, and the spaces between the planets be no greater than the interval between adjacent grains of sand. The air bubble then becomes the star cluster, and in a glass of water behold the galaxy!

"Tis from the world of little things The ever-greatering cosmos wings. The heaving earth its rounded sphere Begun between a smile and tear."

From one minute cell another proceeds; from them others, and the result is a lily, an oak, a polecat or a poet. The universe is one; it has no outside, and in its unity all is taken up. The energy that crystallized a grain of sand welded on the same anvil a star. God's Word is written in full on every mustard seed. The law that shapes the star mist into suns, outworks the frost forest on our window panes. A pebble is a microcosm. The moulds of the stars are used in forming the rain-drops, and through each cubic foot of earth shorts the axis of the globe.

"The eye reads omens where it goes, And speaks all languages the rose; And striving to be man, the worm Mounts through all the spires of form."

Spirit is the great Life on which matter rests, as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history is the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in the man, and will work on till the present chaos and old night are taken up into the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corpuscle. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The Psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the world.

Man has the planet for his pedestal. The gases gather to compose his form and the winds hold him in solution. "He knows," said Emerson, "of ox, mastodon and plant, be-

cause he has just come out of them, and part of the egg-shell still adheres. The plowman, the plow and the furrow are all of one stuff." It is true, man has traveled on the protoplasmic railroad, over all chasms and up all grades, from microbes to poets. Every step he takes is locked with the last and the next. The ends of the earth are brought together to be built into the temple of his body. He passes through the fingers of every herb, and is enriched by each. He drinks the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it. In the stone or plant is the Psyche first imprisoned that, later on, is to resound through history and push the nations to their goal. In every form alike the Eternal God-seed comes and goes.

The animal is an unconscious creature. He is tied hand and foot to his instincts. He cannot turn round in his track and face himself. But man's self detaches itself to look itself in the face. The animal, while he knows, does not know that he knows. He sees, but does not see that he sees. He acts, but does not react. Man alone has the faculty that looks before and after. He alone has spirituality, and lower forms are but the stammering prophecy of that unmatched perfection. God made man in his own image, and then He made the universe in the image of man! Man is conscious nature; nature is unconscious man. Her effort is to evolve her own God, who is man. To bring her stupid deity to his senses, she sniffs and beats him, as the angry fishermen of Naples do the images of their saints in a long spell of stormy weather.

Our systems are charged in every fibre with the eternity behind us, and what was done a million of ages gone, when the crystal dreamed of the flower, is vital in us to-day. In us unite zoophyte and fish, monad and mammal, and we confess it in bone and function. The mouse is our fellow creature. The worms are our poor relations. Nothing walks, or creeps, or grows, which we have not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant, man vegetating; the reptile, man wriggling and squirming; to-morrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a neck-tie or a bonnet. Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in nature's wardrobe before it assumes the human incarnation. The unconscious effort and aspiration of all lower life is to reach the human organism. Man is thus a universal form from the complex of creation, and the cosmos crosses him by its lines through every nerve. The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything from a seed to a sun, and is a reflection of the Divine Will that the universe should continue. Things that have life are alive whether they be atoms or orbits. Every particle in nature is a life, and there is not a finger-breadth of empty space beneath the dome of the sky.

In this universe the meanest thing does not stand isolated and forlorn. The brutes are kith and kin to those who rule over them. They are the steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and each lower form proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. The universe runs onward from its source. Scales change to feathers, gills to lungs, fins to hands, matter to force, atoms to thought, dust to mind, sap to soul. Humanity, by its principles, extends through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through the winds and the fluid worlds. There is no escape anywhere from man; if we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of the morning, if we ascend into heaven or make our bed in hades, still he is there. The universe is swallowed up in him, thought is its cradle and its grave. By man all things are spread abroad. He barks in the dog, grows in the tree, murmurs in the passing brook, and his pulse vibrates to the stupendous movement of all the starry scheme.

He is Atlas with the globe on his shoulders. He has the philosopher's stone and transmutes coarse matter into golden forces. He is the king of nature, for he knows himself in the midst of a universe that does not know itself. All through nebulous and planetary life there was one determined upward movement until man was reached. Form after form was flung aside, one creation after another left stranded until the human appeared. From the appearance of the first and faintest organism man was ideally present on the earth, involved in the anatomical snarl. He is brother to the blossom and the tree, and with the same pigment nature paints the apple's and the maiden's cheek. From one form to another the monad has passed on. It was once encased in stone; then it crept out of its prison into the sunlight as a lichen or moss. From change to change it climbed, until its physical form became that of man.

In these lengthened processes of evolution, the mystic advance of man has drawn into the various lines of the organisms through which he has passed, the whole cosmos by minuteness, till each one holds, mirrored in his structure, constituents and images of Universal All. I, that to-day am man, was yesterday a pine; the day before I sparkled in the crystal or the spar; before that I slept in the world egg of stone; before that again I was a rapid sparkling atom of the day, winged and unsoiled, yet hungry for incarnation; for the Psyche desires birth and to dwell in forms, and the soul craves organism. Each form I use is but the inn where I tarry for a night, for the soul is an incurable nomad, dwelling always in tents. All things strive to ascend and ascend by striving, so at last we work out the beast and let the tiger die. Tusks change to teeth and the lion's paw and the jaw of the shark become the tools of culture. Evolution is the steady play of the Eternal Will through all these turn-

ing and belted worlds, and the death of Pan is his re-birth in humanity.

The primal nucleoid holds the soul-seed of man—the offspring of dust and of spirit. In every type the soul-force has a corresponding material structure—to every seed its own body. The forms which he inhabits at any epoch in his organic march are only the record of his spirit's unfolding up to that date; a death is a birth; a corpse is a seed; a cadaver is a genesis, and every green grave a cradle; "from form to form he maketh haste."

If God is great, He is also little. He dwells in the small man seed by powers of fate, and weaves upon it shape on shape in being's loom. He is dim in the rock, flower and bird; in human flesh He is most himself, and in human eyes we look most closely into the eyes of God. God is not a mind, but the cause of mind; not a spirit, but the cause of spirit. He is felt and known as the only Creative Life, and man as the creaturely form in which that life becomes fully expressed and glorified. Each human innermost is a gemmule of God. The creation is that God the One may become God the Many. Man stands in the doorway of the planet; God can enter nature only through him. The evolution of the man is the slow growth of the divine in us from infancy and non-age to kingship and rule. The road is a long one. He lurks in the lichen and sleeps in the stone. Nature has cunningly wired him through all their products from flower-bud to planet-bud, from the airy cope to the granite calyx of the globe.

In man the Divine impersonal becomes personified. The Psyche is the God-element which, divided from God, is yet divine and human. The scale of humanity ranges from atom to archangel; hunger for food is at one pole, and at the other hunger for God. Evolution moving backward does not leave us in the lap of the monkey—it traces us to the Infinite Arms. The long evolving chain stretches not only from protoplasm to man, but from spirit to spirit. The road behind us begins with the Infinite; onward it ends only with the Infinite again. God creates himself in man; man completes himself in God. Man finds being in God; God attains existence in man. The universe is intelligence infinitely individualized. The creation is a thought discretized from the thinker's mind. It is the separateness of the personal entity or soul from the aggregate of soul in the cosmos. Nature holds the seeds and forms of all life in potency; in this way the primal slime becomes fish, bird, mammal, man; but all this stream of existence flows from the Divine Life, through every ancestral link, and is God's from end to end. An infinite force from first to last propels the eternal whole. Nature streams perpetually from God; every atom even of her chaos is penetrated by an adequate mind; every granule is impud and winged. Man has been crystallized, metallized, herbed and incarnated; he will be unbeasted, humanized and godded. Space and matter, irrespective of him, are so flimsy that thought goes through them as if there were nothing there. Time is not heard unless ticking in ourselves.

In the primal medley, or in chaos, creator and creature, God and man, are mingled and indistinguishable. All things are confusedly blent. It is a potpourri. The entire scope of evolution is to reduce this chaos to order; to lift this mute, melancholy and prostrate universe into human personality. To evolve at length a self-conscious personality is the end in view of the entire process.

The wisest ancients knew the great law which Darwin has but re-stated. They knew, for instance, that the psychic outline of man was latent in the horse, and was preparing for evolution. This knowledge they expressed in the myth of the centaurs. It is a parable of evolution. So the mermaid, the siren, the sphinx, are similar parables. These human-headed gods, with bodies of the reptile, fish, bird or beast, are the pictures and object lessons by which the wise men of the east taught the truth of the evolutionary ascent of the germ of man. The cosmos is God disappearing in material life to emerge as man. God lost in the forest of forms, hid found again in the human advent. Nature is the evolution of spirit in matter. History is the evolution of the Godhead. Each little child, like the Holy Babe of Bethlehem, intercedes for every person born; for God without and God within are one; the Son of Man is evolution; and the poorest little babe in the manger of poverty is the Lord from the skies!

Man always was—in God; but to attain personal existence he had to be created, that is, distanced from the Creator. So he was wired through all forms and strained and sifted through a thousand organisms. He is veiled in matter and divided from the Infinite by the whole breadth of the creation, that he may individualize and by the long climb of evolution, gain for his Personal Being fixity and place. In itself the Psyche is an unbounded force, seeking constant expansion and overflow. The long series of forms through which it ascends furnish the curbing power that it needs to compress its action into orderly channels, and to endow it at length with self-control. Spirit must mount on the shoulders of matter, for man is a perpetual becoming, and matter is the vehicle of all becoming. Before a seed can grow, it must be taken from the shell and planted in the soil; so nature furnishes the soil for the growth of the soul.

Man's spiritual destiny is so sublime; his final blending with the divine so intimate and complete, that he needs all this prelin-

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QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY LOUISE M. FULLER.

A desire for the views of all parties on a given subject is a new departure of the times, and certainly a very encouraging one. Your questions have made an interesting study for me, and I send my answers along to be shaken up with all the others, and taken for what they are worth as an individual view of Spiritualism.

1. I have never belonged to a church. I have no doubt missed something thereby, but I have enjoyed the privilege of studying the New Testament without the intervention of creeds, catechisms, and preconceived opinions.

2. If believing in the immortality of the soul, an actual resurrection, and the possibility of communicating with friends who have left this world is being a Spiritualist, then I have always been one.

3. First, my own heart; secondly, the New Testament; third, my own reason, confirmed by that of the wisest philosophers of all ages; fourthly, satisfactory communication with friends in the Spirit-world, beginning in youth and continued through life.

4. The most remarkable incidents of my experience with spiritual phenomena cannot be authenticated. The date of my mother's death, given me alone audibly, some weeks before that event, is one fact that can be authenticated with others of a like nature. We had much talk of the other world during my mother's illness and she always said: "If it is legitimate, I will find some means of communication with you." Through a friend, who is an excellent medium, we afterward conversed of matters known only to ourselves. Her manner of naming the different members of her family was peculiar, and though entirely unknown to the medium or any one else in the circle, was always correct.

She has often appeared to me in dreams and semi-conscious states, as if in the effort to impress me with her presence; some times very successfully; once with her younger sister, who is also very dear to me. As it was not the first time I had seemed to be with them, I questioned which world we were in. "Well," I said, "however it is, we are all together again, and it is all right." As I looked from one to the other they answered: "Yes we are all together, and it is all right." But, I said, laughingly as I sat between and held fast the hand of either, "shall I wake and find it a dream?"

"Yes," they answered, half sadly, yet smiling; "you will wake and find it a dream."

Another dream, which was afterwards authenticated, was of meeting, as I thought, in the other world, a gentleman who introduced himself as a friend of a dear friend of mine in this world. So much was I impressed with the personality and appearance of this gentleman, that I have always thought of him since as an interesting character. Not long since I happened to find among my friend's old daguerotypes a picture of this gentleman, and on inquiry I found also that the facts related by him were correct. I mention these incidents in my experience, not as anything very remarkable, but as examples of the fact, that, at least according to my experience, love is the only reliable means of communication between souls in different worlds. Mediums are only the visible agency of this invisible bond. We say that the wires carry thoughts; we mean that the living, moving force of electricity carries them. Electricity is the means; the wires are but the visible sign of that means. Love is the universal and all-powerful bond between souls, and thence between spiritual worlds.

5. I do not regard Spiritualism as a religion. Considered as a religion, what is the difference between it and other religions, except in the emphasis laid on the doctrine of immortality? This doctrine is common to all religions worthy of the name; but in its practical bearings on life, it seems to be ignored by most of the Christian sects; i. e., if we judge by the superstitious fear and dread of the whole subject of death, which is common with Christians everywhere. Hence arises the office or function of Spiritualism as a natural, reasonable and universally necessary protest against the materialism of our times. The evidences of immortality furnished by Spiritualism are such as are in keeping with the times; mainly, sensible, external, materialistic, so that the complaint of want of spirituality is very frequently returned upon Spiritualism with much truth. Spiritualism, like all otherisms, is made up of sincere believers, make believers and hangers-on. In affecting the necessary emphasis of the doctrine of immortality and the fact of communication between this world and the next, there is much danger of overestimating the importance of these things. The doctrine of immortality is not the most essential article of religious belief, yet it frequently seems to be about the only article of belief in Spiritualism. Many Spiritualists seem to have let go of all other sources of enlightenment except the advices from the other world, and do not stop to question these as severely as they sometimes do Scripture statements. There certainly is danger here that the primal and all-important doctrine of the direct dependence of the soul on the Most High, should be lost sight of, and the mind become a prey to the incursions of thought and feeling from without, i. e., be ruled by other minds, rather than the divine will, through the individual exercise of reason, conscience and common sense. Here also comes in the prior importance of another doctrine of universal religious belief, the freedom of the will, which is so easily impinged even by all higher powers, except only the Almighty. It is so much easier to have somebody think for us, even in regard to earthly affairs, that oracles have always been a resort of the lazy and idle minded, and a temptation even to the well intentioned. But still worse than the result of mental work and responsibility avoided, is the possible result of the infestation of evil spirits, which may lead to insanity. However, I think it probable that as many poor souls have been saved from insanity by the hope and comfort of communication with the loved ones in the other world, as have lost their reason by means of the dangers of Spiritualism. I see no objection to considering Spiritualism a religion, provided the essential articles of religious belief keep their

respective places in the minds of Spiritualists.

6. I do not know certainly the greatest need of Spiritualism; but one great need of every specialty is to know itself, and thence other things, and thus its true place and relative importance among the various interests of life. The scientific sense is the real point of Spiritualism, and it is especially necessary that this should be wholesome and vigorous. It takes the whole physical circulation to insure vitality in each part, and if we wish to make the most of a special function we must appreciate its dependence on the whole organism of human interests. It seems to me that if mediums would take more sympathetic and intelligent interest in society and all the ordinary affairs of life, it would give them greater power and higher purpose for their work.

The more we run along with the rest of the world, no matter what our specialty, the better it will be for the specialty. I know the causes of estrangement do not lie with mediums alone, but there is nothing that does away with ignorant and unfriendly suspicion like friendly acquaintance and community of interests.

Spiritualism is not the only occult realm. Religion, philosophy, science and art, each has its occult realm, its special senses, special understandings and special revelations, which run far ahead of the common ken.

Edison deals with some of the less known and more mysterious forces of nature, the scientific occult. Idealism is one of the abstract or transcendent realms of philosophy, while genius with its surpassing revelations, is ever the unapproachable and inexplicable of art. Each of these four great orders of intelligence, the religious, the philosophical, the scientific and artistic, has borne its share of misunderstanding and persecution. The time will come when each will honor and glorify the others in their mutual glorification of the Highest, and all orders of intelligence unite in upholding their powers of special revelation.

In St. John's vision of the "throne set in heaven," these four great affections of truth are represented by the "four beasts around the throne." "And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within." The wings symbolize the powers of abstraction, which give place to the "eyes within," the peculiar insight and special senses of each affection of truth.

That mediums and Spiritualists should take more stock in the revelations of each of these other great orders of intelligence, and their revelations, both ordinary and special, and thence be, perhaps, less anxious about the outcome of their own, is a suggestion I make in the interest of Spiritualism. However, advice is a very dangerous thing, unless, like a boomerang, it may be used where it came from.

7. Just what is meant here by "psychic laws" I am a little puzzled to understand. In a spiritualistic sense I suppose it means the laws governing the special powers of the soul. The main body of psychic law is concerned with matters which are open to the common understanding. The soul has its special senses, as clairvoyance and clairaudience; but the sum of soul-consciousness is feeling and thinking. Everybody feels and everybody thinks, and the special senses are after all very much like a human extension of the five we have already, heavenward or upward, instead of downward and earthward like those of the animals. Feeling and thinking constitute the base of human consciousness. We have here the essential elements of all psychic force. If this common ground were well understood it would be easy to go on; but here is a world in itself, a world which is hurried over to get at the things beyond, the marvelous and mysterious. To know your own thought and that of another is to know something of spiritual form, and here is where we must all begin in soul knowledge, in the study of human nature and the elements of spiritual form. Special powers come afterward, and must be approached from the ground of general principles; just as, if we would understand the more mysterious phenomena of a natural force as electricity, we must be very familiar with the general principles or laws that govern the whole field of electric phenomena. It is one thing to know psychic law, psychological works, and another thing to know souls. Men are more apt at the former; women at the latter. There are some who care to study psychology, who care very little for practical soul knowledge; such, for instance, as to know the thoughts of a friend in its characteristic distinction from the thoughts of others; to appreciate his feelings and understand the quality of his disposition or will. These outline the spiritual form and constitute character, and are the ground of all soul-knowledge here and beyond, now and forever. Quality of disposition is something that is ever identical with itself, and is as easily recognizable by those who have their eyes open to such things as the faith which gives it human expression.

I do not see how I should have known my mother through a medium except that I knew her habits of thought, her disposition and her manner of expression. I see people who take no stock whatever in personality, character, or any kind of intelligence, who know you only by your name and dress, and care for nothing more, who yet run from one medium to another in the vain search of satisfaction from some friend or relative in the other world. How they expect to know them it is hard to tell, if they care no more for their thoughts and feelings while here than they do for those of the friend left behind. Such generally report no satisfaction, after having shown no more respect for the personality of a medium than for the strings of a mail bag. Selfishness is its own heavy seal on the senses of the soul. Two lady friends who had passed to the other life, said through a medium that they both felt they had no more than belonged to them in their earth life. It was easy for those who knew them spiritual-ly to understand what they meant, since they were self-sacrificing to a fault. Neither of the husbands of these ladies, though not bad men, could understand what was meant, though their wives had literally worn themselves out in the service of their families. This is merely an instance of want of soul-knowledge, and nothing whatever against husband, or men in general. These people, however, did not know their wives from anybody else, when there was nothing but soul to identify them by. What such people want of mediums is not spiritual communications, but fortune telling. To have those on the other side help on with some earthly expectation.

The development of special spiritual functions waits on the universal development of spirit, in intelligent affection, in thoughtful consideration of others, in human feeling and good will everywhere. The limbs grow no faster than the body, and the senses no faster than the mind; the occult powers of the soul no faster than the soul, and the strength of a mediumistic person no faster than the sincere demands of an intelligent circle; and I suppose we might say, the character of Spiritualism no faster than the universal interest in the spiritual world.

The bond of union, therefore, between souls and soul worlds is intelligent love, and any one who thinks to reach those beyond by means of idle curiosity, philosophical acumen or "scientific investigation," is as unreasonable as one who should undertake to explain the solar system without recognizing the force of magnetic polarity.

I have here merely suggested something of the great importance of a knowledge of spiritual form or character. I should like, if I had the time, to go on and show how much help this knowledge is in the conduct of life, in the family, in society, and in government, for character is the base of all human institutions, both here and hereafter, stands by us now in our relations with those in this life, and help us to keep hold of those gone on before, and will not forsake us when we ourselves reach the other shore. He who said, "I know whence I come and whither I go," knew also what is in men.

PHILO WILSON'S FATE.

Coincidence or Premonition? Remarkable Vision by a Mother—Separated by Thousands of Miles from her Son, She is a Witness of His Violent Death.

In 1849 a young man named Philo Wilson, the son of a well-known foundryman in Racine, was infected by the California gold fever, which at that period, as everybody knows, had become epidemic all over the civilized world. He was one of several children, and although but nineteen years old had the ambition of a man of greater age. He was strong, well built, erect, with perfect health, and the possessor of limitless courage and elastic spirits. Ennued by the narrow opportunities and promises of the town, he resolved to go to the gold regions.

He was the favorite of his mother, whose maternal nature was cruelly lacerated when he tore himself from her embrace and a mere beardless boy, started alone on a journey then dangerous and uncertain.

He went to Vera Cruz, and with a desire to see the country, he crossed Mexico from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, on the Pacific coast. At this point he sold his steamer ticket to California at a largely advanced price, took passage on a sailing vessel and after a long and stormy voyage was landed at San Diego, much weakened by the character of the sea trip and the shortage of provisions, through which all were brought to the verge of starvation.

Purchasing a horse and an outfit he started on a journey inland toward the mountain region. His impairment of strength from the sea voyage was not relieved by his overland travels, so that when he reached the San Joaquin River he was nearly dead from a fever. There was a ferry at the point where he reached the river kept by a man named Aulseberry, who, moved by the emaciation and feebleness of the boyish stranger, invited him to stay until he had recovered his strength. This was in the early autumn of 1850, or more than a year since he had left Racine.

II.

On the date of Oct. 5, 1850, Philo wrote a letter from the ferry at Joaquin River to his parents at Racine, portions of which are subjoined:

"I am in what may be called a curious place, in a curious business, and among a curious people; but to my mind, in a place and business more congenial than anything I have ever before known."

"I have now under my control about three hundred Indians, who do my bidding, and what is better and more satisfactory to me, they will have nothing to do with any other Americans. I think, in the course of a year, I shall go back to my friends and my dear parents satisfied with California, its appearances and appurtenances."

"I am now digging gold with my subjects, and have already taken out a considerable quantity."

He then gives the particulars of his illness at the ferry, the kindness of Aulseberry, the complete restoration of his health, his great hopes, the love he entertains for his parents and his assurance that he will soon be with them, the possessor of a competence. He then relates in detail his connection with the Indians.

"When I recovered my health I went hunting, and on one of the trips made the acquaintance of the chief of a tribe of Indians, whom I found to be very sensible and agreeable—for an Indian. I will give you a description of him, you may hear more from him hereafter. His name is Ne-mah-ee. He is taller than the average Indian, has large, powerful limbs, broad shoulders and a very pleasant and prepossessing countenance. His forehead is high, his features are regular, his age is about thirty-five, and he is the only man I ever knew that I could feel an affection for."

"I look on him almost as a brother; he is one Indian among a thousand who can appreciate the feelings of a white man. He is one whom I should call in their language, 'Macho, Whip'—'One of the Best.' The rancher of the Indians was but a short distance from the tent where I lived, and they all soon became very fond of me, especially the chief. We hunted together, they with their bows and arrows and I with my rifle, which makes them more fond of me."

"The chief proposed that if I would get some clothing for his men they would all dig gold for me. My men have already dug for me about three thousand dollars. The chief tells me his men are not friendly to the whites, and that he never before and never again would get his men together to work for a white man."

The long letter concludes with a glowing summary of the delights of the climate, the grandeur and beauty of the mountain scenery, and the abundance of game. His last sentences are expressive of intense love of his parents and the assurance that they will all speedily be reunited.

Happy youth! Only twenty years of age, the owner of a gold mine, the monarch of a paradise, the friend and director of a powerful chieftain and his warriors. What boy would not envy his condition and freely give years of his life to occupy the same enrapturing situation! Antelope in the ravine, elk on the plains, bear in the forest, wild ducks and geese in the air and in the river, and a salubrious climate—what else could be desired to make the happiness of Philo Wilson more complete?

What writer for the amusement of youth ever created anything so bright as this picture of a young man, in perfect health, the substantial emperor of a region of illimitable game, a climate which stimulated the pulses like purest champagne; a tribe of ferocious Indians who love, fear and obey him, and gold mines of inexhaustible richness. Even Rider Haggard, in his wildest dreams, never produced a combination so wonderful as that in which young, red-cheeked, bright-

eyed Philo Wilson was.

III.

It was on Christmas Day of the same year as the date of the above letter. The parents of Philo had moved from Racine to Janesville to escape the severity of the lake winds. They were temporarily staying and boarding in the family of a friend.

Mrs. Wilson, the mother of Philo, was a woman of more than average intelligence and the owner of a strength of mind of unusual dimensions. She was passionately fond of her children, even tempered and of a religious tendency. She was a Christian in the higher sense of the word—conscientious, truthful, a firm believer in the doctrines of her church, and not in the smallest particular given to superstition. She was remarkable for plain common sense and thoroughly practical views of life.

Just as dawn was mingling its gray tints with the somber shadows of night Mrs. Wilson, who was lying beside her husband in bed, awoke and gazed sleepily and unconsciously at the ceiling. Then a wild expression filled her eyes, and with a scream that was heard in every portion of the large house she sprang up in the bed and out on the floor, convulsively grasping her pillow as if it were a dead body.

"My God, what is it?" ejaculated the husband, roused from a deep slumber by the shriek of his wife.

She was standing near the bed in an attitude as if frozen. She had dropped the pillow. Her eyes were fixed on some object in the far distance, and he saw in the dim light that they were staring and distended as if with an awful terror. Both her rigid arms were extended straight in front of her in the direction of her gaze.

"What is it? What do you see? Are you dreaming?" he said, as he took hold of her arms and pulled her toward him.

Suddenly the stiffened form weakened, collapsed, and sank in a dead swoon to the floor. Restoratives were applied, and after a long time she came hysterically sobbing back to consciousness. Her eyes unclosed and took in the anxious faces about her, and then shut for a moment, while swift shudders convulsed her frame.

"What is it, wife? What ails you?" asked the husband.

"Philo is dead, dead, dead! I saw him on the snow; there was blood on his breast, and I heard him scream, 'I am killed!'"

"It was a horrid dream! See! We are all here! It's only a vision, a nightmare. There's nothing the matter with Philo."

It was many hours before Mrs. Wilson could lighten in the least the heavy burden of her belief.

"I'm better now," she would say with an effort at cheerfulness, and the next instant would break into spasms of weeping.

Toward noon some inmate returned from the postoffice, bringing in the mail a letter with the California postmark.

"Hurrah!" shouted Mr. Wilson, as he glanced at the postmark and the handwriting. "It's a letter from Philo! He's all right! I told you so! I'll read it." He tore off the envelope and read the four closely written pages. It was the letter written by Philo Oct. 5 at the ferry on Joaquin River. There was universal rejoicing over its arrival, and its opportune appearance seemed almost a providential offset to the shock of the dream.

The Christmas dinner was all the more hilarious and jolly from the contrast between the dread vision of the morning and the contradiction. Even Mrs. Wilson appeared to become herself to the company in general, although it was noticed that now and then, in happiest moments, a sudden sadness would darken her eyes, and a sob would be choked back with a quick effort.

Among those present at this memorable Christmas dinner, in addition to the parents, were two sons, John J. L. Farley, and H. K. Whiton, then a law student, and later a partner of Joseph Sleeper, a well-known lawyer of this city. Farley Wilson is dead. The remaining brother, John J. L., is now a resident of Chicago.

IV.

It was the same Christmas day in the mines in the foothills, on one of the tributaries of the San Joaquin River. There was a tent on a height sufficient to escape the high water of the stream where the gold washings were carried on. For the reason, perhaps, that it was Christmas, no work was in progress.

A young man, with light hair and some down just covering his face, with a complexion, naturally of a blonde hue, now tanned to the color of a saddle, sat on a bench in front of the tent and gazed, it may be presumed, with a look of sadness down the long ravine that revealed the snow-clad peaks of distant mountains. About him were pines through whose spear-like leaves a light wind passed and awakened a low and melancholy tone like the breathing of a sigh. The environment was in harmony with the sighing of the pines; dead vegetation, cheerless rocks, ruptured surfaces and a soil lifeless and yellow.

It was Philo who sat in front of the tent and looked with fixed eye down the valley. It was evident that it was not the scenery which occupied his attention; his glance passed over the white peaks, beyond the ranges of mountains, the alkali plains, the transmissouri prairies, and on to a broad lake, on whose banks lay his home. He had seen but one white man whom he had before known, since he had been mining in the wilderness.

He was, for the time, homesick. An irrepressible melancholy took possession of his soul; he longed for the clasp of a friendly hand and the warmth of a kindly voice and eye. He was but a mere boy, he was motherless, and over him rushed an emotional torrent of home recollections which almost smothered him with its impetuosity. He felt the dear old arms once more about him, his head again lay on her warm breast, and there filled his ears the joyous voices of brothers, sisters and friends.

His eyes grew misty as he contemplated the ravishing picture of home, and then there was a reaction. His courage returned, his eyes sparkled with hope, his breast expanded, a flush colored his cheek; he rose to his feet, drawing himself erect, and said:

"Another Christmas, I will be with them! I shall be rich, and never again will I leave the dear old home!"

His attention was attracted by some figures approaching through the ravine. There were four of them and a mule, which one of them was leading. He soon discovered that they were white men. They had reached within a dozen yards of him when from behind a rock there came an Indian yell, and in an instant three of the men staggered, ran a short distance, and then fell to the earth pierced with arrows. The fourth man sprang to the side of Philo, then, seeing some Indians advancing, jumped on his mule, wheeled about and fled down the ravine.

Philo jumped to his feet and hurried forward to prevent the scalping of the fallen miners, which was evidently the purpose of

the Indians who were coming with yells of triumph from the concealment of the rock. He hoarsely shrieked an expostulation, when an Indian turned, and then—

V.

The Wilson family at Janesville waited anxiously and expectantly for further intelligence from Philo, but no letter broke the silence.

March 18, 1851, the March following the Christmas dinner in Janesville, a letter signed Charles Stevens was received in Racine by Eli Stevens, the father of the writer. It was dated at Tuolumne, Cal., Jan. 26, and was written on a half sheet of commercial paper with a printed head, "Exchange, Banking and Collection Office of McCrea, Bell & Ullman, Racine, Wis." It was evidently from the stationery of the firm named, and had been taken to California by the writer. The following shows the contents of the letter:

DEAR FATHER: Having an opportunity to send a letter to the office, I hasten to write you a few lines. I am sorry to say that I have had news for some of my Racine friends, and that is, the death of young Wilson. The poor fellow was murdered by Indians on Christmas morning, and also three others. I was told of this by a man who was there at the time, and who escaped sharing the same fate by jumping on a mule and running for his life.

They were buried by some man who came up from a ferry across the San Joaquin River, about eight miles from where the river leaves the mountains. The place is now entirely uninhabited, every one having been killed or driven off by the Indians.

When I saw Wilson, last fall, I tried to persuade him to leave the Joaquin region and go with me. I told him that the Indians were dangerous and that he ought not to trust them. He would not believe me. Since then I have learned that they had made him a chief and that he had a large number of them at work for him. At the recent rising of the mountain Indians those with him had joined the others. When the Indians, some forty or fifty in number, fired on the whites, Wilson ran out from the tent to stop them. He was struck by an arrow, which passed through him, and he fell on his face, crying, "I am killed!"

Such the letter of young Stevens, whose sad intelligence was at once communicated to the Wilsons by one of the Ullmans, reaching them in a letter dated Racine, March 18, 1851. The Stevens letter, dated Jan. 26, was nearly two months on its passage, having been sent around by Cape Horn.

Mrs. Wilson's agony need not be made a matter of comment. She wrote a long letter addressed to the San Joaquin ferryman who had been so kind to her son during his sickness and at his death, but never received an answer. Not a scrap of his papers or an ounce of his gold was ever recovered. An awful void, an impenetrable silence rests on his grave in the wastes of the Sierra Nevada.

VI.

As to the curious coincidence of the vision of Mrs. Wilson and the death of Philo on Christmas Day, I have no explanation to offer. It may be pointed out that, while both the vision and the killing occurred in the morning, the difference of time between the two places, Janesville and the San Joaquin region, would be some four hours. Hence, the mother saw her son slain, saw him fall, heard his cry, "I am killed!" at least four hours in advance of the event.

It is, possibly, no more a mystery that the killing was foreshadowed than would have been a synchronous development of the vision and the slaughter. One is just as inexplicable as the other.

In conclusion, I beg to assure the public that this is no fancy sketch. The letters copied are in the handwriting of well-known people, and the facts related are personally known to residents of Racine, Janesville and Chicago, some of whose names are mentioned in the course of the narration. Both the elder Wilsons are dead.—*Polio in the Chicago Herald.*

Lyman C. Howe on Theosophy.

Lyman C. Howe spoke at the Y. P. P. Hall, 104 22nd Street, Sunday evening, May 19th, on Theosophy. The following abstract but very imperfectly represents the full text of the discourse:

Every student interprets by the light of his strongest convictions and dominant habits of thought. Christians see all subjects through the lenses of their creed. Materialists limit all they touch to their accepted theory of matter and force. Theosophists translate everything into the language and symbols of their most cherished faith, and often bewilder the novice with a mixture of mysticism and philosophy. To them Spiritualism is either delusion or Theosophy. Spiritualists analyze Theosophy and all other subjects in the transcendent light of their rational faith made knowledge by demonstration. The conclusions each investigator reaches in his survey of the vast field of subjects, must be correct or faulty according to the character of his own system by which all others are measured. Believing Spiritualism approximates more nearly to an all-sided system of mental science than any other, we approach Theosophy in the light of revelations. Neither are of recent origin. Both are yet in the infancy of their possible development. Theosophy—wisdom in God—implies a study of the Divine character. There are two methods of reaching truth: the spiritual intuitive, and the material or inductive. They are exactly opposite, as involution and evolution. Theosophy like Spiritualism has had to deal with both, and when the two methods are harmonized in one we have the most complete science. Unfortunately for Theosophy the interior method has been too abstract, assumptive and dogmatic to harmonize with the inductive system. When the heart rules, reason is enslaved; and in the extreme of this tendency nature is spurred as the enemy of God, the betrayer of the soul! In the modern phases of theosophical evolution—apart from its broader sphere of all-sided Spiritualism—there is a manifest disposition to mystify and accept the marvelous on trust and establish theories which degenerate into irrational dogmas that obscure rather than reveal the spiritual nature of man and the character of God. The tendency is to foster superstition at the expense of spiritual science. But this should not blind us to the great truths and well authenticated facts and experiences which have come down the centuries in company with "art magic" and mystic moonshine, "shells" and "elementals," reincarnation and psychological hallucination, which have repeated themselves with no small degree of emphasis through certain sensitive in the spiritual movement of our times. It is reasonable to suppose that those lives of abstraction dwelling perpetually upon the divine nature, the exclusion of the world of sense, should grow into a closer correspondence with the spirit of nature—God—than the average

worldling. When such lives of devotion speak from the throne of spiritual authority and experience it behooves us to listen, and only repudiate what is clearly against science, and accept only as fast and as far as the revelation can be made clear to us. We know that as we habitually cultivate any faculty it becomes more active and accurate, while disuse dulls and renders unreliable. Let us then take care that in our eagerness to be counted scientific and rational, we do not so stupefy our spiritual faculties as to be unable to accept the deepest truths that voice themselves to our inmost reason. The warmth of spiritual emotion, the Theosophy of the heart, is indispensable to the highest culture and the clearest reasoning. We want more devotion and less cant; more science and less scientism; more truth and less trash; more love and less lust; more fact and less fiction; more spiritualism and less sensational mystery, and a broad toleration and co-operation of spirit to enthuse all hearts with aspirations that draw the heavens down to us and make their truths and treasures our own.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

TEACH THE CHILDREN THE REASONS FOR SUFFRAGE.

"The Education forms the common mind. Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Pope's lines are as true to-day as when first written. Indeed, we are more sure of their truth now than then, for every generation's experience deepens our knowledge of all real truth. Frances Willard's temperance work, recognizes the benefit of beginning all reform work with the education of the child, so that the good seed sown will "grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength," though she says that this plan of temperance education did not occur to her mind until after she had labored for years among those to whom temperance had become a habit, and found how nearly hopeless was the task of reclaiming these permanently, however strongly convinced they were as to their need of reform. The Catholic Church has long understood the power which it gains over the minds of its devotees by educating them from infancy in its tenets. This knowledge, won from experience, is the secret of the present determined movement in favor of parochial schools by the Catholics in this country. The American-born children of devout Catholics, who attend only the public schools of a free and unsectarian government, are very liable to have their religious faith undermined by the very freedom given to thought in such schools. The heads of the church quite well understand that only infrequently will the man's reason be able to eliminate the child's unquestioning faith after it has become by being trained in certain lines of growth, part of his very being. It is a knowledge of the tenacity with which people hold to the opinions and ideas early inculcated, which also induces the recent offers of prizes to the pupils of the public schools, for the best essays on American history, by those who feel that American nationality needs strengthening; I have been glad to note that these prizes given for essays on subjects directly pertaining to politics have been offered to pupils of both sexes, and that in several instances girls have won the prizes. Though at this date we believe that woman suffrage will not be still further delayed until a new generation springs up, yet it is well to be wisely "fore-armed" for all emergencies, and the time and energy spent in teaching the children of to-day, both boys and girls, the grave responsibilities involved in citizenship, and the consequent right of women, as well as men, to the ballot, will not be wasted or thrown away; the task will enlarge the teacher's knowledge and will strengthen the nation by providing future citizens of both sexes who on entering upon their heirship will be prepared to fulfill their high duties in a spirit of conscientious earnestness.

This work should be entered upon vigorously by woman suffragists everywhere, and in every possible direction. By the direct home teaching of their boys and girls by mothers who believe in suffrage for their sex; by explanations from elder sisters to the younger members of the family; by suggestions by teachers of topics for school compositions such as will lead to the discussion of political duties; and by prizes offered for the best short essays for or against suffrage, written by young people.

Already a movement in this direction has been made in various quarters. In a western town a wealthy woman suffragist offers small money prizes for the best essays written by public school pupils of either sex, on the political rights of woman. Essays written by these unfurnished but forming minds against woman suffrage should be as much encouraged as those in favor, for by discussion only can the truth appear, and the interest excited by the pros and cons of this question will awaken interested attention to the duties of government and citizenship, and will help those who take part therein, when of age, to vote understandingly as responsible citizens rather than as passive tools of the "machine." Apropos of this subject, I find in the "Listener's" column of a Boston Transcript of recent date, the following: "It was only a few evenings ago that he [the Listener] listened to a pretty argument between a most attractive mother and her son on this very question. In which the affirmative side—the suffrage side—was taken, and most brilliantly too, by the mother, and the negative side by the son, who is a sophomore at Harvard, and who was no doubt inspired in his opposition by a conviction, gathered with immature intelligence, from the surface indications of life, that it is the "proper thing" to regard women as inferior to men and to sneer at woman suffrage. The mother exposed the weakness of the young man's position with perfect mercilessness and perfect good humor at the same time. The youth stuck to his view, though confounded in his argument; but the Listener is inclined to think that when the circle of his knowledge has broadened a little, those incisive observations of the mother will come back to unsettle his opinions."

As indicative of the interest already awakened on the subject among school children, I subjoin a composition on the subject by a school girl of fourteen, who never has been talked to on woman suffrage by any one directly. I give it as written:

SHOULD WOMEN BE ALLOWED TO VOTE?
In considering this question, a great deal of nonsense as well as sense is said concerning "Woman's sphere." To begin with, what is meant by "woman's sphere." Does it comprise merely the duties of the household, such as washing, ironing, sweeping, etc., and the art of keeping in a pleasant humor through all this? Certainly, this is the sphere of some women, but others have a broader work to do. Every woman may be said to have a

sphere of her own, and nearly all differ in some degree. "Woman's sphere," therefore, may be considered as the work which lies within the power of each woman to do.

In regard to the question of woman's rights, many people consider it entirely out of place for a woman to wish to maintain her rights. A woman, they reason, should be modest and sweet; accordingly what business has she at the polls with men of all classes? Ah, yes, woman's rights are all very well for coarse, vulgar women, but for women of refinement—what nonsense!

Again, some question, is she fitted intellectually for the work?

Has not woman successfully accomplished whatever she has yet attempted? To be sure, she may not, in some instances, be able to accomplish as much as a man, because she is not as strong, but she is equal to him as far as her strength may go.

Now, if women were to mingle with all classes of men at the polls, would she become degraded herself, or would she elevate the men with whom she came in contact? In any public place do not men instinctively speak in a lowered tone and with softened language in the presence of women of any refinement? Then why should it be otherwise at the polls? It seems to me that women of refinement would not be easily degraded; but on the other hand, the men would be benefited by their company.

Another exceedingly silly argument against the right of women voting is, that while the wife and mother was at the polls, the children would be racing about the neighborhood, hungry little vagabonds, with no mother to care for them. Now, what woman would ever leave her children in such a state as this? It is nonsense to waste time and breath on so senseless an argument.

In many of our cities, towns, and even villages, women own large estates, and ought not such women to have a voice in the election of town officers? But no, men (that is, some men) say, it is all very well for women to vote for the school committee, but farther than that it must not go, on the same principle that we give a child a cracker, in order to pacify it, while we indulge in cream cakes.

Nevertheless, the cause of woman's rights is slowly but surely progressing, and in the century to come it will probably be acknowledged by all leaders of society that women should be allowed to vote.

More Mahatmic Force.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If your mail resembles mine in quantity and quality of theosophical correspondence since "Mabel Collins" disavowed of inspiration from Madame Blavatsky's Hindu "controls," it must be curious reading for one who is as used as you are to reflect upon the lights and shades of human nature. At this revelation through the JOURNAL some people are pleased; others sorry; others angry; some applaud; some condemn; many are curious; and most of them want to argue about it. My mail has a sort of shivery, gooseflesh quality, as if a panic in mahatmic stock were imminent, and there is a tendency of the hair of the faithful to stand on end.

What will happen to the original and only genuine straight-out Blavatskians, who now present so picturesque a microscopic group, when the rest of the facts in the case are wrested into the garish light of day by profane editors, I do not know. But it is always safe to wait and see. Just now I rather from my correspondents two curious items.

First, a good many persons are surprised that I seem to have only now found out that "Light on the Path" was not dictated by our friend Koot Hoomi or any other Eastern adept. Such have always known all about its source, and my discovery is discounted as a theosophical chestnut. Let me say to all such, that I do not always tell all I know, and that I might have continued silent on the authorship of "Light on the Path," had I not had reasons for publishing Mrs. Cooke's letter just then and there—reasons I reserve for the present.

Secondly, and very curiously, some of my correspondents advance a theory that would have the charm of novelty to one less versed than myself in that capacity of the human mind to resist knowledge which results in what the Catholics call "invincible ignorance." This theory is, that Madame Blavatsky knew the source of Mrs. Cooke's inspiration better than the author of "Light on the Path" knew it herself; and therefore the former ingenious lady was quite right in begging the latter ingenious lady to do as she did.

It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and one that I should not like to mar by any injudicious interference. The more we learn of the methods of Mahatmic manipulation of our wild and woolly Western wickedness, the more we admire Oriental wisdom and innocence. Commending your soul to the care of the Dhyan-Chohans, and recommending you to read Bret Harte's deathless poem,

I remain, with respect,
Washington, D. C. F. T. S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

ESSAYS, RELIGIOUS, SOCIAL, POLITICAL. By David Atwood Wasson, with a Biographical Sketch by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. 1889. Pp. 390. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Wasson was a scholar, a critic and a philosophical thinker of much acuteness and ability. He was not a popular writer. He was not a voluminous author. The best part of his intellectual life was spent in ill health and isolation; and lack of strength limited his writing, while lack of contact with the world for several years had a somewhat narrowing influence on his mind and gave a pensive hue to some of his theories. He had a deeply religious nature combined with a philosophical turn of mind, and artistic tastes. What ever he did he did thoroughly and well. His articles contributed to different magazines were always finished productions. With Mr. Wasson expression was an art, and to which he attached great importance. In this respect he was indeed fastidious. He wrote on religious, social and political subjects, but with originality of style and a keenness of insight that was his own, and which imparted unusual interest to his discussions.

Mr. Wasson is regarded by some as the greatest thinker of all the New England transcendentalists. When Mr. Frothingham wrote his History of Transcendentalism in New England, he referred to D. A. Wasson, John W. Alden, and T. W. Higginson as the only living representatives of that intellectual movement. Mr. Higginson is the only one of the three who remains, and his tastes and work are more literary than philosophical.

Mr. Wasson was a friend and admirer of Theodore Parker, and for a while occupied the desk of the Parker Memorial Fraternity. He was a frequent contributor to the *Radical* and to the *Index*. With him the soul of man was the centre of all belief. He says:

"My conceptions of man's being begin always with an absolute soul of man. This I hold to be infinite in depth, contained in God, heir to the utmost resource of his being. That is the starting point—pure spiritual unity; or, in other words, pure personality."

Again he says: "To my mind Nature is all redol-

ent of God, and the hear, of man is all instinct with God."

Spiritual pantheism is, perhaps, the phrase which most fully conveys Mr. Wasson's religious belief. With Orthodox Christianity he had no sympathy, and he was sometimes severe in his strictures upon the popular religious beliefs.

Hitherto there has been no collection of Mr. Wasson's essays, which appeared in the *Christian Examiner*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The North American Review*, the *Radical* and the *Index*. These reprinted in this volume are: "Nature the Property of Man," "Authority," "Unity," "Social Texture," "Conditions of Social Productiveness," "The Puritan Commonwealth," "The New Type of Oppression," and "The Gnosis of Woman." The sketch of the author by Mr. Frothingham is that of a friend, but it strikes the reader as being impartial and just. It contains fragments of an autobiography of Mr. Wasson, which are the least interesting part of the book. There is, in fact, nothing in the life of Mr. Wasson of general interest to readers beyond the thoughts and the character which he has sufficiently revealed in his writings. But to those who know the author personally all these details will, of course, be of interest.

SOCIAL PROGRESS. AN ESSAY BY DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON, author of "System of Psychology," "The Problem of Evil," "The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind," etc. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1889. pp. 161.

This work, "respectfully inscribed to my fellow-members of the Nineteenth Century (of which Mr. Thompson is the President) the Commonwealth and the Reform Club, of the City of New York in association with whom the theoria contained therein have been suggested," is one of the smaller volumes of a series in which the author is presenting a comprehensive system of thought. His first work, "A System of Psychology," gained for the author a reputation among European as well as American thinkers as profound and learned philosophical writer. This work, beyond any doubt, the ablest as well as the most comprehensive treatise on psychology that has been produced in this country; and we know of none by any foreign writer which treats certain aspects of the subject with as much analytic power. As Nature in reviewing the work said: "In dealing with many special questions he (Mr. Thompson) goes beyond the later English psychologists, just as they themselves have gone beyond Locke."

Mr. Thompson brings to bear the same qualities of mind, so conspicuous in his first work, in the treatment in this latest volume, of such subjects as "The Conditions of Social Progress," "Liberty and Law," "The Psychological Foundation of Individual Liberty," "Equality in Rights," "Equality in Power," "Fraternity," "The Utility of Change," "The Formation of Opinions," "Radicalism and Conservatism in Action," etc., etc.

In concluding, Mr. Thompson says: "I can find no reason for discouragement, but on the contrary, every reason for hopefulness as to the future of social life, though its perplexing problems are by no means all solved." Such hopeful words from so profound a thinker are bracing in contrast to the jereidism which are often heard to-day.

It is to be regretted that by some blunder of the printer the preface is incomplete, especially since the purpose of this preface is to show the relations of the volume to former works and its place in the author's scheme of systematic thought.

TWO CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK OF MY LIFE. With Poems. By B. Shepard Lillie. Boston: John Wilson & Son, University Press. Price \$1.25; postage 12c.

The author dedicates her work, "First to my spirit-guides to whom I am wholly indebted for whatsoever merit it may contain, while its faults are owing to the inability of my brain more perfectly to reflect their thought; second, to those who from the first believed in me so implicitly that, with unflinching trust, they followed me from the time when I took the first lone journey out into the darksome valley of uncertainty until they saw me rise on the hill-tops of success."

Mrs. Lillie has given a sketch of her life and the guiding of her mediumship which will be read with interest. While it is in a modest, unostentatious way, it will impress any one who reads it as being a truthful and conscientious narrative of the trying experiences of one of our mediums, who never hesitated to implicitly follow the leadings of her spirit-guides, doing her work faithfully and modestly.

The larger part of the book is made up of Mrs. Lillie's inspirational poems, many of them possessing real merit. Mrs. Lillie says of them: "I feel that the best of the poetical works given by my guides through my instrumentality, have been lost. I have felt that I would give much if it was only my power to render them to the world. The few found in this collection are only the stray ones, caught now and then by some reporter present when they were received; and they are printed here as they were received, as I found, on attempting in some instances to revise them, that such revision only marred the beauty of the sentiment. Therefore I give them as they are."

"Reflections from the light above
Which round my pathway shine."

Some were received by automatic writing, and some by clairaudience. She is not a poet by nature, and accepts this as a gift from her spirit friends, but says: "Always on receiving these poetical impressions I have a sense of something much grander than my brain and lips can convey, and yet even as they are I cherish them as rays of light from the spirit world of life."

PROFESSION OF FAITH OF A SAVOYARD Vicar. Translated from the French of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Citizen of Geneva. Also A Search For Truth by Olive Schreiner. New York: Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton St. 1889. pp. 124.

This profession of faith of the eloquent and rationalistic vicar of Savoy is remarkable for its unsectarian spirit, its candor and its broad and liberal religious views. The thought, of course, is that of Rousseau, who, like Voltaire and Paine, was a firm believer in an intelligent power revealed in nature and in human consciousness. The authority of inspiration, and the miracles and prophecies of the scriptures are criticised in this famous work in a manner that has hardly been surpassed, and rarely equalled. The tolerant spirit of the author is shown by these words which are put into the mouth of the vicar:

"Had I any Protestants in my neighborhood, or in my parish, I would make no distinction between them and my own flock in everything that regarded acts of Christian charity. I would endeavor to make them all love and regard each other as brethren—tolerating all religions, while peacefully enjoying their own." This was the spirit of Rousseau, who, with all his faults made men think and act. As Carlyle in his Heroes and Hero Worship says of him: "He could not be called into the service of a man as a man, left to starve like a wild beast in a cage; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire."

"A Search for Truth," is a beautiful allegory taken from "The Story of An African Farm." Of the profession of faith, Rousseau himself said: "You will find that the exposition treats of nothing more than natural religion. It is very strange that we should stand in need of any other."

New Books Received.

The Foreign Biblical Library. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, U. S. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777, with an Outline Sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents.

A Manual of Introduction to the New Testament. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss of Vol. II. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 12mo, 868 pp. Cloth, \$2.00 per volume.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 1, 1889.

The Old and New.

From all the signs, and they are many, the world is passing into a crisis. The Church, and by the Church is meant the organized Orthodox, is planting itself on the Bible as the infallible Word of God and on the inferences therefrom crystallized in the form of orthodox Christian doctrine. Ultimately these will all fuse under the dogma of the Catholic Church. Those who are not prepared for the logical outcome of their creed will drift towards the freer speculations of rationalism. Reason and not the latter's claim to acceptance, holic priesthood,—from the Pope we see this, and hence they foster the such vagaries as those recently of the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, sitting in New York, C. Roberts, D. D., LL. D. Dr. Roberts upon the ignorance or credulity of the laity when he says:

"The sun can be dispensed with the light of the sun as the race can dispense with the Bible. The enemy most dreaded by the biblical criticism. Nothing worth having cut away by it. The New Testament has of the fiery furnace of revision without of fire. The Old Testament will stand the usual well. We must oppose the process would set aside whole books because they of the supernatural. We cannot afford to them. Just as soon as the prophecies will per the King of Zion will take possession of the earth. When that time comes let us be on the side of the Lord."

When it is remembered that "Biblical criticism," outside of the interested revisers of the New Testament, has demonstrated that there is no historical evidence for one hundred and fifty years of the Christian era going to prove that there was ever such a person as Jesus Christ, and that the earliest copy of the New Testament dates four hundred years after the commencement of this era, and that we have no copy of the original text from which our revision is a transcript; recalling these facts reasonable people begin to inquire on what, then, does historical Christianity rest? There is but one answer—tradition. This is the ground occupied by the Catholic Church; and it is the ground which the Protestant Church should occupy or cease its criticism of honest men who tell the truth. We have some respect for the Catholic Church because it is logical; none whatever for such men as this reverend expounder of falsehood, for he knows, or ought to know, that his Bible—the New Testament portion of it at any rate—is the record of a myth and, like all myths, without historical verity to sustain its exoteric claims. Strip the record of its coarse covering of materiality and sensuousness and translate its grand esoteric truths into the reality which underlies its verbiage and we have a glorious manifestation of the Eternal Love and Wisdom,—adapted to all the states and conditions of humanity. Spiritualism, in its higher aspects, will alone save the world from "Rationalism" and "Catholicism." ("Protestantism," as expounded by Dr. Roberts, has no sound reason for its existence) by giving it the new spirit which is now imminent in man—clothing all old thought in the new garb of a new interpretation. To this the world is coming. Such men as Dr. Roberts and the Pope may enter their protest, but the world will move on as in Galileo's day.

Friends of the JOURNAL should bear it in mind continually and never lose an opportunity for presenting its claims and making it known to those who desire to pursue psychics and to explore the spiritual field in a rational, scientific manner. Every subscriber has it in his or her power to strengthen our hands; and the aggregate of this effort, if only persistent and effective, will be stupendous.

Need of New Inspirations.

That Christianity is suffering both from collapse and decline no reasonable observer can doubt. The former is due to the skeptical tendency of the age, the latter to materialism. There is a distinction between the two. One may be skeptical regarding the miraculous claims of Christianity yet be possessed of a deeply religious nature. When both predominate then is the religion of a nation at its lowest ebb.

But the inner life of a people never perishes. It is rooted deep in the vital life of humanity. There may be skepticism concerning creeds and dogma, but the materialistic doubts which operate like the disintegrating forces of winter are not so universal as the superficial observer conceives. The old stalk denuded of its blossoms and fruit still strikes its roots deep in the soil of the ages and already new shoots are, putting forth in token of a fresher verdure and a more splendid harvest than the world has ever witnessed.

The signs of the times are meekly commented upon in that staunchly conservative paper, The New York Tribune, in a series of notes under the title, "In the Church Porch." Very lately the author, after commenting upon the spirit of individualism and the spirit of conservatism, the two ruling ideas in the world of thought and the world of action, deplores the fact that there is little of that human solidarity which, in the olden days, made possible great nations and great religions. "Selfishness," he continues, "has taken the place of self denial and egoism has supplanted brotherhood. Religion cannot flourish in such an atmosphere. The finer graces of spirituality that made the lives of saints so beautiful, fade and wither away when exposed to its miasmatic influence."

These assertions, it will be remembered, are made by no radical or even liberal newspaper. They are specimens of the usual Sunday notes in a widely read journal. Its editor, who has just sailed as Minister to France, is a member of that Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue, New York, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. John Hall, the church buildings, land and parsonage of which cost in round numbers, something like one million of dollars. On its roll are inscribed the names of the foremost leading millionaires of the city. The massive and beautiful edifice in which they worship is a materialized dream of quiet and classical beauty. In sonorous English the dignified pastor rolls out those ponderous Calvinistic sermons concerning death, hell and judgment to come which suits the taste of those who hold certified orders upon the heavenly mansions. Yet observe what our note maker continues to say in the Tribune: "It is useless to disguise the fact that it (Christianity) is engaged in a deadly struggle with forces that would destroy all spirituality; and these forces have gained many temporary advantages. That 'other worldliness' which Christ taught finds no adequate expression in modern church organizations.... Parochialism, the lust of entertainment and the adoration of committees, obscure the lives, dull the colors and dwarf the dimensions of the real church of Christ."

This is strong language but this is stronger still. The writer continues:

"Speaking broadly, the Christianity of this age does not rise to the height of its own teachings. It ambles along in respectable propriety, upheld partly by the remembrance of its earthly triumphs, and partly by the strength derived from its complex organization. In many ways it has conformed to the low material standards that content the world around it; and from the desire to please men it has held in reserve many of the lofty, though perhaps impracticable teachings which were alike the inspiration and the glory of the Christianity of Christ."

Can any outside the pale of the church utter stronger criticisms than these?

This is all the more deplorable, because the modern world can not be converted by routine preaching or routine practice. It can only be conquered by the all-compelling power of unconventional earnestness and enthusiasm. Frivolous as the world is—and perhaps in no age has it ever been more frivolous—it will respect and follow men who have convictions and live upon them. Hence the success of many of the so-called religious "cranks" of the day, who with great earnestness call upon men to believe some half-truth, or gross superstition.

So much for the failure of the Christian ministry to rise to the level of their opportunities and for the need of a new influx of divine light and life. The same writer in commenting upon society at large deplores the fact that "an ominously large number of people in the community have virtually forgotten the meaning of the word duty in their eager quest for their rights. Their moral sense has become blunted. The desire to do right because it is right has become an almost rudimentary impulse; it has become atrophied through long disuse. Expediency and self-interest are the two great motive principles of their lives."

A noble minority of church members eagerly welcome any inspiration which, irrespective of churchly authority, quickens and uplifts the spiritual nature.

Vicious Journalism.

Is it not high time for the proprietors of the leading dailies of this city to veto the chronic prostitution of their columns, carried on by a class of cheap and irresponsible reporters? The owners and leading editorial writers are respectable men, and why they allow their papers to be filled with the diseased products of vitiated imaginations, and all the moral filth of a great city, which is published not because it is news but because it is nasty, is beyond comprehension. The beastly Carter divorce case was spread out day after day for weeks, each journalistic "shoe maker" striving to outdo his rivals in sensational decorations and salacious suggestions, with no more idea of true journalism and no more care for it than a Hottentot.

The big "blauket sheets," having been cut off from further supplies of Carter muck by

the close of the case, are forthwith filled with the morbid materializations of repertorial celebration inspired by the finding of the body of the murdered Dr. Cronin. Sickening pictures of the nude and rotten remains are plentifully supplied, some of them too disgusting to be described in words in a decent paper. The names of innocent men are seized upon by these ghouls of the press, and insinuations of guilt or knowledge recklessly made in connection with the dastardly crime; insinuations having not even the color of truth and calculated to do great injury to the feelings of excellent people. Again, with an hour or two on hand these repertorial ravagers haunt theatres, lecture and concert rooms, not for the purpose of giving a truthful and entertaining account of the play, lecture or music, as the case may be, but to pick up some suggestion to serve as a foundation for a column of midnight rot, to be served up to decent people with their coffee and rolls a few hours later. These criticisms upon the daily press of Chicago apply with equal force to that of New York, Boston and all the larger cities.

All this is not journalism, and the proprietors and editorial writers know it, or should know it. Respectable people are obliged to tolerate this viciousness because in the same papers may be found the important news of the world together with able editorials on current events from writers of experience and ability, news and editorial opinions most valuable, indeed, indispensable. The JOURNAL is a stalwart stickler for the freedom of the press; this goes without saying, but it sharply discriminates between liberty and license, and always considers the motive inspiring publication of matter and whether publication is calculated to do more good than harm. The press of America wields the destinies of the nation; let it rise to the full dignity of its position; let it conserve the purity of the home, the morals of community and the highest interests of a virtuous and order-loving people if it would retain its sway!

A Descendant of Lord Baltimore Was Next.

In mentioning in last week's paper the transition to a higher life of our respected co-worker, Mr. L. B. Wilson of the *Banner of Light* we concluded with the question: "Who will be the next?" The question is already answered and sooner than anticipated. Our long-time friend, correspondent and subscriber, George Henry Calvert, journalist, author and consistent Spiritualist, passed on from his home at Newport, R. I., on Friday, May 24th, at the ripe age of eighty-six years. Mr. Calvert was a native of Maryland and great-grandson of Lord Baltimore. On his mother's side he was a lineal descendant of the painter Rubens. He was also related to Martha Washington. In 1823, when twenty years old, Mr. Calvert was graduated at Harvard and afterwards studied at Göttingen, Germany. Returning home he edited the *Baltimore American* for several years and afterwards published his "Illustrations of Phrenology," the first American treatise on the subject. He translated from Goethe and Schiller, wrote poems, essays, sketches of travel, and was at all times a diligent student and literary laborer.

In 1843 Mr. Calvert established his home in Newport, and ten years later had the honor of being Newport's first Mayor. He inherited wealth from his parents, and like the late Allen Thorndike Rice, did literary work for the love of it. At his delightful home in Newport he dispensed a refined and generous hospitality. He was a representative gentleman, of the old school, yet wholly accessible to the ideas of the day. He was one of the pioneers in calling attention to and discussing hydropathy, and interested himself in all current problems of his time. He was a contributor to the *North American Review* and other well-known publications. Mr. Calvert and Historian Bancroft had been warm friends for years, frequently exchanging visits when the two were in their homes at Newport. Mr. Bancroft arrived in Newport from Washington the day before Mr. Calvert's death, but not in time to be greeted by his old-time friend.

The appreciation of a considerable number of cultured and representative people has been of inestimable worth to us in the arduous labors incident to our profession and the peculiarly trying field we have essayed to cover. Among this number the encouragement and support of no one has been more highly prized than that of Mr. Calvert. Every one with any experience in the field of reform journalism, whether of politics, religion, ethics, science or sociology, can realize to some extent how much more rapidly comes the expansion of opportunities and responsibilities than of financial support; how in our unique field, increased influence of the JOURNAL brings added burdens far beyond the facilities of the office to carry, without undue strain upon the editor and proprietor whose work as a journalist is of necessity only a small part of his enforced duties. He must be a missionary without pay, a bureau of information, an adviser-in-general upon hundreds of matters that cannot be treated of in the paper; and he must cover a wide field which properly belongs to those accessories and auxiliaries of a well organized and well equipped sect or party, but which Spiritualism has not. He must cover this ground at his own expense, whether able and so disposed or not. At least this is our experience and the only possible course consistent with our mental constitution and temperament. This condition of affairs was realized by Mr. Calvert. His attention having been called to the needs of our work by some published remarks, on Feb. 7th, 1888, he enclosed us his

check for \$50 as a perpetual subscription to the JOURNAL, entitling him and his heirs to the paper during its publication, and wrote as follows:

MR. CALVERT TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

MY DEAR SIR:—Considering the unspeakable importance of the revelations of Modern Spiritualism in the progress and emancipation of humanity, and considering the ability with which under your editorship the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has presented and expounded the facts and principles of Spiritualism, it seems to me it is reasonable that you should meet with generous co-operation. I therefore enclose draft for \$50 as a perpetual subscription, and with thanks and best wishes remain,

Very truly yours,

Newport, R. I.

G. H. CALVERT.

Pleading for a Change.

It appears from the *Washington Post* that the Rev. Scott F. Hershey, the retiring moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, delivered a sermon which was somewhat of a sensation to his hearers. Its tenor was an appeal for the modernization of Presbyterianism, and it was a strong blow at the ultra-conservatism which is popularly believed to govern in that church. "We are living in an age," said he, "which on future ages will tell with prodigious impression. The English poet could write fifty years ago that fifty years in Europe were better than a cycle in Cathay; but we have fallen upon times when a single generation is pregnant with such possibilities and tendencies as came not to any generation of the past. Human thought never was so keen, aggressive, presumptive. The social order never seethed in the caldron of such ferments. Human life was never so intense, restless, evolutionary. Communication and intercommunication are matters of seconds instead of months. We are no more conditioned mostly by local ideas, customs, and habits of classes and sections, but are imbibing the ideas and assimilating the habits and rubbing into our social order the customs of all peoples and countries. With all its solid masonry of evangelism, the Presbyterian church in America lacks something. Between the pastor and the people flows the chilly current of a dignified reserve, which is especially evil in its effect upon young people. Our church needs take on what some one has called the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' founded on God's fatherhood, and so free in its popular fraternity as to override all hampering forms and sickly traditions. We cling to an old and worn-out custom of mere outward method."

Dr. Hershey then gave what he called some alarming facts. "There are twelve hundred pulpits vacant, and but for the accessions from other denominations the gain above actual losses last year would have been but two."

It is stated that Mrs. Emma Althouse of Utica, N. Y., whose continued trance during the past two years has attracted so much attention, has taken a change for the better and there is a chance that she may entirely recover. For the last month her condition has gradually improved, until now she can partake of some nourishment; her breathing is more natural and her trance periods are less frequent and shorter. Two months ago she was given up for dead; and her vitality became so low, subsequent to her rallying on that occasion, that all of her relatives became convinced that she could not live. Mrs. Althouse partakes of small quantities of nourishment is able to move hands, and seems much stronger, but she is wholly powerless to sit up in bed, where she has lain during the two years of her illness. Lately she has had no medical attendance, and strangers have been more rigidly excluded from the house than before. Her last trance lasted only a week, and she has had several short naps of three or four days. In one of them she plainly saw the scenes attending the inauguration of President Harrison, but her strength was not sufficient to fully describe them. She also knew about other events which had transpired, and which were not mentioned in the sick room. The longest trance Mrs. Althouse has had lasted thirty-five days. Another continued thirty-three days, but the average until lately was between fifteen and twenty days.

In a recent article in *The Carrier Dove* J. J. Morse says: "Among the ranks of more contemporary spiritual writers few are entitled to higher place than Hudson Tuttle. Utterly free from involved vacuity, always thought-provoking, never tedious, his books are most valuable to all thinking Spiritualists. The announcement of his forthcoming volume, 'Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science,' is a welcome promise of good things to come. Hudson Tuttle never writes unless he has something to say. And when he writes all who read him are the better for having done so. Our best writers today are, without doubt, Hudson Tuttle, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, and Prof. Kiddle,—since A. E. Newton, recently ascended, has been thus retired from our active authors on the mortal side. Mr. Tuttle's recent pamphlet, 'The Tiger Step,' is admirable. We want writers who have backbone enough to call a spade a spade. Milk and water sentimentalism may be an evidence of cerebral solution, but of other value it has none.... This time it is 'Scientific Religion,' by Lawrence Oliphant, who has lately crossed the border. It is a curious book, mystical and semi-theological with a suspicion of Thomas Lake Harrisism

about it. It has a preface by Mrs. Oliphant—who was Miss Rosemond Dale Owen, a granddaughter of good Robert Owen, the socialist and philanthropist. She badly disgruntled English Spiritualists some five years ago by using their platforms to expound the Divinity of Jesus, after a fashion peculiar to herself. Her husband's book is another contribution to the mystical aspects of religious aspiration, but its tendency is scarcely healthy or helpful."

There seems to be a bound from the prevalent acceptance of the Darwinian theory of evolution as applied to morals. Two of the ablest scholars in England have taken up the subject at once, each from a different point of view, to show that the time has come for a re-examination of the Darwinian philosophy, as it is accepted by a large proportion of the scientific world. Prof. St. George Mivart, himself one of the most distinguished investigators of this generation, who criticized Darwin's theory on its first appearance and made an argument against it which Darwin himself confessed had great weight, has contributed to *The Forum* for May, his second essay to prove that the theory fails as a scientific theory purely where man comes in and that moral deductions made from it are of no weight whatever. He brings forward much interesting evidence to show the unphilosophic character of Darwin's mind. Prof. Mivart's first essay, which he called "Darwin's Brilliant Fallacy," appeared in *The Forum* for March. The other scholar who leads the attack on the Darwinian theory of moral development, is Mr. W. S. Lilly, the great authority on ethics; and his argument is from the point of view of a master of moral philosophy. It is noteworthy that as the writings of Herbert Spencer and Prof. Huxley, and to a certain extent of Darwin himself, received their earliest recognition in America, so these important criticisms of their philosophy, which are attracting a great deal of attention in England, appeared first in *The Forum*, an American periodical.

An International Congress of Woman's work and institutions, will be held in Paris, July 12th, this year, under the presidency of M. Jules Simon. Mme. Isabelle Boyelat, Mme. de Verneuil, Mme. Koechlin Schwartz, Vice-presidents; Mme. Emile de Morsier, Mme. Maria Martin, Beardsley Avocat, Secretaries. The committee on organization is composed of women belonging to all creeds and social classes; and men of high intellectual attainments are encouraging the undertaking. The congress will be divided into sections: 1st, Philanthropy, Morality; 2nd, Pedagogy; 3rd, Art, Science, Literature; 4th, Civil Legislation. The programmes are being prepared and will be sent broadcast. It is a significant fact that this will be the first time a Government officially patronizes a movement in favor of women. The Catholic aristocracy seems willing to join with Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers, and a great success is contemplated. All communications must be addressed to the Secretary of the Congress, 21 Passage Saulnier, Rue Lafayette, Paris.

The St. Paul Spiritual Alliance adopts as its basic principle 'love of truth and hatred of error, with justice to every human soul.' It protests against every attempt to compel mankind to worship God in any particular or prescribed manner; and demands perfect freedom in the search for evidence of life beyond the grave. It claims the right of search for this knowledge in ancient records or in the phenomena, philosophy and science of modern Spiritualism, which challenges the deepest, the closest and the most humane thought, and teaches that purity of life and honesty of purpose are a means for improving the condition of humanity, and deals with the children of men in accordance with their conditions, capacities and responsibilities, denying to no individual the possibility of entering into a state of happiness beyond the grave.

The seventh annual camp meeting of the Michigan Spiritualists will be held at Haslett Park, commencing Thursday, July 25th, and closing Monday, August 26th, including five Sundays. The following is the list of speakers: July 28th, G. H. Brooks and J. Frank Baxter; July 30th, and August 1st, J. Frank Baxter; Aug. 4th, 6th and 8th, Frank C. Alington; Aug. 11th and 15th, J. Clegg Wright; Aug. 18th and 20th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Aug. 21st, Meeting of Mediums' Protective Association, Dr. A. W. Edson, president, G. H. Brooks, secretary; Aug. 22nd, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Aug. 23rd, Memorial Day; Aug. 25th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Mrs. H. L. Stone, of Kalamazoo, Mich., widely known as an educator, traveller and journalist, has been spending a couple of weeks in this city as the guest of Celia Parker Woolley. On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. Woolley gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Stone. The occasion was one of delight and profit to the brilliant company. Mrs. Stone, although considerably over seventy, is a most interesting conversationalist, and on this evening she talked on Egypt, giving striking incidents from her own reminiscences of that country, to which she has in years past made frequent and extended visits.

"The Light of Egypt" announced as in press by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House has already created a breeze of expectancy in many quarters. It will be ready for delivery by next Monday. We have only read one chapter, but upon the judgment of those competent to decide we venture to predict that the book will produce a deep agitation in psychic and theosophic circles.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The unknown friend who mailed us valuable advice from Dover, England, is hereby notified of safe delivery, and also thanked most heartily. If he (or she) will unveil their anonymity, we can say more by letter.

The professional services of J. Madison Allen, inspirational trance speaker, may be secured for the summer and autumn months by addressing him at once at 225 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill. He has been busily occupied for some months in Kirksville and Hannibal, Mo. and Quincy, Ill., but will now accept calls from more distant points, east or west.

Dr. Joseph Wilbur, formerly widely known in Chicago and the west, as a successful magnetic healer, passed to spirit-life last week from Burlington, Wisconsin, at the age of seventy-nine years. It was our good fortune to know Dr. W. well and to know of much excellent work done by him. His memory will be cherished by thousands whom he has helped in one way and another.

A city subscriber writes: "A very interesting little séance was held May 8th, at the residence of Mrs. Buckley, 1843 Michigan avenue. Mrs. Hamilton, the medium, was not introduced to the persons present until after the close of the séance. All testified to having received excellent tests of the presence of their spirit friends. Messages were written, and names signed which were recognized fully by those for whom they were intended."

Mr. J. J. Morse will commence his final month's regular lecture work, in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., corner Bedford avenue and Fulton street, on Sunday next, continuing through the month of June. During July he will visit Jacksonville, Fla., and in August his time is taken up for camp work. Himself and family sail for Great Britain the last week in August.

John D. Rockefeller has just given \$600,000 to the American Baptist Educational Society to establish an institution of learning in Chicago. It is proposed to increase the amount by further subscriptions to \$1,000,000. Mr. C. Hinckley of Chicago gives \$50,000. There is as much wealth, and as many wealthy men, among Spiritualists as the Baptists can claim; when shall we be able to chronicle such munificent gifts in the interests of Spiritualism?

We desire to call special attention to the letter of Richard Hodgson LL. D., published in another column. A number of Boston gentlemen, favorable to Spiritualism, under whose eyes he has worked since coming to America, speak of him in the highest terms and consider him especially qualified for his position as Secretary of a physical research society. Assistance in the lines indicated by Dr. Hodgson will unquestionably hasten the orderly and systematic arrangement of the facts so essential to psychical sciences.

Through the "Gates of Gold."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The recently published letter of "Mabel Collins" (Mrs. Cooke) has attracted, for a very good reason, so much attention and favorable comment that the following will doubtless be read with interest. It is the full text, written to me by Mrs. Cooke shortly after the appearance of the "Gates of Gold," of what Mrs. Cooke and myself both refer to in our joint recent publication in the JOURNAL. I did not then give it, because I could not conveniently lay my hands on it. But since the matter has assumed such magnitude I feel the need of being exact on every point. Having looked over my files and found the letter, I give it word for word. It is in Mrs. Cooke's handwriting, undated and unsigned: FARNUM

"72 CLARENCE ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W., LONDON."

"The writer of the 'Gates of Gold' is Mabel Collins, who had it as well as 'Light on the Path' and the 'Idyll of the White Lotus' dictated to her by one of the adepts of the group which through Madame Blavatsky first communicated with the Western world. The name of this inspirer cannot be given, as the personal names of the Masters have already been sufficiently decried."

This is exactly word for word, what Mrs. Cooke now says she wrongly wrote to me because Madame Blavatsky "begged and implored" her to do so, and which she also wrote at her dictation. It certainly has the genuine Blavatskian ring about it.

Yours truly,
ELLIOTT COATES.

Washington, D. C.

GENERAL NEWS.

Minister Lincoln presented his credentials to the Queen at Windsor.—The protocol of the Samoan Conference is nearly ready for the signatures of the delegates.—French indignation caused King Humbert to alter his intention of visiting Strasbourg in company with Emperor William.—Sir Charles Dilke is slowly making his way back to political life.—In a race between yachts the Valkyrie was again a winner.—The receipts from United States fishermen under the modus vivendi have so far this season been \$6,000.—The Boulangerists have resolved to contest all the elections in France.—Detective Coughlin, of the Chicago police, was arrested as a party to the murder of Cronin.—The Scranton City Bank was closed because of a defalcation by the cashier.—The cashier and the assistant teller of the Merchants' National Bank in New Haven were arrested.—It was reported in Washington that General Lew Wallace and Colonel Beverly Tucker were appointed Commissioners to Hayti.—A combination of ten Ohio River coal shippers proposed to buy out the small operators for \$12,000,000. Four men were arrested in Arizona for the robbery of Paymaster Wham.—A new town election has been ordered in Guthrie, Okla.—The President took a trip on Postmaster-General Wanamaker's yacht down the Potomac River.—Gen. James B. Weaver, the Greenback ex-Congressman from Iowa, has opened a law office in Oklahoma.—Buffalo Bill and his horse appear to go far in Paris toward replacing the departed Boulanger and his black charger.—L. Q. C. Lamar Jr., a son of Justice Lamar and a department clerk under Cleveland, has turned up as a drummer for a Rochester boot and shoe house.

A Psychic Researcher's Appeal.

The Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research Desires the Co-operation of the Readers of the Journal. He makes Important Suggestions which should be Strictly Observed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

About a year and a half ago a peculiar account appeared in a Pennsylvania paper, purporting to be the narration by a well known politician of an experience of his own. Some time afterwards the following paragraph appeared in the paper:

"HOW THE SUPERNATURAL HAPPENS."

"We were short of copy one week two or three months ago, when out of our ghostly imagination we constructed a story about a prominent citizen of this town seeing the spiritual image of his brother lying in the snow before him on the Reynoldsville road, at the very moment his corporeal body was succumbing to a Dakota blizzard. Of course it was purely imaginary, as such stories always are. But behold the Pittsburgh Dispatch of the 25th ultimo comes out with a special telegram from Pannautawney giving the whole substance of this wild story substantially as related by us, only expanding it into a half a column and adding many thrilling details. Now that story will be read and believed by thousands, and the cause of ignorance and superstition advanced accordingly."

Stories of one kind or another relating to psychical matters, especially, perhaps, to alleged "hauntings," are continually appearing in papers published throughout the States. So far as my own experience has gone, there is little foundation for these reporters' accounts, though in a few even of these cases the outcome of my correspondence has been a well attested psychical experience. It is obvious, however, that when editors, not to speak of correspondents, make such confessions as that involved in the paragraph which I have quoted above, the general reader is not likely to be much impressed by un-certified accounts of psychical experiences.

It is unnecessary for me to comment here upon the ignorance displayed in the quoted paragraph. Those who have been at the pains to familiarize themselves with the enormous mass of "occult" literature, from early legends up to the most skeptical parts of proceedings of Societies for Psychical Research, can not doubt the existence of supernatural phenomena; that is to say, phenomena which exhibit the action of laws higher, in a psychical aspect, than are discerned in action in everyday life." (Proceedings of S. P. R., Part VIII, page 30.)

I desire now to make an appeal to your numerous readers for more strenuous efforts on their part to contribute such experiences of their own as are likely to be of the greatest evidential value to persons who, both from their mental habits and the inadequacy of their acquaintance with the subject, may not yet have been convinced of the actual occurrence of these supernatural phenomena, and I shall point out briefly some different classes of phenomena in the careful recording of which your readers might do great service.

There are first of all such spontaneous experiences as have been grouped under the head of Telepathy in the well known "Phantasms of the Living," published by the English S. P. R. An instance is "The Strange Story of a Milwaukee Man," quoted on page 6 of the JOURNAL of May 11th. According to the account Mr. H. Anderson dreamed of the sinking of the steamship Danmark, and the news was afterwards received of the loss of the steamer. We are told that "there are half a dozen witnesses of reliability to prove that young Anderson reported his strangely true dream before any intelligence of the Danmark's fate was received." I have written to Mr. Anderson for the purpose of obtaining additional corroboration of his experience, but have not yet received any reply.

Now I wish to urge upon the readers of the JOURNAL the extreme importance, in the event of any such experience to themselves, of making an immediate record of it before any knowledge of its verification, and of obtaining the signatures of several reliable persons to the account, also before verification if possible. The account of its verification should also be carefully recorded, and the corroborative signatures of friends obtained; and this should be done even though the experience may happen to be of an apparently trivial character. It might be an impression of an illness of a friend, or the "monition" of an otherwise unexpected visit, or an apparition at the time of death, etc., etc. What we most need at the present in this branch of our investigation is a well authenticated set of recent cases of this general type. All the testimony to each case should be, if possible, published at the same time.

Another class of experiences which appear to be not at all uncommon, but of which very few careful records are made, consists in the so-called automatic writing. Careful accounts of these would be very valuable, and I would urge the special attention of your contributors to the careful and immediate record of experiences where the communications furnished by the automatic writer showed knowledge which was not in the possession of any of the persons present, all of whom should sign the record. It can not be too strongly impressed upon witnesses that a written record should be made, and signed, and dated at the time.

The same suggestion applies just as forcibly to the test communications of trance mediums.

Another important service might be rendered to the cause of psychical research if your readers could be induced to make experiments in thought transference, such as those which have been recorded in the Proceedings of the English and American Societies. I shall be glad to send circulars to any persons who are interested, describing some easy methods of experimenting, and of keeping the record. RICHARD HODGSON, Sec. A. S. P. R. Boston, Mass.

Spiritualism and the Pulpit.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, in a series of discourses on Holy Scripture, has devoted one to the subject of Christian Spiritualism. For an address with such a title it cannot be characterized as satisfying. It cannot be characterized in the language employed by Dr. Parker to describe the pulpit oratory of the late Rev. Henry Melville, as "foaming, tumbling, on-rushing, climacteric, swelling, tremendous"; nor does it, we think, fulfil all the conditions of the form of oratory favored by the speaker of being "easy, conversational, domestic, instructive, colloquial—without vulgarity." It is severe upon the Church—as contradistinguished, we presume, from the "Temple."—and lays a heavy hand on "irresponsible chattering," and "fools and fanatics" who believe only in such phenomena as can be explained by the disorder of the stomach

—imperfectly instructed persons, no doubt; but on Spiritualism in its varied relations to Christianity Dr. Parker throws no serious light, and has, in so far as evidence is afforded by his discourse, thought very little. He tells one or two stories of which the following is the most interesting:—

A SUDDEN PREJUDICE.
"Why did that lady take such a sudden prejudice against her medical man? He had been accustomed to come to the house and had been on cordial terms with the family, yet suddenly the lady was conscious of an unaccountable revulsion. Asked why she felt so, she replied, 'The moment he took hold of my hand this morning, I heard a pistol go off, and I felt as if he were a dangerous man.' Of course this was fanaticism, foolery, optical illusion, any kind of polysyllabic that excluded God. For a long time the matter was kept secret; at length the doctor was told of the revulsion of his patient, and he said, 'That is very remarkable; that morning I had been called in to attend a suicide; a young man had shot himself through the month; when I went into the room I took up the pistol, held it in my hand for some time examining it, and I went immediately from that house to the house of my lady patient.'"

Dr. Parker's account of his experience with

PLANCHETTE may be quoted. We can imagine the young Templars who heard it "going in" for this new description of entertainment. We will hope that the instruction which they may draw from it will be valuable, and their experiences not like those of the two ladies who had to confess that they had been compelled to give up the acquaintance of Planchette in consequence of the indecorous character of its language. "Planchette," explains Dr. Parker to his flock "for the sake of the little ones" is

"A little rough triangular instrument with a pencil put through one point; the little toy runs on wheels and will spell for you words from the alphabet which you write at the top of the page; you simply put on your hands, have a thought, or put a question, and expect some answer. Of course if you are fools enough to delude yourselves and push the little toy up to A N D, there is no penal law against your making such consummate asses of yourselves; even that you can do; but if you are earnest and commit yourselves to spiritual or magnetic or nervous action, and see the results, you have a right to conclusions wrought out by honest inquiry. My friends were busy with this little lady when I went home, and I said: 'Well, if it will answer me a mental question I will believe in your little wooden toy: I have asked a question, now let Planchette answer me.' The little machine ran about and my friends said in a spirit of almost self-ridicule, 'It has written —' and then they mentioned a name; as it is the name of a living man I will not now quote it. I said: 'That is the most mysterious thing I have ever known; the question which I mentally asked was, 'Who is the architect of the City Temple?' We were then building this place or about to build it, and the little toy wrote the name of a man who had that very day submitted plans for this edifice.'—London Light.

AUTHORITY IN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The position of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, demanding a positive basis for science and philosophy, commends it to all well-balanced and well-educated minds. It is only within the present century that the jurisdiction of science and philosophy have been extended over the realms of theology and psychic speculation. Prior to this there can be but little in the sphere of psychic and supernatural science worthy of being quoted as authority for the instruction of the present generation. It is to a great extent the same in all science and philosophy, and yet two correspondents of the JOURNAL, presenting themselves as medical scientists, gravely offer as authority for our instruction, the opinions of Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Pythagoras, Plato, the Neo-Platonists, Origen, Synesius, Homosius and Hilarius, the Kabala, the ancient Aryans, and modern Bruno!

What folly or superstition cannot boast of a similar array of names? If ancient names give value to old opinions, those who think so should hasten to join the Roman Catholic Church, which has a nobler array of authoritative names than any other form of superstition. Modern scientists say to the superstitious thus heralded, "Old opinions! old opinions! Rags and tatters! Get ye gone!"

Would not these gentlemen consider it supremely ridiculous in any one to quote the opinions of Galen, Avicenna or Hippocrates against the modern authority of Bernard, Brown-Sequard, Sir Thos. Watson or Sir James Paget; or to quote the opinions of Aristotle and Pliny against Tyndall, Huxley and Owen?

There is not in physiology, pathology, chemistry, physics, any work of the past century which has any real value to the modern scientists, for all such are superseded by later and truer works. Our scientific knowledge, mainly created in the last three centuries, has consigned to the antiquarian or to the lumber room the systematic works of earlier date. Much more emphatically is this true of the higher psychic sciences, which have assumed a definite form in the last hundred years, in the writings of Buchanan, Wallace, Crookes, Denton, Hare, Howitt, Owen, Sargent, and many others.

The champions of antiquity deny the value of the labors of those to whom we are so much indebted, but where in the whole range of literature, prior to the eighteenth century, can we find anything like the clear statement, the practical proofs, and the lucid philosophy of the writers I have just named? They especially deny that we have any satisfactory spiritual philosophy, and ignore the profound discoveries of Prof. Buchanan, with which they are probably unacquainted. Prof. Cones says that mankind owe him a large debt of gratitude for Psychometry, but Psychometry is only a small portion of his scientific labors extending over half a century.

As I had the pleasure of attending his able and profound lectures in the Medical College, of which he was the Dean at Cincinnati, thirty-nine years ago, and reading his successive works, I can inform those who have not had that pleasure, that by revealing the functions of the brain, and thus by experiment establishing for the first time in human history a complete anthropology, Prof. Buchanan has achieved a far greater work for philosophy than any of his predecessors, an opinion which will not be controverted by any student of his old work, the "System of Anthropology," who has subjected the doctrines to the test of experiment, or by any one who has been personally instructed in this subject by Dr. Buchanan. Every committee of investigation has pronounced his discoveries true, and grand. His instruction carries absolute conviction to every hearer, but as he is not one of those who care much for cotemporary fame, he does not engage in popular propagandism, since he has before

him the engrossing task of quietly consuming the greatest work ever undertaken by any philosopher or scientist, the complete exposition of the soul, brain and body of man; the greatest mystery of science; a problem which no investigator before Buchanan has ever attempted to solve.

His "Therapeutic Sarcognosis," to be issued this year in enlarged edition, is at once a solution of the great problem, and its application to practical use, a revolution in medicine, the consequences of which will develop and increase with the progress of the science.

His anthropology gives the basic philosophy of Spiritualism, connecting it with all the facts of anatomy and physiology. It is superlatively absurd to quote against such revelations of positive science, the old opinions of authors who knew nothing of the brain, little or nothing of anatomy and pathology, and nothing of modern physiology, and the marvelous psychic experiments of the present century. As well might we quote the opinions of Ptolemy upon a question of American geography. A single copy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL contains more for the enlightenment of mankind than all the nebulous philosophy (?) and superstition of India. Dr. Buchanan has always appeared indifferent to cotemporary fame or popularity, and does not now engage in popular propagandism, while engaged in the greatest task ever undertaken by any philosopher, the presentation in a systematic form of the great sciences which owe their birth to his labors, a task for which the remaining years of his life may be inadequate, for while his huge piles of manuscript are being revised, his active mind is continually making additions. America has never, in the opinion of Prof. Denton, produced so bold and original a thinker, and if he has stopped long enough from his task to brush aside the phantasms of ancient priestly speculation, environed of old with myth and fiction, and revived to-day with similar marvelous and incredible legends, we owe him thanks for doing it in a manner so thorough that it has not been and can not be answered.

I venture to prophecy that when his works shall have been fully published, very few will think of looking to antiquity for a scientific and satisfactory Theosophy.

GROSVENOR SWAN, M. D.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Maud Lewis, in her 11th year, of spinal fever, at Ceylon, O. She was too sweet and gentle for the burdens of earth. Young as she was, she had already made a wide circle of devoted friends, and with a sincerity rarely met with, Mr. Hudson Tuttle gave the funeral discourse, fraught with such consolation as the spiritual philosophy only can give to a large attendance of relatives and sympathizing friends.

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Mr. E. O. McCormick, the genial Passenger Agent of the Monon Route, has accepted the position of General Passenger Agent of the C. H. & D., and will move his family to Cincinnati, Ohio. We wish him success in his new field.

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In speaking of the poetical works of the late Benjamin F. Taylor, LL. D. John G. Whittier said: "I do not know of any one who so well reproduces the home scenes of long ago." Dr. Taylor was, indeed, essentially an American poet, and in his poems he sings to American hearts, of American homes, American scenes, and American heroes, and his song has been conceded worthy of its theme. His prose works have attained to great popularity, and his descriptions of battle scenes, as witnessed by him in the capacity of a war correspondent, brush aside the years that have passed, and again the surge of blue-coated infantry is rolling up the ridges of Tennessee. A complete list of Taylor's books appears in our advertising columns this week. They make a noble legacy to the world of literature.

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Sir J. Gore said in Parliament the other day, to illustrate the truth that "one man's meat is another man's poison," that he was once severely cross-examined by a party of New Zealand chiefs who had strong views on the subject of the fish habit of eating what they called decayed cheese. He might have further elucidated the proverb with a long list of eatables in which we delight, but which certain savages cannot even mention without a feeling of repulsion. A while ago Dr. Finckh saw a scratching scroun in New Guinea villages, and learned that the domestic fowl is good for nothing except feathers. The natives could hardly conceive that human beings would eat such a creature, and the bare idea of lunching on eggs was enough to make a respectable Papuan ill. Chicken feathers, however, particularly if white, heighten the charms of the fair sex when tastefully disposed in their abundant frizzes, and so, after all, these gentle birds were not made wholly in vain.

Emma Jones writes from Washington concerning the historian Bancroft: "The sensational story alleging that this venerable man is under restraint from his relatives and steward is unkindly untrue. As a near neighbor of Mr. Bancroft and familiar with the habits and methods of his daily life I personally know whereof I affirm. He is the cherished pet of his family and friends, and his preferences are consulted in the minutest details of daily life. If we measure his present vigor by that of four years back there is a perceptible decline, but his digestion is excellent, his sleep like that of a child, and his home relations are made as absolute as those of a possible loner's four-score years and ten."

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An unusual accident occurred at the picnic at Pate's Mill, Warren County, Georgia. A couple of well-known young people held entire possession of a buggy and engaged in conversation. A wandering swarm of bees, in search of a hive, were unable to resist the opportunity to gather in the sweets, and made a sudden descent upon the buggy. Combs and bees were terribly mixed for a while, but a thrifty negro soon had the bees hived and the original status was restored.

John Healy, at Columbus, Ohio, going in swimming with some companions, dived into twenty feet of water and never came to the surface. When his body was recovered it was found entangled in the meshes of a lot of loose wire, into which he had plunged and which had held him down.

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Hadji Hassan Gholi Khan, the Persian Minister at Washington, was recently refused admittance to the residence of the prominent Government official, the servant mistaking him for a peddler.

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A REVIEW

OF THE

Seybert Commissioners' Report

OR,

WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE

BY

A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,

A MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR; AUTHOR

"LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD LAWYER,"

"COURT AND PRISON," "DR. CROSBY'S CALM VIEW FROM A LAWYER'S STANDPOINT,"

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WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE

1888.

ADDENDUM

To a Review in 1887 of the

Seybert Commissioners' Report.

—BY—

A. B. RICHMOND.

The object of this Addendum, the author states, is to add cumulative evidence to the facts and conclusions narrated in the first Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report.

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(Continued from First Page.)

nary experience of mineral, vegetable and animal existence to give him the alphabet of self-consciousness, and to render him at last *solidaire* with God. The Word became flesh that finally the flesh might become the Word.

"Thought is the spirit's bread:
By thought the mind is fed.
The holy, wise and good,
From thought derive their food.
Thought makes the spirit strong,
Nerves it against the wrong,
Turns in its ward the key
That opens eternity.

Thought liveth in the light;
Thought breathes in love's delight,
Thought blossoms in the trees:
Thought throbs in tidal seas.

Thought grows complete in man:
The thinker and the plan,
The spirit and the shrine,
The hand and work combine,
And God, who built the whole,
Works in the growing soul."

The Power of the Magnetizer Over His Subject.

By the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To illustrate the power of a magnetizer over his subject, I will relate the following: During the war with Mexico I was stationed at La Paz Baja, Cal., under the command of the late Gen. Burton, then Lt. Colonel. On one of our campaigns to the interior I observed a serpent magnetizing birds. When I returned to La Paz I commenced magnetizing Mexicans of both sexes; one Mexican, Juanito, was the best subject or medium I have ever seen—a perfectly clairvoyant. I gave séances (1847) at the Mexican Governor, Don Francisco Palacios. I also lectured and exhibited my medium at the Catholic Chapel, and many were the strange wonders he revealed; among other things he told of the battles and skirmishes then transpiring in Mexico hundreds of miles distant; he also told our Colonel where the Mexican Gen. Pineda had interred some brass cannons, some sixty miles distant, to keep them from falling into our hands. Lt. Chas. B. Scott was sent by Col. Burton and obtained these guns, and he told the writer he had found the broken carriages and the guns just as Juanito, when magnetized, had described them.

One day, about the commencement of 1848, I received an order from the Adjutant to be within three hours aboard of a schooner and accompany the Colonel to Mazatlan, Sinaloa. It being a time of active hostilities, and thinking I might never return, I sought my subject, Juanito, to learn something of my family then living in Canada. Such was my control of him that at my willing he would come to me. On one occasion while controlling him I sent him to my family in Canada, and he was greatly surprised at seeing white ground, white trees, roofs of houses white, etc. When I told this child of the tropics, who had never seen snow, it was amusing to hear his expressions of delight. At that time he told of a sister who had died since I left home, and that my father was carrying his arm in a sling. Nearly ten years thereafter I got letters verifying the death of my sister, and stating that my father had broken his arm by falling on the ice, and during the winter had carried it in a sling. So remarkably clairvoyant was he at this time, and finding that distance was no obstacle to him, I resolved to send him to the moon. "Juanito," I said, "I want you to go to the moon."

"It is a long road, Senor," he responded. "I commanded him to go. From the moment his spirit set out on that flight, he grew up degrees deadly pale. I said, 'Are you there?' In a scarcely audible voice he responded, 'No, Senor.' Desiring to solve a great problem I allowed a few more minutes to pass, when I repeated my question, 'Are you there yet?' I then could only perceive by the moving of his lips that he had not yet arrived. Still hesitating to recall him, I was suddenly startled by the voices of those looking on, exclaiming, 'He is dead!' Dead he was to all appearance; his pulse had ceased to beat, and his body was cold except the region of the heart. For a moment I was afraid that, in the interest of science, I had gone too far and caused his death. Then recovering my equanimity, I said to myself, 'By the power of my will this man was put into this condition, and by the power of my will he must be restored.' Then I passed out by the backdoor into the open air, and as I fanned my brow with passes, I invoked heavenly aid. I could feel as I passed my hand, that it came in contact with something tangible, yet as invisible as the strong wind when it passes upon the head. Feeling my head relieved, I returned to the house where a mournful family surrounded the apparent corpse. My reason told me that I must dispel the ghostly cloud or sphere that hung like a pall upon those present. I mastered all my feelings and apprehensions. I even invoked a smile from some, and a laugh from others, by telling them a witty joke; but when I stood before the man and commenced the reversing of the passes, I prayed earnestly for help to restore him to life. What labor so exhausting! Great drops of perspiration rolled from my brow and body! I can realize that under certain great emotional conditions a man can sweat blood like the Savior. I thus continued laboring for some minutes when I saw with delight the blood recommencing its circulation, and in a few moments later I had him on his feet. "How do you feel now, Juanito?" I asked.

"A little confused about the eyes and head," he replied.

A few more passes relieved him. When the war was over I settled in San Francisco. I made money fast. Although young I was elected a member of the first town council, and later on a legislator. I found political life disgusting, and money making could not satisfy my hungering for something better. Thus I remembered Juanito, and thought it would be a good thing to have him come to San Francisco. Then came the question: "How can I get him?" I concluded that I could bring him to California by willing him to come there, though his home was twelve hundred miles south. I sent forth my will to him, directing him to leave all home, family, kindred and property, and come to California; yea, I went further—I commanded him! After doing this, I forgot all about him.

Again I entered into the rush and whirl of business. Years rolled on, then came the great rebellion. I went to Mexico, and a year later returned as interpreter and confidential agent of a Mexican Commission for obtaining a loan and getting resources to help Mexico in her war with France. While in San Francisco I had appointed a young half-Mexican, George Pas, private and confidential secretary to the Commission. Before leaving San Francisco for New York, we were invited to spend the evening at the house of his mother, where we found numerous guests of different nationalities; but no sooner was I introduced than a young Mexican woman recognized me; she was the daughter of Juanito. "Oh! Senor," she exclaimed, "send me to

heaven," and surprising all present by repeating the wonderful things that I had made her father do. At length I had to tell them of her father and his wonderful gift, and then at their repeated solicitations I magnetized her and several others present, and had a spiritual musical séance. Now I come to the gist and meaning of these reminiscences. The next day I met the mother, the widow of Juanito, and upon my questioning her about the death of her husband, she told me that several years after our army had left, La Paz, he surprised his family by telling them he must go to California to see his American friend, Don Alfredo, the only name by which I had been known among them. All opposition to his leaving, made by his family or friends, was unavailing; he would, and he did. He heard that I had gone to Monterey, after leaving Mexico, as it was there my regiment was discharged at the close of the war. Arriving there he inquired for the young American, Don Alfredo. He evidently did not know my surname. He was told that after I had left the army I had gone to Montereau. Thither he went, and upon arriving there, he was told that years before I had come and gone, but no one knew where. Then not knowing what to do, he continued his search, and died in the mountains of California while trying to find the one who had called him to California, and who had forgotten all about him.

I don't know how guilty I am for having done all this. I can only plead in extenuation my youth, ignorance, and want of experience, for then I did not realize that magnetism, hypnotism, etc., belong to the same family, being different phases of Spiritualism. I will close my article with a warning against the abuse of Spiritualism, but to all those who look upon it as a gift from heaven to break up and shatter the agnosticism, infidelity and atheism of this age, and who view it as the harbinger of better times, the fulfillment of prophecy and the entering of the long awaited millennium—to them I say: "Go on in the spirit of love and truth with your investigations. Your horizon is unbounded; the spirit friends of our solar system and those from thousands of other planets in our universe are waiting to communicate with you, for the time to do so is near at hand. ATHENE.

Washington, Arizona.

ILLUMINATED BUDDHISM.*

J. J. MORSE.

Anything that can give the student light upon the real nature of Buddhism is most welcome in these times; and if, in addition, it tends to throw light upon the soul-deadening doctrines of Hindoo theology, and the equally undesirable domination of Hindoo spirits, it is all the more useful to day, when misguided enthusiasts, under the direction of unprincipled adventurers, are endeavoring to fasten the chains of mental and spiritual slavery upon the growing life of Europe and America. These present-day hierophants (?) may claim they are striving to do good by bringing the wealth of Buddhist teaching to our doors, and they may attract a passing attention by vigorously banging the tom-tom of Theosophy; but the assumption that the present can only be taught by the past is just a trifle astounding, to say the least.

Spiritual philosophy has hitherto always been more or less encumbered by mystical and transcendental interpretations, to the detriment of all real advance in its own important realm. However suitable was the atmosphere to sustain the mystagogues in the past, surely in this age he can scarcely expect to flourish; yet he strives to emerge "from a theory" and "become a condition" in our affairs to-day. The Hindoo egg has hatched out the Theosophic bantam, but whether "fine feathers will make a fine bird" is still undecided. So far the feathers are fine, the fuss undeniable, and the crowing persistent. Will the bird live? Surely all the "fuss, feathers and cackle" mean something? Let us hope so.

The latest, or nearly, contribution to our store of information concerning things "Theosophical" comes from the Spiritual Scientific Publishing Co., of Kansas City, Mo., bearing title as at the head of this article. The sub-title is as follows: "Or The True Nirvana. The Original Doctrine of the 'Light of Asia,' and Explanations of the Nature of Life in the Physical and Spiritual Worlds, by Siddhartha Sakya Muni, or Gautama the Buddha, Transmitted by the Law of Occult Science," a title page full topeheavy for a larger volume than the hundred odd pages making this one.

If the book is small, its contents are weighty, whether coming from Sakya Muni or not. It is full of clear-cut ideas, well expressed, and rationally illustrative of those much vexing problems of Nirvana, metempsychosis, avatarship and Buddhahood, and also upon the genesis and future of the human spirit. The keynote to the original transmigration is struck in the statement made in the book that Hindoo philosophers, instead of dealing with the origin or derivation of the human spirit, look up their consideration of the problem from the point of its existence now (here) and assumed that as death did not destroy it, life could not have commenced it! It is alleged that as India was invaded by the Aryan race, its conquerors, to maintain their supremacy, introduced the conditions of caste, and the ideas of rigid caste lines were carried over into the doctrine of immortality, with the resultant species of lower class immortality consisting of the inferior castes being continually reborn on earth! The priesthood, inspired by certain classes of spirits, helped to still further rivet this crude doctrine upon the Hindoo mind, and in time the material domination of the "mild Hindoo" was supplemented by a priestly and spiritual incubus that has held the race in bonds almost beyond the power of breaking. The book asserts Gautama has now accepted the lead of Western thought, is an evolutionist of the progressive sort, and denies in toto the crude ideas of reincarnation that have held the minds of his countrymen in bondage for so long. He urges that men be taught that when they quit their mortal bodies and lives they have quit them finally, so far as ever returning to physically live in them again is concerned.

His presentation of Nirvana is clear and forcible. He says: "When the spirit has attained the power of perfect control of all that belongs to the lower grade of sensation, it then approaches the condition I denominate Nirvana." And the impression is clearly and distinctly conveyed that when we reach that sweet calm and holy placidity of mind and soul wherein we are masters of ourselves, and in unison with the soul of peace, then have we reached Nirvana. It is also shown that the law is that the authors

* Illuminated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana. By Siddhartha Sakya Muni. Kansas City, Mo.: Spiritual Scientific Publishing Co.; Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

of all misdirection, I act or thought, of their fellows, are they up to whom ultimately devolves the task of helping in the undoing of the wrongs they have caused.

The little work can be most cordially commended, as the best antidote extant to the reincarnation perillities emanating from Paris or Madras, from "Kardec" or Blavatsky, and from it can be plainly perceived the deadly spiritual perill we are in from the attempts made during the past fifteen odd years, to open the gates, by the key of Theosophy, for the entrance into our lives of the horde of ancient hosts whose delusions, sophistry and craft would put the West under the diabolical spiritual slavery they formerly succeeded in imposing upon the Hindoes. Of all the deadening, delusive evil-fall doctrines that have ever obstructed the progress of spiritual philosophy the mongrel Hindooism or "Theosophy" with its attachments of reincarnation and mahatmaism, are about the worst. This book, "Illuminated Buddhism," should be read by all interested in the Asian doctrines it deals with, for, apart from its claimed origin, it is a work that will enlighten many who are glamoured, and doubtless preserve many from becoming entrapped. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lines from A Lookout.

By the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Don't think for a moment that we have ceased to be "of the earthy," even if we do live in the clouds now and then, and find ourselves attaining unexpected unfoldment on the summit of a mountain. Karma may hold still greater change in store for us than the transition from staid, puritanic New England, to the great, undeveloped South. This is the age of thought, agitation, progression and triumphant effort. Steam and telegraphy are servants to do our bidding. We sit on our high perch and the mail and press keep us in full communion with the four quarters of the globe, while the portals of the Beyond are always open to our seeking.

In view of the camp meeting to be held here this summer, I venture to intrude my pen, that may give your large circle of readers a little sketch of the ground owned by the Lookout Mountain Association of Spiritualists. The Natural Bridge Springs Hotel, now under the management of Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, is a substantial old mansion with a broad "gallery" surrounding the entire lower story, affording shade and shelter from southern heat. A covered "gallery" extends across the front of the second story, and commands a delightful vista of wooded heights and verdant hollows. In accordance with the custom of the country, the large dining-room and kitchen are detached from the main buildings. Many changes have been made in the hotel the past month for the further convenience of guests. Five cottages containing large, airy rooms, nicely furnished, stand near the hotel. During the camp meeting season, ten portable cottages are set up, and present quite a camp like appearance. A beautiful lawn stretches in front of the hotel, on the left of which lies a fine croquet ground in splendid trim. Great trees adorn this lawn, their sweeping branches making delicious shade on a warm day when one sits on the comfortable seats built around their sturdy trunks. A gravelled path wide enough for a carriage to pass over easily, winds around the lawn and extends to "the steamboat," a long building containing numerous rooms opening out of one exceedingly long passage. The pavilion is an octagonal structure containing tiers of seats reaching a height corresponding to the first balcony in a theatre. All the meetings are held under this roof, and many mediums have given public séances within its walls.

The Natural Bridge, according to good information, is "fifteen feet high and sixty feet long." A spring of the purest water arises under the bridge to the left. The virtues of this water are now widely known. People afflicted with liver or kidney affections, come here to drink freely from this spring and are greatly benefited. Before the dry weather approaches, a water-fall of at times great volume, tumbles down from a fissure in the rocks above, and falls into a natural basin under the bridge. There is a Chalybeate spring, and in fact several springs valuable in medicinal properties. The "old man of the mountain," is a huge rock strongly resembling an aged human face. It rests on the summit of a bluff, and can be seen by standing on the knoll to the right of the hotel. Telephone Rock, Lion's Month, Whale Rock and Uncle Sam's Letter Box, are some of the interesting formations here.

The Incline and Narrow Gauge R. R., is a wonderful enterprise. One leaves the city of Chattanooga in a mule car, and steps out at St. Elmo, the incline station, after a ride of three miles. A long, comfortably arranged cable car is in waiting, the front side entirely open, the other supplied with windows for the benefit of those desirous of enjoying the scenery on the airy voyage. The conductor walks along the narrow side platform to collect fares, and we proceed on the dizzy height with a steady swiftness simply astounding. We soon find ourselves at the Lookout Point Hotel where the Narrow Gauge begins. This hotel commands a superb view of Chattanooga and the outlying country with long ranges of mountains. Stepping on board the train, we begin our trip around the towering wall of rock while we look down, down, down upon terrible steep, and pass over a road seemingly built on air. But we reach Sunset Park alive and well, although awed by the experience of the journey, and take our way to Natural Bridge Springs Hotel not far distant. The Broad Gauge R. R. has a station in Chattanooga on Newby Street, and takes its passengers to the mountain over a most interesting route. It stops at various points, and does a large business.

I know your space is too valuable to encroach upon it; so I will not pause longer over the features of this resort. A few lines in regard to our approaching meeting may be timely. On July 1st, 1889, our opening day comes. The meeting will continue through July and August. Among the speakers and mediums engaged are: Mrs. A. M. Glading, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Cissna, slate-writing medium, Mrs. A. E. Kibby, trance and test medium. Three of the best musicians Cincinnati contains, will furnish our music. There will be additions to our programme, so I will send further details later.

Natural Bridge Springs Hotel is now open, and families are arriving with their little ones. Any information in regard to camp meeting rates, etc., will be furnished by addressing Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Lookout Mt., Tenn.

We shall take pleasure in placing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL before the public here, and aid its valuable circulation. We appreciate its contents, and have read the "Outing" with great interest. By the way, we are reading Hudson Tuttle's "Psychic Science," and find it deeply interesting. He wields an able pen; an unbogged thinker. GEORGIA DAVENPORT FULLER.

Lookout Mt., Tenn.

LONDON LETTER.

Theosophites and Blavatskites.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

As a close watcher of the relations here between the Spiritualists and the Theosophites, I am led to offer you a few remarks on the singular attitude of the latter. It has long been my desire, and I have directed my efforts, however feeble, to bring about a better understanding between the two parties; and this seems to be farther off than ever, now that the party of "Universal Brotherhood" has split into two. Both call themselves Theosophites; but one party is what would be denominated in American politics "muzzwumps," and the other is the outright Blavatskites. I wish that all seekers for spiritual truth could be harmonious here as they seem to be in the United States. But the disaffected Theosophites here pronounce the madame to be impossible, in consequence of her personal peculiarities, and her unconventional standard of speaking the truth. Many have thought that the unexplained withdrawing of Mabel Collins from *Life*, and the silence of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, are significant. I freely confess my own doubts and fears that the hour will not strike so long as Blavatsky can dominate with her massive personality. Were it not for that we could cast aside the rubbish with which she has overlaid some truth, and join the Spiritualists in constructing a system which may include many if not all shades of opinion.

There is reason to think that the leaders of the Spiritualists, like the Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, are ready to join hands with the better class of Theosophites; but the mass of Spiritualists still regard Theosophites as being entirely committed to Madame Blavatsky's peculiar notions, and cannot forget how she has always scoffed and scorned their phenomena and their beliefs. But they are fast growing out of the crudities and inaptitudes which marked the more than quarter of a century during which their phenomena were mostly in the hands of the unlearned and the foolish and the knavish. But it is not less unfortunate that Theosophy should have been godmothered by so inflexible a person, till the historical myths of Buddhism and the irreconcilable mysticism of her prolific imagination have concentered into a kind of dogma as peculiar as that of the immaculate conception—at least it has no father, but only this lady for a mother. The more thoughtful of the Theosophites say that the Blavatskites present the curious spectacle of a mutual admiration society, which is always changing as the less docile ones are eliminated for refusing to stay under the lash, and the tired and disgusted ones drop off. This is not a state of things that can be long perpetuated; and the circle of those who are pledged to support the Madame's views and obey her orders continually contracts with each new piece of damaging evidence that appears, like the dropping of over-ripe fruit from the bough.

What is needed most here is harmony and organization, and an administrative head who can direct things with a wise firmness and broad policy. When Col. Olcott was here some months ago it was hoped that after her quarrel with him had been healed by the kind intervention of "K. H." (who reappeared in the nick of time after long silence, like that which followed the "Kiddle incident"), things would go more smoothly. But the friendly protocol which they jointly signed under the direction of "Koot Hoomi" was soon followed by a private circular calling upon the faithful for renewed pledges of devotion to the Founders' persons, and the formation of such as would take the pledge into an "Esoteric T. S." for purposes which only those who know Madame Blavatsky could imagine. Mr. B. Keightley was made "Hon. Sec." of this Esoteric and sent to America on the business of circulating an appeal to your Theosophites to support Blavatsky in all things, and to boycott any newspaper which should print any criticism of her.

This does not seem to be right, or indeed calculated to do anything but defeat itself. Although I am a Theosophite there are some things I cannot approve, and which I wish to protest against. F. T. S.

Adelphi, London, May 13th, 1889.

HIS CONVICTION AND SENTENCE.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle's Opinion of Rowley's Attitude and of Mrs. Rowley's Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., May 21, 1889.
Mr. W. S. Rowley: Your reply through your wife to my letter meets the issue presented to you in a manner wholly unexpected and surprising to me. I had hoped until now that you would come forward and vindicate your claims beyond all doubt, which, if genuine, need no cover, hedging, or pretense, like those of the fakir and charlatan. At least I expected you would stand up, and not screen yourself behind the wife who is braver than you.

As I offered just such an investigation as you publicly claimed you desired, and pledged myself to make with the absolute fairness the subject demanded, holding in view the subtle conditions requisite for all psychic experiments, and with the partiality arising from a desire to have your claims proven true, not only for your own sake, but because, if true nothing relating to earth and heaven is of more consequence, and as you have refused the issue, I can come to but one conclusion, in which those who have cared to look into this matter will, I presume, generally agree. It is safe to say you will never give a genuine test séance to the "professors" from all the Eastern colleges" nor to any committee not packed in your interest.

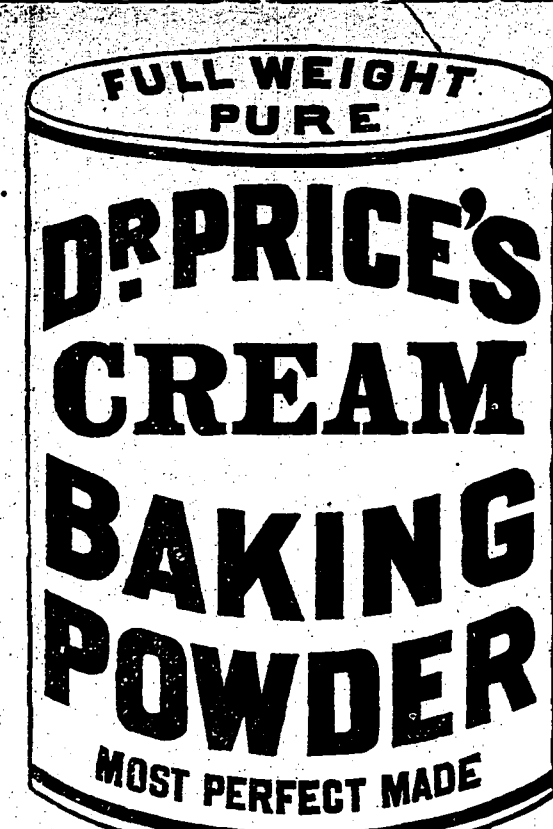
I regret the spirit with which you have met my proposition, because it is your conviction and sentence. I am ever fraternally yours. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Makes the Weak Strong.

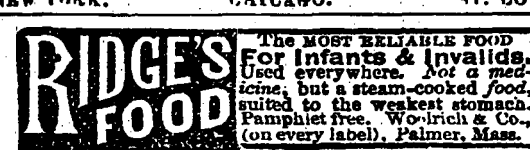
The season when that tired feeling is experienced by almost every one, is here once more, and again many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body.

There is comfort for the man with a premature gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even brown or black as may be desired.

Those who have read of the bloodhound only in sensational stories of the days of American slavery will learn the real traits of that little-known animal with surprise, in reading an illustrated article on the dog in the June Century. The article is written by the chief expert on the subject in England, the gentleman whose bloodhounds were used by the detectives in some recent famous murder cases in London.



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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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CHRIST'S CHRISTIANITY.

How it Differs from the Modern Conventional Type.

Too Many Professed Followers of the Galleian Corroded by Worldliness of Heart, Imprisoned in Narrowness of Intellect, and Disgraced by a Defective Humanity—The Need of Personal Consecration, Doctrinal Liberty, and True Democracy—Imitating Christ.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in *The Forum* for May: There is no doubt about it, we are pitifully muddled about the whole Christian idea. The religion of Jesus has devastated itself with practical blunders enough to have destroyed a less robust faith or one of lower origin. We may paraphrase the celebrated cry of Mme. Roland: "O Christianity! Christianity! How many crimes are committed in thy name!" The central figure of human history, the Galilean, has founded a faith upon which the distinctly urges that the survival of the soul depends. Yet, after two thousand years of Christian culture, our practical results are not unlike the Russian peasant's view of the Trinity—"The Savior, Mother of God, and St. Nicholas." Considered as the disciples of a religion representing the awful claim of Christianity, we are surprisingly disintegrated by those vagaries and weaknesses which defeat unity and organization. We are corroded by worldliness of heart. We are imprisoned in narrowness of intellect. We are disgraced by a defective humanity.

NEED OF PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

The essential principles of Jesus Christ seem to be reduced to three. The first of these is the imperative demand for a personal consecration to right, so select, so severe, so lofty, and so sustained that it is to be comprehended only through achievement. Far beyond our brightest fact we see it shining in a dazzling mist, as one sees the outline of the Celestial City in that old engraving setting forth the course of Bunyan's Pilgrim—the one supreme ideal of the earth. Who was Christ? A carpenter became a rabbi—what we should call a "self-made," itinerant preacher. What has He done? Guided the conscience and created the hope of the world. How did He do it? By personal holiness nothing less than awful. To study this highly sensitized nature even as an intellectual exercise, for an hour, is to breathe rarefied air. We descend from it panting, as one does from a great poem or a mountain. What would be the effect of a thorough moral assimilation of this delicate atmosphere? What refinement of the sensibility? What nutrition of the soul! What sacred fire to the brain! What spiritual courtliness to the conduct!

What do Christian believers undertake? Simply the imitation of the most intense life the world has known. An acute absorption in the process would seem to be logically necessary. Most of us go about it as we go to a matinee where the programme is too familiar. What does the Founder of our religion demand? Absolutely the surrender of personal preference to His theory of life. Yet the last thing which we seem likely to do is to agree upon His theory. Whatever else it is not, it is at least beyond dispute a theory of breathless self-sacrifice. One of the greatest pagans of our day has said: "What I look to is the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something if I am falling." In such a concep-

tion of life, call it by what name we will, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The Christian doctrine is in many cases most vividly expressed by an outsider, perhaps because he takes a fresher view of it. A sensible religious writer has put it in this way:

"The Christian law is the law of love. Whoever puts the rules of art above the law of love is a pagan. He who habitually seeks to gratify his own tastes rather than to do good to all men as he has opportunity is not a Christian but a pagan."

CHRISTIANS TOO WORLDLY.

Now, whatever else he was or was not, and whatever he meant or did not mean, Jesus Christ was essentially an unworldly man. The question is not, Are we all to become evangelists, and pool our property, and allow ourselves to be thrashed by bullies? Shall Beacon Street adopt the table manners of Capernaum? Shall the tailfin of Palestine be made the fashion in the New England climate? The question is, What would the Founder of our faith do in our situation? Have we got at the sense of it? Have we applied Christianity? Have we made a science of the divine art whose principles He impersonated? Have we the genius of self-sacrifice? Have we the passion of unworldliness? There is a fruit market in Boston which has existed for thirty years upon the whims of the rich. Hamburg grapes at \$2 a pound are regularly in stock. In the winter strawberries and asparagus sell easily at \$3 a box or a bunch. When the first Florida berries come, thirteen in a cup, at \$4 a cup, parties are supplied. One hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of fruit to a single order causes the dealer no surprise.

A Chinese vase of sang de bœuf finds a purchaser comfortably at \$5,000. The famous peachbloss vase was sold for \$14,000. A mantle-piece costing \$5,000 is no startling feature in our homes. The catalogue price of Ivan-Romanoff, the Siberian wolf-hound, in the last New York dog show, was \$10,000. A horse sold the other day for \$50,000, and a distinguished philanthropist pronounced him "cheap at that." There is a single stone slab valued at \$40,000 laid in front of a well-known private dwelling in New York. It is no uncommon thing to give \$50,000 for a racing yacht; the average cost of repairs or improvements on such a boat while in dock between regattas would maintain an economical family for a year. One thousand dollars a week for the support of a cruising-boat is a familiar figure. Ten thousand dollars for a woman's dress is not an unknown price. The jewelry of our ladies has reached such value that they dare not wear their gems; such pricelessness is sewn into invisible seams that fragile fashion on a summer tour is a temptation to a train-wrecker. It is a well-known fact that many families have abandoned the use of their silver, which finds a lodging in a safe deposit vault, while the dinner-table is decorated, and the burglar defied, with plated ware. It is perfectly understood that paste rests upon fair bosoms, while the diamond glitters at the banker's. Some years since it was found that the expenditure for the maintenance of the royal stables exceeded the entire sum set apart for public education in Great Britain.

THE TIME TO SERVE GOD.

The Bishop of Manchester once read to his congregation the following passage, saying that he had received it from a young lady who wished him to know what time there was in her life for Christ.

"We breakfast about 10. Breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation or to reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch and at 2 o'clock we lunch. At 3 my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a 5 o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner; and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera; and then when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do."

"It's not the rents I look to," said the undertaker-landlord of a wretched tenement block in London, to Octavia Hill; "it's the deaths I get out of the houses." Some years ago fashionable New York did penance by a spurt of charity in the then famous case of James Howard, an industrious, sober, honest American, who threw a stone into a plumber's window and stole a few brass faucets to buy bread for children who were starving and for a wife dying of consumption. For a few days the unsavory street where he lived glittered with liveried carriages, whose occupants amused themselves by playing My Lady Bountiful to that astonished family, and then rolled away to the next new scene in the private theatricals of gay life.

In a New England town, the other day, a newsboy, hardly higher than the platform, was run over by a horse-car and fatally hurt. What did this self-supporting baby when writhing in the last agonies of a terrible death? He called piteously for his mother. To shriek upon her breast? That she might clasp him while the surgeon worked? To give her his day's earnings. "I've saved 'em, mother," he cried. "I've saved 'em all. Here they are." When his little clinched, dirty hand fell rigid it was found to contain four cents.

The city of Detroit may yet remember the case of "Gertie," which touched the press of the country at the time. A passer through Clinton Street one day observed a little Irish boy hiding in a door-way and crying. A sympathetic inquiry brought to light one of the most exquisite stories ever recorded of the sick poor. In a wretched cellar a little girl of 10 lay ill. The window-panes were broken (it was March, by the way) and variously stuffed. For one pane the supply of tenement upholstery had given out. The wind and the boys looked in easily. Just within range of curious eyes the cot of the sick child was stretched. The gamins of Clinton Street discovered her plight. One little fellow dropped an orange through the broken glass; a plaintive voice thanked the unseen giver gratefully. This touching mercy became the fashion in that poor neighborhood. Every day saw the cubs of the street cuddling like cossets outside that window. Wreaths of evergreen, swept out of florists' doors, broken flowers thrown away, offerings of fruit, with the decayed part cut out—every delicacy for the sick that the resources of Clinton Street admitted of, went through that broken pane. One little fellow begged a bunch of frozen Malaga grapes from the dealer, to whom he offered his ragged cap in payment. One day the boys said, "Our Gertie is dead," and the Christian street boys became the mourners behind the hearse of the starved and frozen child.

Now, can any of us dare to say that a state of civilization in which such things are not only possible, but in which such extremes of human ease and misery are tolerated as the necessary conditions of society, represents the Christianity of Christ? Says Isaac Taylor:

"To insure its large purpose of good-will to man the law of Christ spreads out its claims far beyond the circle of mere pity or natural kindness, and in absolute and peremptory terms demands for the use of the poor, the ignorant, the wretched—and demands from every one of us—the names of the Christ—the whole residue of talents, wealth, time that may remain after primary claims have been satisfied."

I do not forget that we are thought to be the most charitable people on the face of the earth. I do not forget the vast machinery of our public relief and the reputable organization of our church benevolence, nor the dew of our private mercies; but, taking us at our highest, and our attempts to live the unworldly life at their strongest, and the entire pitiful result at its best, I wonder that the Lord of the Christian religion does not whip us out of our brie-a-brac lives, and the whole temple of humanity that we have degraded, with the fine lash of his holy scorn.

CHRIST'S SUPREMACY LIBERALITY.

Next to the personal consecration of Christ we come upon the fundamental principle of his supremacy liberty. It would be incredible, if it were not so familiar a fact as to give a trite thought that the followers of this generous hearted leader should have squarely turned their backs upon this precept and performance in this regard. Bigotry may be called the ecclesiastical vice, as worldliness is the personal one of the Christian cultus. Shelley and Leigh Hunt, talking together once, in their light, literary way, made this memorable concession to Christianity: "What might not this religion do, if it relied on charity, not on creed? The worst of it is that the progress of time, which, after all, does something for most of us in most respects, does not seem to have advanced us radically in this. The Inquisition changes its basis, that is all. A child inquired with terror, on first hearing of the Andover controversy, 'Are they heretics, mamma? Will they be burned?' For the rack and the molten Virgin we have the ordination service and the examination before the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The torture by insomnia has only taken on a finer phase. A good man who is not sure that the Bible insists upon belief in everlasting damnation as a condition of reliable character is pronounced unfit to teach to cannibals the elements of Christian courtesy. There is no doubt that young men of the finer education and most original disposition of thought are warned out of our pulpits to-day by the theological torture-chamber through which a virile conscience must pass before the authority of his church is laid upon the longing to preach the gospel of love to men. Robert Ingersoll is the direct descendant of the Westminster Confession. 'Brethren,' cried Cromwell to the framers of that moral rack, 'I beseech you in the bowels of the Lord, believe it possible that you may be mistaken!'

In a Southern town known to the writer seven churches of different sects exist. Not one is able to support a pastor. Itinerants of different denominations visit this interesting and typical place by turns. One Sunday you have Hobson's choice of your Methodist; the next you must play Lutheran; and so on. The whole village turns out, and prays accordingly. The days of worship are known as Baptist Sunday, or Orthodox Sunday, or Universalist Sunday, or whatever it may be. "But when," asked a visitor to this extraordinary people, "when is the Lord's Day?" A stranger happening in at Dean Stanley's service came away once saying: "I went to learn the way to Heaven; I was told the way to Palestine." The case is similar with us in this wise. Many and dreary are the times that we go to the religion of our day to learn the way to Heaven and we are taught the way to a creed. We go panting with spiritual thirst and aching with spiritual hunger; we are fed with theological stones. We go longing for peace; we find a

sword. We go in search of a Divine Master; we get the Evangelical Council. We seek the holy and the humble instruction that trains a soul for the sacred diploma of the religious teacher; we find a lawsuit. We seek the cross of Christ; we find the Supreme Court.

It is a well known fact that ardent workers in the temperance movement find the groghops and the churches their chief obstacles. You soon learn to count the liquor dealer and the communicant almost equally out of rank with you in your solitary battle. You must bring your drunkard to the vestry or he may as well go drink. You must save your "reformed man" in the denomination or you may collect your library and piano for the club-room—as likely you will—from the impatient world. I was once present at a touching scene where the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the presence of a crowd of fallen men struggling for a new life. These four fellows could not have borne so much as the odor of the sacred wine; it would have set their bodies and souls on fire. Pure water filled the nickel-plated tankard of the communion service. The bread and the water of life were blessed before the wistful gaze of these reverent castaways. The clergyman officiating, an old man who had dedicated his age to the temperance work, and a dozen poor, plain, obscure, unfrocked church-members in the communicants' seats were the only representatives of the Church of Christ present at a scene which was a matter of intense public interest in the city, and of severe ecclesiastical blame to the temperance people.

A PROTEST AGAINST ECCLESIASTICISM.

It is amazing that we should even have to remind ourselves that with all this dead-line of religious respectability the Founder of our faith had no more to do than he had with the moral example of Herod. Christ was the come-out of his day. He was the Protestant; he was the Liberal; he was the victim of spiritual independence. He was the faith that rises

Just to scorn the consequence,
And just to do the thing.

His teaching was one thrilling protest against ecclesiasticism. His life was one pathetic plea for religious freedom. Love thy God and thy neighbor and follow me; his command and our duty are in those few and simple words. He cut down doctrinism and dogmatism as a mower cuts down thistles. In his insistence on practical holiness there was no room for chatter about creeds. He gave himself to God and to miserable men. This fervent young rabbi had no time to formulate a "Shorter Catechism."

Fancy for the nonce, our Lord appointed chairman of the examining committee of a heresy-hunting church to-day. One imagines the eloquent silence with which He would sit out the accepted tests of fitness for membership in His visible church. What does the candidate believe concerning the total depravity of all mankind? Is he aware that he committed the sin of Adam? What are his views upon the eternal damnation of the finally impenitent? Has he faith in the sanctity of immersion? Does he accept the sacrament of infant sprinkling? Test his knowledge of the Trinity. Try his theory of the nature and office of the Holy Ghost. Is he sound upon the doctrine of election? Does he totter upon justification by faith?

Now conceive it to be the turn of the mute presiding officer to put questions to the candidate. One may imagine that the test questions for religious character would now take a surprising turn. Have you a pure heart? Do you love the Lord your God with the whole of it? Explain to us your relation with your neighbors. Are you beloved in your home? Can you control your temper? Do you talk scandal? Are you familiar with the condition of the poor? What are your methods of relieving it? Can you happily give disagreeable service to the sick? How do you bear physical suffering when it falls to your own lot? How many drunkards have you tried to reform? What outcasts have you sought to save? What mourners have you comforted? On what social theory do you invite guests to your house? What proportion of your income do you give to the needs of others? What do you understand by prayer to God? What is your idea of a Christ-like life?

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The third vital characteristic of the Christianity of Christ plainly consists in his un-sparing and unswerving democracy. It is not possible to put too great an emphasis upon this fixed and terribly neglected truth. We say in glib familiar phrase that the basis of Christianity is the brotherhood of humanity—what has been usefully called the "enthusiasm of humanity." Not one in twenty of us realizes that this means an ideal of daily life as far above our own as the centre of the solar system is above the level of the sea. Which of us gives the recognition of imitation to the astonishing example of Jesus in this regard? Christ was the educated and sanctified Socialist. He was the consistent democrat. He was the consecrated agitator. Social rank simply did not exist for him. Caste he scorned. A fisherman was his most intimate friend. He accepted the hospitality of an ostracized man. He conversed fearlessly and naturally with abandoned women. He did not refuse to penitently outcasts the preciousness of His personal friendship. He was never known to shrink from foul diseases. Vulgar natures He treated with the patience of high refinement. The "common people" loved Him. He denounced the fashionable shams of His times with the nonchal-

ance of an Emperor and the intelligence of an artisan. He scathed the petty pretensions of the leaders of society with that indifference to criticism characteristic of high birth and that sympathy with what we call the "lower classes" incident to a personal experience of poverty. His social theories held the relentlessness of love. There is no polite way of evading them. There is no well-bred opportunity of ignoring them. The Christianity of Christ must meet them point blank. They are its essential test. They are its first and final demand. Malthus has reminded us that the histories of mankind which we possess are, in general, only histories of the higher classes. Authentic Christianity must be a history of the masses. Socially considered a Christian must be, in a sense, interestingly varied from the old theological one, "born again." He has new kin, he makes new neighbors, he incurs new social obligations, he readjusts his position in human society, or he might as well go call himself a Druid.

FASHION IN THE PEWS.

The fashionable church has received its full share of derision from critics who may not be worthy of a back seat in it; but that does not affect the fact that it deserves all it gets. The recent popular attack upon the pew rental system may not be made altogether from a devout point of view; none the less it will do good. Sexton Williams has let fly a fiery-winged truth; and the girl reporter who found herself welcomed by only five New York churches, although employed in the service of the newspapers rather than of the Lord, has put her shabbily gloved finger upon the spot where the tuberculosis of our religious system sets in. It is the undecorated fact that if Jesus Christ were to enter almost any of our influential churches to-day He would be shown into the back gallery; and He could not obtain admission to our parlors without a letter of introduction from some person in our "set." "You will find," says a nice observer, "that so far as people are reached by religious worship outside of their special religious belief it is the social recognition which has won them."

In a luxurious home, whose invitations are not declined, whose hospitality is familiar to many distinguished men and women of our land, there may be found, any day, mingled with the most gifted guests, plain, poor, obscure people, quite unknown in "society." I once saw at a breakfast at this house the foremost poet in the country seated next a massage rubber, a poor girl training herself for the practice of medicine, and in need of two things—a good breakfast and a glimpse into the cultivated world. She had both, in the Lord's name, in that Christian home. Yet the spirit of that ideal hospitality is so rare that we tell of it as we do of heroic deeds. The Christianity of Christ would make it so common that we should notice it only as we do the sunrise.

A CHRIST-LIKE EXAMPLE.

There does not exist outside of the New Testament such a conception of the Christian spirit as the great Frenchman (not distinguished for ecclesiastical views of God, but exiled for his practical love of man) gave us in the greatest work of fiction since Shakespeare. Who forgets the Bishop in "Les Misérables," immortal because he acted like Christ? His palace converted into a hospital, his income expended for the suffering, out of the luxuries of his highly civilized past, the "spiritual man of the world" (as Margaret Fuller would put it) had saved an elegant toilet case, six silver plates, and silver candlesticks. "Knock there," said the citizen to the ex-galley-slave whom no other room would shelter.

The Bishop touched his hand gently, and said: "You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any corner whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction."

In all uninspired literature what is finer than the scene between the Bishop and Valjean when the gendarmes bring the arrested guest and silver back to this threshold of superhuman hospitality. "Ah, there you are!" said M. Valjean, "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring you 200 francs. Why did you not take them along with your plate?"

Left alone with the astounded thief the Christian idealist grew stern and solemn: "Never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God!"

The child of such a spiritual godfather, who wonders that Jean Valjean, the galley-slave, becomes Mayor Madeleine, the saint of a district and the protector of every despoiled and rejected creature in it? It is thus that the Christianity of Christ ought to be spiritually inherited. The idea cultivated by the liturgic church, that the laying on of apostolic hands creates an ancestry of priestly power, is a pleasant fancy, pale beside what might be the tremendous facts of moral heredity in the Christian life. The possibilities of culture in this direction are unfathomed. Said Daniel Webster, in his private confession of faith:

"I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God, and that he is the most accomplished scholar who had been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the College of Fishermen."

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY FARMER LEE.

Regarding your series of seven questions, to the first I would answer: My parents belonged to the Methodist church until I reached the age of twelve years. Camp meetings and revivals were at that time the rage and the "woods were as full" of religion among the white people as they are now full of the same emotional frenzy among the blacks. But a change came over the spirit of the religious dream of that particular locality. Some men appeared preaching the Campbellite or "Christian" doctrine, and claiming that religion was not altogether a matter of feeling, but that something must be done to secure salvation. Among the essential things to be done was a complete water immersion in baptism. At this point "the tug of war" began, and bitter it was, too, for each party was "Greek" and each felt equally sure that his God was with him in the fight, and as a silent, onlooking boy I saw that this was so, for did not each one prove his cause the true one by quoting the "written word" of his God? Finally my parents were convinced that the Campbellite church was the true one and joined it. Methodist preachers came, in the meantime, to our house to remonstrate with them, and to reclaim them back to the original and only true faith of Methodism. But they were convinced that Methodism was not to be relied upon for salvation. However, the arguments of the two parties in question had not been nearly so convincing to them as to me, for I settled forever all doubts in my mind as to the unreliability of the "written word" of the orthodox "scheme of salvation," and I have ever since regarded the so-called Christian church, both Protestant and Catholic as an organized effort to starve the intellect and cultivate the weaker emotions of mankind in order that the church's favorites may live off the people. Whether or not there has been such a design we see such an effect. Hence I never became a member of any church and have never for a moment doubted that outside was better, because freer than inside of the house, of the malicious and tyrannical god of whom they tell us.

From the age and time I have mentioned, I drifted upon the current of reason toward Spiritualism until its philosophy was established firmly in my mind, although I supposed from what I read and heard of them that Spiritualists were all cranks until after many years I came in contact with them and found them just such cranks as myself with the difference, perhaps, that most of them reached conviction through phenomena, while I, seeing no phenomena, reading little of its literature, had reached the same position through intuition and thought. This brings me to answer the second question by stating that I have considered myself a Spiritualist for thirty years. I have to reply to the third question with the statement that for me your phrase, "conviction of the continuity of life beyond the grave," is too positive. Whilst I find innumerable evidences everywhere buoying up my pleasing hope of individual immortality, it is hard to find absolute proof of another world, blundering blindly as we do through this one, incapable of understanding the things over which we trip and fall. If we go no further than the appearance of phenomena, accepting what we seem to see, we may be convinced. But if we turn upon phenomena the light of speculation we shall see that we may have been deceived generally. Hence it seems to me that thinking Spiritualists will generally find themselves more or less agnostic.

The intuitive hope of immortality in my mind gradually assumed the shape of a belief from the lessons of immaterial evolution—not Darwinism—which shows a concatenation of designs or plans which work toward some grand purpose, the nearest approach to which it has as yet made being the human mind or soul. This mind or soul having barely reached a capacity for full work at the limit of earth life, it is but reasonable to conclude that it simply drops the physical form because it has become ready for labor as an independent spirit, and that it hence begins life untrammelled. Thus is established a probability of future life, and every evidence that can be adduced in support of the theory of immortality must be admitted as evidence equally strong in favor of our theory of intercommunion between the two worlds. Establish immortality as a fact and intercommunion follows as a necessary sequence. To prove this need only experiment measurably with the living subject. We may so influence the mind or our subject as to compel it to move his muscles just as we would move our own. We may impress him with a belief that water is an intoxicating drink and with it make him so drunk that he cannot walk across the floor.

Now this power of one mind over another is acquired without physical contact or help; it is purely and simply mental force; and if a living person can thus exert such a controlling force independent of physical aid, why should not a disembodied mind in like manner operate to control living persons as mediums for speaking and writing, and further to impress innumerable persons in thousands of ways to speak and act words and conduct not their own? How much of this world's crime may be the materialization of the desires of that other, who shall ever tell? No doubt it is the lesser part of the horror of capital punishment which we witness on the scaffold; the greater part is in the revengeful return of the violence we have done.

To question fifth I must reply that I do not consider Spiritualism a religion but the philosophy of life in which all religions must end just so fast as they approach it. A people needs and make for itself a religion whose elaborateness is commensurate with its own vanity and ignorance. As such a people advance in intelligence it simplifies its religious ceremonies. When all shall have reached a state of intelligence, a habit of thought compatible with a full understanding of the underlying laws of being—the philosophy of life—there will remain neither devils to shun nor gods to appease by the sacrifice of blood nor of manhood; worship so long and so universally held as a sacred privilege, will in the light of a well understood Spiritualism become one of the hideous juggernauts of the past. Mer-

will bestow their love upon each other instead of a supposed personage half good and half evil. In its final evolution the instinct of reverence will lay hold upon those eternal laws of justice which define the rights of each from the wrongs of all others; and which laws, if understood and faithfully observed, would at this moment make our country what all the world's religions would never make it: a happy and morally beautiful land. A home of plenteous comfort for all who are capable of maintaining such home; a charitable support and schooling for all incapables. In its mildest form religion is the creature and the solace of those who are ignorant of the natural law. When exaggerated at the "love-feast" or in the revival meeting it becomes an emotional insanity, dangerous to the well-being of society as would be a like insanity arising from any other undue excitement. Hence we find upon careful examination that the active proselyting Christianity of the world is a craze. To this statement of an important fact I would call the attention of medical men and thinkers generally. Nevertheless there should be Spiritualists who, feeling the need of a religion, shall look upon our philosophy as such we should with them feel thankful that they have at last found a temple which is not also a prison.

RESPONSE BY D. EDSON SMITH.

1. My parents are Baptists. My father has been a Baptist clergyman for over fifty years. I was once a member of that church.
2. I have been a Spiritualist about ten years.
3. I was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism through reading such books as "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism," and in holding seances in my own family.
4. One of the most remarkable incidents in my experience was the intelligent answering of questions by a tipping stand in my own room, with a good light, and no one in physical form present besides my sister and myself. Neither of us touched the stand. When we were through, at our request, the stand moved to its usual place at the side of the room.
5. I do not regard Spiritualism as a religion any more than I do many other scientific facts that have no special tendency to make people better or worse. But when I take the ethical writings belonging to Spiritualism, I look upon it as a religion; because these writings or teachings tend to influence people's lives for the better; and they tend directly to lift them on to a higher moral and spiritual plane, and directly increase the goodness and happiness of mankind.
6. I consider that the greatest need of the Spiritualist movement to-day is a more efficient press in connection with a suitable publishing house; and a more thorough, systematic and scientific method of investigating the claims of all public mediums, classifying the phenomena, and putting it before the world in a more efficient manner.
7. It must be apparent to every one that the more complete the knowledge one may have of the laws relating to any subject, the better will he be able to treat all things connected with that subject. As psychic laws govern all our conduct of life, and all our relations to the family, to society and to government, it may be said that a knowledge of psychic laws tends to help one in the conduct of this life, in one's relations to the family, to society, and to government. In every possible way, I can conceive of no way in which such knowledge would not aid us in these directions. The great question is, What are those laws?

Laura Bridgman.

Laura Bridgman, the famous blind and deaf mute, died at the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston last Friday after a short sickness. For more than fifty years she has been a living example of what could be done in the way of instructing those thus deprived of their physical senses.

She was born at Hanover, N. H., Dec. 21, 1829. When she was 2 years old severe illness deprived her of sight and hearing, and consequently of speech. Her sense of smell was also destroyed and that of taste much impaired. She was taken to Boston when she was 8 years old and placed in the Perkins Institution for the Blind. The late Samuel G. Howe, who was then Superintendent of the school, took a great interest in the child and undertook the difficult task of instructing her.

He began his work by giving her the word "knife" printed in raised letters on a slip of paper. Then she was given the knife, so that she could feel the label on it, and the sign indicating likeness, which was made by placing side by side the fore fingers of each hand, was conveyed to her. By repeating this process with other articles she was led to understand that the words represented the objects to which they were affixed, and she showed great pleasure in mastering her first lesson. Then the operation was reversed, and the labels having been given her she would search for the article and designate it by this means.

She acquired the alphabet in less than three days, and within a few months she had command of a hundred common nouns and had some facility in the use of verbs and adjectives. She began writing in the course of the second year, and she was slower in this, yet she showed much skill in it. She at the same time became an expert in talking with her fingers, and only persons accustomed to this language could follow their rapid motions with eye. She had attained even more remarkable facility in understanding the finger motions of others whose hands she grasped in animated conversation. In walking through a passage way with her hands spread before her she knew every one she met and gave them a passing sign of recognition, but she embraced affectionately her favorites and expressed the varied language of the emotions by the lips as well as by the fingers. The processes of addition and subtraction in small numbers had also become familiar to her, and she could count and conceive objects up to 100 in numbers. She knew the days of the week, and divided the day by the beginning and end of school, by the recesses, and by the arrival of meal times. Her accuracy in measuring time was such that she could distinguish between a half note and a whole note in music, striking notes in single measure on the pianoforte quite correctly.

January 23, 1842, Laura was visited by Charles Dickens, who was so much interested in her that he remained several hours. A remarkable facility was her ability to read character, and this she did literally at her fingers' end. She was thoughtful of her friends and liked to aid the poor. At the time of the famine in Ireland she bought, with money which she had earned by her work, a barrel of flour, which was sent to the sufferers. She was baptized and joined the church in 1852. The facts of her life have been referred to by theologians, philosophers, and medical men all over the world, and her physical and mental condition aroused the greatest interest until the hour of her death.

IRVING BISHOP'S FEATS.

A Three Months' Trip with the Late Mind Reader.

Incidents of a Journey Through Mexico and Cuba—Bishop's Wonderful Powers—He Had No Sympathy with Spiritualists—His Tricks Invariably Performed Without the Aid of Confederates—The Duchess Was Convinced—Some Amusing Anecdotes.

Irving Bishop and myself, writes Harrison Millard in the New York Herald, started from San Francisco September 1st last for the "halls of the Montezumas." Within a few days of our arrival we arranged for a private seance with President Diaz and some of his intimate friends. The President impressed me as a genial, straightforward man of strong common sense, who shows in his features he is a full-blooded Mexican or Indian. He speaks only Spanish, and I was surprised that his wife, who is only about 24, spoke no French. She pronounces English well, and resembles our pretty American women more than any Mexican lady I saw there. It is said Mrs. Diaz in her girlhood was much attached to—I won't say whom—of Mexico, and I was amused while watching her pretty face to see the look of anxious alarm that came over it when Mr. Bishop said that among his various experiments he could give the names of any dear ones thought of by the company present.

A VISIT FROM A SPIRITUALIST.

During our stay the leading Spiritualist of the country called and desired permission to bring one of his mediums for a conference with Mr. Bishop. Mr. Bishop said he did not object to passing an evening that way, although, as he had seen thousands of mediums without being convinced they were not all frauds he did not take much interest in it. The gentleman said on leaving, "I have three or four mediums, and I hardly know which one to bring, but I will submit the question to a circle to-night, and bring whichever one they may select." He did not keep his appointment, which I much regretted, but he told me a few days afterward "he duly submitted the question to the circle, and the reply was that it would be a waste of time, as Mr. Bishop was himself one of the strongest mediums in the world, but that he was oppressed by a powerful spirit who was opposed to the dissemination of the belief in spiritism, and Mr. Bishop had been warned by this spirit that if he ever failed to denounce Spiritualism whenever he had the opportunity his power would be taken away entirely." I must give Mr. Bishop the credit of a most faithful compliance with this command, for he invariably commenced his entertainments by stating his disbelief in all supernatural agencies and announcing that he himself could do any experiment ever done by so-called "mediums."

THE CABINET TRICK.

At San Francisco Mr. Bishop did his cabinet trick as he called it. Herrmann, Keller, and other magicians do this trick also, but with confederates and false sides, etc. I can say nothing about how the trick is done, except that Bishop had no confederates and no false compartments in the cabinet. When at Houston, Tex., he offered to find a pin which was to be concealed anywhere within a radius of a mile from the hall, he to be blindfolded and to drive a pair of horses with the committee in the carriage through the streets. The committee concealed the pin, but on their return stated that in fairness to him they ought to say that it was useless for him to attempt to find it, as it was simply impossible. The report of the experiment in the daily paper said Mr. Bishop smiled and went on blindfolding himself, first with cotton wool, then a tightly-drawn silk handkerchief, then a stuffed black silk bag over all—making darkness complete. He succeeded, to the great surprise of the committee, who thought they had given him an impossible task. He took the reins, after mounting the box, and went direct some twenty blocks distant to a large beer saloon, demanding that certain doors be unlocked; then to a shed in the back of the yard to the rear; he threw aside a large pile of wood which covered a barrel filled with vegetables—then at the bottom of the barrel he found a loaf of bread, and inside of it the pin which had been placed there by the committee, and, as they thought, thoroughly concealed. This is no trick of prestidigitation, but it is a bona fide, square, and surprising experiment.

NO CONFEDERATES.

Once in Sacramento, Cal., he announced that he would do one of the most noted tricks of the late Charles Foster. Under no circumstances did he ever have any confederates in his experiments, except those who unconsciously transmitted their thoughts through their muscles, which is called "muscle reading." He requested one of the committee to retire to an ante-room alone and write on pellets of paper the name of some favorite poet not living, and also the name of some well known melody. The committee-man having done as requested returned with the pellets inclosed, as he was directed to do, in an envelope.

Mr. Bishop asked if there was any writing of any kind on the paper except the name. The gentleman replied that there was none, as he had been particular not to use any of the paper slips found in the ante-room. He had torn slips of his own memorandum book a leaf and written a name as requested.

Mr. Bishop then asked for a wooden lead-pencil, and after breaking off the lead point handed it to the subject, requesting him to insert the point into the envelope without unsealing it. When this was done Mr. Bishop went to the blackboard and wrote the name in fac-simile of "William Cullen Bryant," and, seating himself at the piano, played "Home, Sweet Home" with his usual variation.

The committeeman stated to the audience that it was the name written by him. Mr. Bishop then requested him to show the envelope, which had not been out of his possession, to some other one of the committee for verification, and to see if there was no other writing on it. The latter opened the envelope and said there was something else at the bottom of the paper, which on being read was "Good night. W. L. B."

This I always considered one of Bishop's most puzzling experiments, and he did it only on this one occasion.

I asked him once how it was done. The only reply was: "Bates! I don't intend to give my business away to any one." I explained that it was only curiosity on my part, as there was no possibility of my ever doing it myself. Moreover, that I did not believe in his answer that he knew himself how it was done! He made no reply.

THE DUCHESS AND HER STOCKING.

On an occasion in England all the royal family except the Queen were present. The old Duchess of K—, who was quite a guy on

account of her age and eccentricities, was also there. It was suggested by some one that the best hiding place for the gold sovereign would be inside the stocking of the aged Duchess. She consented, and said she would be convinced of Bishop's powers if he discovered where it was hid. Mr. Bishop, after a few moments' hesitation, went directly to her and impudently found the coin with his delicate fingers down near the sole of her foot.

The aged dame expressed herself thoroughly satisfied with his wonderful powers of divination.

SUICIDE INSTEAD OF MURDER.

At the Captain General's house in Havana the Marquis Sanchez was requested to simulate a murder with a dagger upon some of the distinguished people present and then to hide the weapon in some out of the way place. Mr. Bishop undertaking to find the dagger and to repeat the act of murder on the same person and in precisely the same manner. On returning to the room, after it was announced that all was ready, Mr. Bishop rushed to find the weapon, but soon stood still, and on feeling in the pockets of his subject found the knife there. Then came the task of repeating the manner and act of the murder. After a moment or two he turned to his subject and simulated the stabbing him in the breast. This experiment was considered a perfect success, considering that the subject violated the condition by first committing suicide and then living long enough and having presence of mind enough to conceal the weapon in his own pocket.

While in Havana Bishop was applied to by a young man of tender years for instruction in the art, the youth representing that he had been offered quite a liberal sum to go to some small town in the interior of the island and repeat Mr. Bishop's experiments there.

In Mexico many offers were made of an equal division of lost property in case he would tell where it was to be found. But Mr. Bishop did not see why he should divide with any one if he could discover the locality of any lost treasure. People could not understand that he only undertook to read in other people's minds what they wished him to know. Many people also called to ask him to visit the sick, thinking he could clairvoyantly diagnose the disease. The rules which apply to hypnotism apply in his case. By being blindfolded he half hypnotized himself, and thus secured impressions of other people's minds, allowing the subject to be for the time being the hypnotizer. There is also a good deal of involuntary muscle reading, which is perhaps as wonderful as mind reading in its way, and undoubtedly a good deal of clairvoyance, which is not so rare a gift. His experience for fifteen years in public had made him wonderfully clever in his line of business, and he rarely failed to produce the desired results. If he failed with one person he took one more impressionable or tractable, and the audience was usually satisfied with the result, while it was mystified by the manner in which it was accomplished. His was a clever combination of several powers. He advertised in San Francisco that he would give an explanation of his cabinet performance. But the explanation—viz.: that while his hands were tied firmly behind him he dislocated his shoulder so as to allow him to work with his right hand at his left side—was always as unsatisfactory to everybody in the audience as it is to me, his accused confederate. He had these powers or faculties even when a boy at school. He was at the Jesuit college at Fordham, near New York, and he related that he never even looked at or studied his lessons, but with one of his teachers he could always recite them perfectly, answering all questions, while with another teacher he was as ignorant of the lesson during recitation as he was before.

His mother was the witness on whose evidence the will of the late Commodore Vanderbilt depended. Some of the heirs who wanted a more equal distribution of the millions left behind brought suit against the executors and opposed the probating of the will on the ground that the Commodore was of unsound mind, as he was in the habit of consulting so-called "spirit mediums."

AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.

Mrs. Bishop told me he often had communications through her, and as Irving (her son) was then posing before the public as a denouncer of all mediums as frauds he was in an awkward position, and was compelled either to leave the country or appear on the witness-stand and denounce his mother's testimony. In this dilemma he thought it best to leave for England, where he remained until the suit was compromised and settled by the payment of several million dollars to the originally slighted heirs.

While in Honolulu he was passing the evening with a small but gay party, of which the well known Miss A. C. of San Francisco was the leading spirit. One of the ladies expressed her disbelief in the power of any hypnotizer to influence her. Mr. Bishop told her to hold in her hand a silver coin (which he borrowed for the purpose from some one present) and to fix her eyes intently on it. In ten or fifteen minutes she was in a delightfully hypnotic state and a perfectly tractable subject. Mr. Bishop experimented upon her in the usual way and when he ordered her to remain rigid with her arms extended no force could bend her limbs.

CONVINCING A SKEPTIC.

As the hour was late and his horse was at the door waiting to carry him home, about six miles away, he jumped on the saddle entirely forgetting to say "Good night" to his subject inside. On his arrival home he found the telephone bell ringing as if possessed of several evil spirits. Civilization is so rampant in the Hawaiian Islands since they have renounced cannibalism that nearly every house has one or two telephones.

Mr. Bishop answered the call at once. He was told that every means had been exhausted by the parties left behind in the house to get the limb back to its normal position. They urged him to ride back as fast as possible to relieve the subject from her peculiar though perhaps artistic pose. He telephoned them to send for a doctor, who by injecting a little morphine could accomplish the desired result. Next time he met the young lady she made him promise, on his word of honor, never again to use in any way exercise his hypnotic power over her, and only on this condition was he pardoned for the cruel, practical joke played upon her.

Once with me he was anxious to learn the real name of a mutual acquaintance. I told him I knew it, and if he wanted to know it also he could easily find it out by reading it in my mind. He read up and down the room, clutching convulsively at his incontinent hair, and at last acknowledged his inability to read it when he was not blindfolded and in an abnormal condition. I do not believe he could ever have discovered it unless I gave it to him unconsciously through muscle reading, he being before a blackboard, as he read other names at times.

NOT A DRUNKARD.

Bishop has often been accused of being addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants, but such accusations are unjust, though perhaps not unfounded. In fact, I don't believe it was possible for any man to make him drunk. He sometimes at his entertainments drank an entire bottle of wine of cocoa, one wineglass of which is usually considered a sufficiently strong dose, and it was remarkable how his delicate organization could resist such terrible strains as he subjected it to. He appeared on the stage like a delicate boy 20 years of age, although 42 years had rolled past him. His hands were so small that he could slip off any handcuffs ever made for criminals. His muscular strength, as shown by the powerful biceps of his arm, was quite surprising.

In Vera Cruz, Mexico, they have at the cafes a liquor called tequila, which is a distillation of the well-known pulque, made from the milk or juice of the cactus plants, so abundant in Mexico. This tequila is about as palpable as aqua fortis would be, and is never taken without first filling the mouth with salt. One glass was enough for me for the rest of my life, while Bishop took twelve glasses in my presence at one sitting, and it hardly dazed him, although no one would take that amount of pure spirits or a half-dozen bottles of the weakest champagne even, and remain in the same quiet, normal state which nature intends human beings to be in generally. He had, however, no morbid appetite for liquors, whatever he might have for other exciting drugs.

AMEN.

You have invited me to occasionally make your paper the medium for the brief statement of any views I may hold that are in the line of your work; and I want to use this first opportunity to do as a little boy did whose mother had carefully instructed him, with his little brother, to say their prayers before going to sleep. She found him one night on his back kicking up his heels in a very unsanctified attitude, while his brother, in a reverent, kneeling position, was going through with the devotion. Replying to her rebuke, he explained that it was only an illustration of the great modern doctrine of the division of labor, adding, "and to-night is Bill's night for saying the prayers, and mine for only chucking in the Amen."

I want to "chuck in" a most hearty Amen to your address on Spiritualism—not so much as to its special views, however, as to its broad, liberal, genial spirit. All through my ministerial life I have made it a point to use every opportunity that I could consistently with other duties, to observe and examine spiritualistic phenomena. I have seen, as you have, a great many marvelous things, and have come across an immense amount of fraud on the one side, and of credulity, bigotry, and superstition on the other; and I am yet in doubt as to what is really at their base. I am inclined, however, to say a little bit of something genuine. Professional and public mediums I never got anything from that was at all satisfactory. But I have had parish and personal friends endowed in one form or another with mediumistic power, whose honesty and intelligence I could have no more doubt of than my own—some having forms of it that I never heard of in public, and some, persons who shrank from it with abhorrence, but who had its manifestations forced upon them; and it is what I have seen in them and from them that has compelled me, as a sincere inquirer after truth, without accepting the spiritualistic explanation of the phenomena, to keep it at least an open question whether the phenomena themselves are not genuine. We liberalists and rationalists need, especially in this age of the world when the swing of the pendulum of truth's clock is so far on the side of natural materialistic law, to guard ourselves against the idea that this is its only direction. It swings from age to age both ways; and alike with each swing the hands on the great dial-plate move forward.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in (any) philosophy."

And it is for these, too, as well as for the ones that are dreamt of—perhaps they are all but dreams of the real truth that we want to keep the open eye and open soul. It is for this I say "Amen" to your address. It seems to me the very gospel of liberalism, one of the broadest announcements of it I have ever heard. It wisely takes into its recognition all the cranks and dreamers, for among the sages and the sober truth tellers of to-morrow; and with equal wisdom it takes in all the conservatives and antiquaries of faith, for the conservatives and antiquaries of to-day are the cranks and dreamers of yesterday. It is a gospel we all need, the most advanced skeptic as truly as the most belated Romanist, for we are all inclined to draw the line somewhere in a realm, that of truth-seeking, which should have no line. And if the principles of your address could be everywhere accepted, I believe it would do more for truth's ultimate gain than though we could have at once without it a thousand years of progress in truth itself.—John C. Kimball, in 20th Century.

Did Eve Talk French?

No subject has been more fertile of speculation than the origin of language, and on few, perhaps, can less satisfaction be obtained, says *Current Literature*. The Jews positively insist that the Hebrew tongue is the primitive language, and that spoken by Adam and Eve. The Arabs, however, dispute the point on antiquity with the Hebrew. Of all the languages, except the Hebrew, the Syriac has had the greatest number of advocates, especially among eastern authors. Many maintain that the language spoken by Adam is lost and that the Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic are only dialects of the original tongue. Goropius published a work in 1580 to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in paradise. Andre Kemp maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and Eve spoke in French, while the Persians believe three languages to have been spoken in paradise—Arabic, the most persuasive, by the serpent; Persian, the most poetic, by Adam and Eve, and Turkish, the most threatening, by the Angel Gabriel. Erro claims Basque as the language spoken by Adam, and others would make the Polynesian the primitive language of mankind. Leaving, however, these startling theories, we may sum up the words of Darwin: "With respect to the origin of articulate languages, after having read on one side the highly interesting works of Wedgwood, Farrar, and Professor Schleicher, and the celebrated lecture of Professor Max Muller on the other side, I cannot doubt that language owes its origin to the imitation and modification, aided by signs and gestures, of natural sounds, voices, of other animals, and man's own cries."

THE PUZZLE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY SCIENTISTS.

With nothing else to guide them in their investigations than the current literature of to-day, the antiquarians of the year 2,000 in "looking backward" for light on the status of society in the nineteenth century, must inevitably come to the conclusion that women were first discovered or evolved at this period, judging from the grave discussion of all sorts of apparently simple questions and queries concerning them with which our literature is now flooded.

Those investigators will be filled with surprise at the dense ignorance which this literature will seem to indicate in regard to women. They will find one scientist declaring that "woman is the race, and another positively affirming that "all that is truly woman is merely reproductive," still others writing long articles to prove that "the female mind experiences overwhelming obstacles in the study of mathematics"—that women cannot "live laborious days of intellectual exercise and production without injury to their functions as the conceiver, mother, and nurse of children"—that they must always lag behind man intellectually, because of a presumed lesser brain-weight, while hundreds of writers are seriously and interestedly discussing in books, magazines and newspapers, such questions as whether marriage is a failure or not; whether women are to blame for the unhappiness of married life? Are women naturally untruthful? Ought they to vote? Are women interesting? Can they compete with men in study? Will they make good physicians? Can they invent? Have they artistic instincts? etc., etc., without end, "still harping on my daughter," as well as on her "sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts."

The only proper way to find out the answers to these conundrums is to give woman entire freedom to try her powers in every direction. Where she has natural incapacity she is sure to fail when put to the test, and such failure is the only way to teach her humility. But nothing is to be learned or gained by a priori arguments based on untried theories; especially when experiment is so easily tried; such arguing of untested theories, always reminds me of the foolish habit some otherwise sensible people have of puzzling over, surmising and wondering about the handwriting of a letter which comes to them in an unfamiliar hand, when the solution of the puzzle lies in breaking the seal, or tearing the envelope.

Put woman's abilities to the test, fairly,—on all these questions, and if she fails in one or all why there is your answer to the problem or problems—an answer a thousandfold more potent than reams of written argument against. Then, too, should it be demonstrated that in spite of scientific theories women can do denied things without injury to the race or to womanhood, what is to become of the tons of printed matter scientifically demonstrating her incapacity in these particular? They will be obliged to be relegated to the limbo of all exploded theories—from those of the flatness and immobility of the earth, to the scientific demonstration of the impossibility of telegraphic communication between continents.

In the meantime, while those who have nothing more useful to occupy their minds and time are thus publicly theorizing and questioning, women themselves are every where in a ferment of active experiment. With the larger liberty which is to-day theirs, they are eager to test their intellectual faculties in every possible direction.

A Chicago daily paper expresses surprise that so few women have cared to answer Grant Allen's elaborate and "purely biological and therefore 'scientific article'" on "The Functions of the Sexes," in the May Forum, in reply to Lester F. Ward's chivalric "Our Better Halves," in an earlier number of that magazine. The fact is, that the majority of thinking, active women are too busy working out living denials to the theories of opposing pseudo-scientists to reply in mere words. Their work sufficiently argues their side of the question. Col. Higginson with his usual chivalry in behalf of women, in replying to some of Mr. Allen's aspersions of the sex, rightly commends the "brutal frankness" of Allen in contradicting to the sentimental verbiage with which it has been the fashion of so many male opponents of woman's enfranchisement to mask their real contempt for women. He says truly, that "an immense deal of real injustice to women, a great deal of repression to the intellect, of spoliation of property has been carried on under cover of these lofty sentiments of deference to the sweetness and purity" of woman in the abstract.

But it is precisely because women are now wide-awake and no longer to be humbugged with "soft sawdust" of any kind, and are finding out by experiment their own capacities and limitations, that they can now afford to pass by without comment "brutal frankness" such as Mr. Allen indulges in, and to smile at the sentimentalities of others.

But because women are beginning to understand that their sphere of action is not limited to the merely "reproductive function of human maternity," that fact will not make them any the less fitted to be the mothers of the race. Nor will these mothers share Mr. Allen's coarsely expressed belief that "the functions that specially fall upon woman, are those which woman as female, shares equally with all other females of the mammalian type." Woman's widening sphere of action will surely broaden and elevate her views as to the duties and responsibilities of motherhood. That thinking women already recognize this, let me, in conclusion, quote from Olive Schreiner in "An African Farm":

"They say women have one great and noble work left them, and they do it ill. That is true; they do it execrably. It is the work that demands the broadest culture, and they have not even the narrowest. The lawyer may see no deeper than his law books, and the chemist see no further than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, multifarious culture. The heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision. She must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy, the strength that springs from knowledge and the magnanimity which springs from strength. We bear the world and we make it. The souls of little children are marvellously delicate and tender things, and keep forever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is the mother's, or at best a woman's. And yet some say, if a woman can cook a dinner or dress herself well, she has culture enough. The mightiest and noblest of human work is given to us and we do it ill. Send a navvie to work in an artist's studio

and see what you will find there; and yet, thank God, we have this world! The meanest girl who dances and dresses becomes something higher when her children look up into her face and ask her questions."

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT.*

The student of Theosophy is as much bewildered in his contemplation of what purports to be the unification of truth in the "Wisdom Religion" as he is in studying the different phases of faith in Christianity. First, we had Buddhism with Sinnett, Occult and Madame Blavatsky as expositors. Then we had Harris with his "Wisdom of the Adepts." Then Madame Blavatsky with her "Secret Doctrine," eclipsing Buddhism, Brahminism and all the other divine isms. Then Franz Hartmann with his Rosicrucianism; and now we have "The Light of Egypt" to sweep from existence all the rest. From the developments one might think there was a worse Babel among the ancients than there is among the moderns—in the Theosophic direction. Probably this can be accounted for from the fact that there was one man in the sixteenth century who by temperament, culture and humble temporal advantages was so lost to his own personality as to let the divine truth shine through him with such radiance as to unify all ancient thought and forecast to the modern world its grandest achievements. Through the lightning flashes of Boehme's intuitions the world has in germ all that there is in Swedenborg and Harris, and all that is fundamental in the "Light of Egypt," or in the "Wisdom Religion" of the ancients.

If some one could be found who has Boehme's modest simplicity, with insight to see the great underlying truth in his writings, and with culture sufficient to present his ideas—the Divine Wisdom—in presentable dress there would be no necessity for such books as the one under review. Nor would there be any necessity for Blavatskyism, Harrisism or Swedenborgism, or Mahatmaism generally. In him all Theosophic truth is unified—past, present and possibly future; and it is a relief to turn to his simple profound ways and thus find succor from all this confusion and contradiction—in the present Theosophic movement.

"The Light of Egypt" reveals the fact that there is not unanimity among the theosophical "adepts." A fundamental divergence on the doctrine of "Re-incarnation" is noted. The writer of "Light of Egypt" asserts that this doctrine is a perversion of the ancient faith; that as Egyptian wisdom passed into India sacerdotalism, to solidify and perpetuate its caste system, invented this plausible theory of the universe so as to hold the masses in slavery. Madame Blavatsky in "Secret Doctrine," maintains that "Re-incarnation" is fundamental to any explanation of the mystery of life. Now if the author of "Secret Doctrine," and the author of the book under review, and Theosophists generally, had consulted fifty pages of old Jacob Boehme the world would have been saved from all trash which has been given forth in this direction, and the readers of the JOURNAL would have been spared the infliction of this criticism. What a relief to turn from all this jargon into the clear light of a suggestion in the foreword of such a book as "Theosophy" issued May 25th. It seems to cover all that is necessary, and I reproduce it because it does.

Spiritualism is democratic. It believes in the Brotherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It rejects all attempts to confine thought to any creed, but welcomes all to be shared by all, in a common help. A Christian saint no less than an Indian adept finds welcome in its ranks. It believes the One Truth is for all, and as each one's capacity opens, this finds lodgment as the guest of the heart. Therefore let us submit everything to that common reason which is the inheritance of all—each free to determine the measure of its acceptance.

Theosophists of the modern school uniformly postulate a God who is pantheistic—"progressive." The author of the "Light of Egypt" is no exception. Here again they could correct this fatal conception if they would study Boehme. He struggles under the limitations of his culture and his age, but he mastered the idea underlying the Christian dogma, that God is from eternity to eternity the same; one self-conscious Spirit ever generating within Himself the spirit and play of His own triune nature—forming in this eternal generation a heaven or "glory" in which He dwells outside of and above temporal nature, which is the shadow—the reflection of the arch-typical ideas of His own substantiality. Here is a paragraph from Boehme:

"For God has not brought forth creation that He should be thereby perfect, but for his own manifestation; that is, for the great joy and glory, not that this joy first began with the creation. Nor for it was from eternity, in the great mystery, yet only as a spiritual melody and spirit in itself. The creation is the same spirit out of Himself, an instrument of the eternal spirit, a great harmony of manifold instruments which are all tuned into one harmony." Or, in another passage, where it is asked: "What was prior to the existence of the angels and the creation," and the reply is: God was, alone with light and fire; and God was alone with two fire centers (the lucid and the dark fire center). And the angels and the souls of men and all creatures lay in an idea or spiritual model in which God from eternity beheld his works."

No such idea of God is in this work, nor in the current occult teaching; and yet such an idea is indispensable to meet all the problems of modern thought.

The writer has purposely avoided a digest of the main teachings of the "Light of Egypt." This for the reason that the copious extracts to follow later, with the permission of the editor of the JOURNAL, will give a fair presentation of its fundamental thought. It is sufficient to say that it is timely, well-written, and deals with theosophic problems from a new standpoint. If I am not mistaken it will create an epoch in the discussion of these problems. The chapters on "Re-incarnation," "Karma," "Mediumship" and "Adeptship" are treated from a new point of view—a view which indicates that there is not among Theosophists themselves that unity which the general public supposed. It is a work which should be in the hands of every Spiritualist who desires to advance beyond the outer courts of mere phenomenalism. In it they can see how constructive work can be commenced and continued under the law of evolution. They will see the dangers as well as advantages of openness to the Spirit-world.

Farkersburg, W. Va.

* The Light of Egypt; or the Science of the Soul and the Stars; in two parts. By an Adept. 8vo, cloth, pp. 232. Illuminated cover, eight full-page illustrations, printed on paper specially manufactured for the work. Price \$5.00. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House; London: George Redway.

Theodore Tilton, now a white-haired old man, is to be seen every night at a famous chess café in Paris. There is talk that he will soon publish a history of the great Beecher-Tilton trial.

BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

RESEARCHES IN JEWISH HISTORY; Including The Rise and Development of Zoroastrianism; and The Derivation of Christianity; To which are Added Several Papers on Kindred Subjects, Among which is, Whence Our Aryan Ancestors? By G. W. Brown, M. D. Rockford, Ill.: Printed and Published by the Author. 1889. Price, \$1.50.

The author has done a most admirable work in his careful "Researches in Jewish History," his cumulative data and admirable conclusions furnishing a fortress of invulnerable facts that the Christian critic will find impossible to remove or overturn. It is rarely that one meets a work where the object to be attained rests upon a superstructure so secure, each additional fact presented in the regular order seeming to add additional weight and importance to those that preceded it, thus forming a network of evidence that can not fall in carrying conviction. The question of several papers on kindred subjects, the author has not considered. He has only treated of the rise of dogmas which have divided the religious world into numerous sects, each warring with the other, each contending for the supremacy, and each in an earlier stage resorting to unjustifiable and even violent measures to propagate its cause. We cordially unite with the author in saying that "at a time when the conflicting religious sects are banding together, and forming Christian Alliances, for the express purpose of changing the American system of self-government into a theocracy, enshrining a myth as king, declaring the Bible, with all its enormities and barbarisms the Word of God; setting aside one day in seven by constitutional law as sacred to the priesthood, making it possible to revive the Inquisition with all its horrors, and establish it in this heretofore free country to punish heretics and disbelievers—it seems highly proper at such a time, and in full view of such facts in regard to their early teachings and their gross usurpations, that these Researches in History should be placed before the public."

The author first takes into careful and critical consideration "Christian Assumption against Monuments Fact," in its doing arrays his data with consummate skill and power, concluding by saying: "Hell obliterated, the Sabbath proved to have been a 'heathen' institution, the creation shod back one can tell how far, the Jews a modern people with no existence prior to the so called Babylonian captivity, Moses, David and Solomon mythical characters, as is the entire pretended history of the Jews lying back of 450 years before our era, all of which will be demonstrated in these pages, where then the claim that civilization, morality, religion, the arts and sciences came from these Jewish nomads, who, according to their own showing, were most of the time slaves in foreign countries, disbelievers in their own legends, the monotheism of Zoroaster, of which in our second general division?"

The work embraces Researches in Jewish History and in Zoroastrianism; Derivation of Christianity; Whence Came the Aryans? and is interesting and instructive throughout.

A MANUAL OF INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW Testament. By Dr. Bernard Weiss, Professor of Theology in Berlin, Germany. In two volumes, 12mo, 888 pp., cloth, \$2.00 per volume. New York: Funk & Wagnall.

This work forms a part of the "Foreign Biblical Library," edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nichol, A. M. It is designed "especially for ministers, theological students, and laymen, who desire a profound knowledge of the New Testament Scriptures, and are willing to do some critical reading to attain that end."

In the first volume, Dr. Weiss yields the pen of a master in discussing what he calls the "Science of Introduction," from Patriarchal times to the present. He discusses the history of the Bible from critical and detailed "History of the Origin of the New Testament Canon." This is followed by a still more elaborate "History of the Pauline Epistles."

The second volume, just issued, is now before us. It opens with a careful analysis of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and treats at some length the question of its authorship. He holds it to have been written to Paul, Apollos, Luke, Philo, Clement, and Barnabas. Dr. Weiss thinks it morally certain that Paul was not its author, as is commonly supposed. In his judgment the strongest reasons point to Barnabas, as the writer of this remarkable book. Next follows a suggestive examination of the Revelation of John, the Epistles of James, and the General Epistles of James, Jude, Peter and John. Two hundred pages are then devoted to the Historical Books of the New Testament, taking them up separately and interweaving many facts of decided interest. The volume closes with an Appendix giving a "History of the New Testament Text," involving its original language, its early manuscripts, its various versions, and its marvelous preservation.

CHURCH HISTORY. By Professor Kurtz. In three vols. Vol. 1, just issued. New York: Funk & Wagnall. Cloth 12mo, 574 pp. Price, \$2.00.

This work passed through nine editions since it was first published, in 1849. Revised and improved at several different times, by the author, it is now about twice its original size.

New Books Received.

Incidents of a Collector's Rambles in Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea. By Sherman F. Denton. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.50.

An Object in Life, and How to Attain it. By F. Leopold Schmidt, Jr. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 60 cents.

Glimpses of Fifty Years. The Autobiography of an American Woman. By Frances E. Willard. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association. Price, cloth, \$2.75.

Magazines for June.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) In continuation of the discussion on Agnosticism, two articles appear in the current issue of this popular monthly. Diabolism and Hysteria records the later stages of the waning belief in possession by the devil. Glaciers on the Pacific Coast is a sketch of some Alaskan scenery. Toadstools and Mushrooms is an interesting description, there is also another on the mycology of Beet gnaw. Fabulous Astronomy is a collection of curious beliefs about the Sun, Moon and Milky Way. Joshua F. Bailey asks the pertinent question: Is Christian Science a "Craze?" The Forum. (New York.) Senator Edmunds discusses the decay of political morals in the June Forum. Another political article is The Drift toward Anarchy. The Mikado's Empire gives some of the leading features of the new constitution of Japan. Besides these articles upon political subjects is The Ethics of Politics by W. S. Lilly. The Queen of Bonanza ("Carmen Sylva") contributes a description of the social life of the Rumanian peasants. Rev. Dr. W. Barry describes The Moloch of Monopoly. Dr. Henry D. Chapin indicates practical ways of preventing poverty, without prescribing a panacea. Other articles add to make up a most interesting number.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The frontispiece for June is a reproduction of Henry Bacon's beautiful painting, The End of a long Day. A Plain Case is a most pathetic story. The Naughtiest Boy I ever met is a scene laid on board an ocean steamer. Mrs. Fremont continues to interest the reader in the Sun, that Jack Bull! There are several other delightful stories. The poems and illustrations are varied and amusing.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) A variety of reading fills the June issue of this delightful monthly for children. The serials are continued and several short stories are given. The poems and illustrations are dainty, and altogether the array is fine this month.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) A wide variety of topics appear for June. The Position of Women in Ancient Greece is discussed. Ptolemy Soter is the theme in the Greek biographical series, and Mrs. Field considers the condition of the aged poor.

St. Louis Magazine. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good reading of stories, notes, poems and essays fill this month's issue.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The departments are well filled in this number.

Ludifer. (London.) The usual varied reading is found in this monthly for May.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The Highest Structure in the World is the subject of the first article for June and it is devoted to an account of the Eiffel Tower. Bonny Hugh of Ironbrook is a story of life among miners. George Moritz Wahl gives an account of The German Gymnasium in its Working Order, showing the course of studies and discipline pursued in the schools. The Thousand and One Nights is an account of the literary genealogy and various versions of the Arabian Nights. Horace E. Scudder has a thoughtful article on The State, the Church, and the School; while Prof. Royce continues his Reflections after a Wandering Life in Australia; and Birmingham is the subject of an article entitled A City of Refuge.

The American Agriculturist. (New York.) A standard feature of the American Agriculturist is the illustration and description, in each number, of some distinct and valuable breed of cattle. The Duchess breed of Shorthorns is the type illustrated in the June number, by a portrait of the valuable shorthorn bull Second Duke of Kent.

The Statesman. (Chicago.) This monthly is devoted to the problems of practical politics, co-operative industry and self help.

Also: Annali Dello Spiritismo, Turin, Italy. La Revue Spirite, Paris. El Bien Social, Mexico. Sphinx, Neuhäusen, near Munich, Bavaria. The Shorthorn Writer, Chicago. Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H. Our Little Ones and The Nursery, Boston. International Magazine of Christian Science, New York.

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Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

A new edition of Dr. J. R. Dewey's, The Way The Truth and Life is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.



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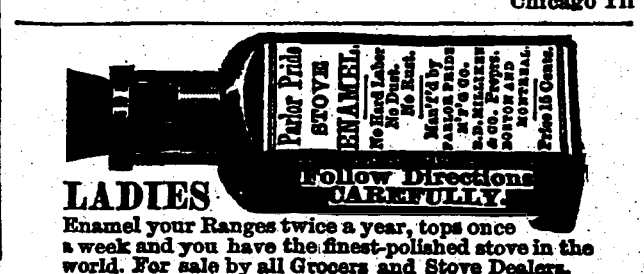
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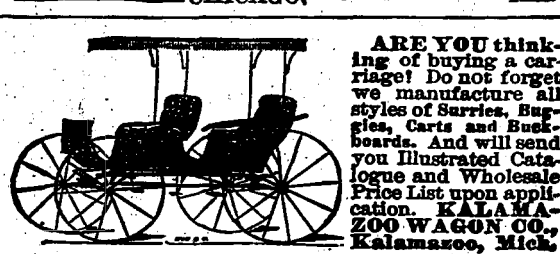


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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 8, 1889.

The Press the Palladium of Liberty.

The principle involved in trial by jury, whose germs may be traced in the primitive institutions of early ages, was finally developed to its present approximate perfection in England; and more than one hundred years ago was denominated by the great jurist Blackstone, as "the palladium of our civil rights." In his day the press had neither power nor influence worth speaking of. The first successful London daily was started years before Blackstone was born, and *The Times* began its career under another name five years after his death. When he was in the closing years of his earthly career and the American Colonies were beginning their struggle for independence there were but thirty-four papers published in this country, all weekly, and most of them very weakly. Steam and electricity had not been harnessed as auxiliaries, and not even the wildest visionary could have dreamed of the tremendous potencies lying latent in the press, to be developed in the next century. To-day there are close on to twenty thousand newspapers in the United States alone; a number of them worth millions of dollars each; many of them thoroughly independent and fearless, and equipped with men and means sufficient to accomplish whatever enterprise they undertake.

What the jury was in Blackstone's time, the press is to-day—at least in the United States. Not in a legal, but a moral sense; yet none the less truly so. It is even more; it is the palladium of liberty! Free, untrammelled, unrestricted to the very verge of license, it stands to-day as the bulwark of liberty and civil rights. It is also the most potent moral agent and regulator, leaving far in the distance all other agencies. It rights wrongs, unearths conspiracies, rectifies abuses in public and private institutions; sends bootlers to the penitentiary; puts grasping and cruel employers on the rack and obliges them to alter their practices; holds the rod over politicians and public servants; supervises the various learned professions; is first in stimulating great charities; encourages every noble public enterprise; educates the people, and gives them every day and every week the news of the entire world. It does all this and more; and is able to do it because it is free, within the limits of justice and reasonable regulation. That there are venal papers; weak papers, papers below mediocrity, and papers that have no good reason for being, is true; but as a whole the press of the United States is honest, honorable, courageous, able, loyal to the rights of man, and, we again repeat, the palladium of liberty. It is the ablest auxiliary of science, religion, art, philanthropy, justice, and of all that tends to push man forward to grand endeavors and higher levels. No intelligent and properly informed individual will deny all this.

The press is properly and naturally jealous of its rights and prerogatives, and will not tolerate for a moment any attempt, exoteric or esoteric, to coerce it. Least of all will it tolerate any attempt by a foreigner on the other side of the Atlantic, dictating secretly to her sworn vassals that they shall assault a newspaper with seemingly spontaneous protests, and with threats in case such protests are not heeded. Among all the representative papers in America, or the world for that matter, there is none other that stands more steadfastly for the truth and the whole truth than does the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; none other that opens its columns more freely and courteously to those opposing or differing from its teach-

ings and purposes; none other with more singleness of purpose, courage, persistence and "nerve" in carrying forward its work; none other so careless of financial consequences in its utterances, or more cautious in keeping to the strict line of truth and justice. The JOURNAL cannot be bribed nor intimidated, though on rare occasions it may be cajoled by false pretenses—as in the case of Rowley. But if it makes a mistake it is swift to openly acknowledge it when the evidence of the error is presented. To say all this, is not modest, but it is the truth, and the occasion seems to demand the statement.

The JOURNAL has successfully withstood the most terrific open assaults and the most cunningly devised strategy, and grown strong in the struggle. It has seen its enemies one after another go to ruin, some of them to the penitentiary, others to pauper graves and still others have been relegated to oblivion by the stern edicts of inexorable justice. The correctness of every important position it has taken has been justified by time, though it stood solitary and alone when first it made the advance. Under these circumstances it does not fear, but looks with mild contempt, not unmixed with humor, upon the fawning freaks of the petticoated pope who pulls together her bulky form in an English house and composes, with Russian craft and the experiences of a life of intrigue, a scheme whereby she may bind free-born Americans to do her secret bidding and acknowledge her away by secret oaths. In another column are published the documents to justify this writing; they are copies of originals, and are authentic beyond all question.

In properly weighing this matter it is essential for Theosophists and all others to remember certain facts, to-wit: Mr. W. E. Coleman's last word in the JOURNAL concerning Theosophy and Blavatsky was in the issue of September 22d, 1888, being a reply to his critics. Mr. Coleman's articles were vigorously answered in these columns by a number of representative Theosophists, who were in no way restricted in their replies by us. Six months after the close of the controversy, Blavatsky makes an attempt to bulldoze the JOURNAL and cow its editor by means of secret orders to those she presumes are sufficiently blinded to be her tools; she having in these six months perfected her Jesuitical "esoteric section," wherewith as she vainly supposes she can "strike but conceal the hand that deals the blow."

Rowley's "Little Joker."

Every medium in America who is to-day claiming independent spirit telegraphy is a trickster. We challenge each and every one of them to a scientific trial of their respective claims. We will pay \$1,000 for an intelligible sentence of ten words produced by "independent spirit telegraphy" through the "mediumship" of either W. S. Rowley, "Dr." Wm. Keeler, P. L. O. A. Keeler, "Dr." Stansbury, Charles E. Watkins or any other who is making claim to this form of mediumship.

We cannot see any *a priori* reason why there should not be "independent spirit telegraphy," however; it does not seem impossible nor improbable. But that all those now pretending to exhibit this phenomenon are swindling we do not hesitate to affirm. A gentleman of the highest respectability and a long-time Spiritualist writes:

"Being a plug operator myself I wrote Rowley some time in January last inquiring if he had instruments, such as he used, for sale, and if it was possible for any one to develop 'occult telegraphy.' He replied by saying that Dr. Wells said it was possible for almost any one to develop this gift, and that the 'band' would send an operator from their side to me if I would 'purchase one of the instruments at \$25.' I did not purchase. I believe now that my 'band' (?) kept me from it in some 'occult' way."

Exactly so! just for over \$25 for an outfit costing at the most \$5, and the suppositions "Dr. Wells" will readily promise to send "one of the band" to develop the sucker who bites the bait. If any additional proof were needed of Rowley's duplicity and mendacity (it is not), it is supplied by him in a printed circular letter dated May 22nd for private distribution. We shall have a few remarks on it in a future issue. In the meantime, why does it not occur to his friends to ask him to be more explicit about those "professors of leading eastern colleges," with whom he has arranged to sit. Let him name them! It seems our exposure of Rowley was more far reaching in its effects than was at the time expected by us. It appears very much as though that episode upset and blew into smithereens a well prepared plan for booming a big stock scheme which with Rowley's aid would have undoubtedly raked in a big pile of money from the credulous who desire to grow rich by some occult hocus pocus; also that the small gang of initiated telegraph mediums were preparing to make a descent upon the summer camp meetings of Spiritualists, with every prospect of a rich harvest. All this is now spoiled.

Mr. Charles H. Kerr, the energetic and popular publisher, was married on May 29th to Miss Nellie Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Adams, of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have the congratulations of an extended circle of friends. As the publisher of *Unity*, and of many very excellent books, Mr. Kerr has in a few years built up a reputation for industry, integrity and ability of which any young man might be proud. The JOURNAL will always take an interest in his success.

Muscovite Mesmerism.

A SERIO-COMIC FARCE BY

Helen Petrovna Blavatsky & Co.

In which Helen Petrovna, late of Russia, Africa, Asia, America, and Still Later of India and England Takes the Part of Pope—Minor Parts Filled with Native and Foreign Puppets.

The "Esoteric Section" and Mystic Flapdoodle. Secret Oath to Obey the Mandates of the Petticoated and Self-Appointed Pope—Jesuitical Efforts to Muzzle an American Newspaper. Russian Gull Gobbled by American Sucking Doves.

Magical Appearance of T. L. Harris's King Cat—He Comes to the Aid of the Editor, as Likewise Does the Great Mahatmic Myth Koot Hoomi.—Prelude, Between-Acts Music and Postlude Furnished by the Unmuzzled Editor.

Like all mortals who have not climbed the Himalayan Kanchanjanga of Theosophical altruism, we are selfish. When a particularly choice tidbit of fun is caught in our net we corral it in the shadiest depths of our heart's deepest canyon, there to stay secreted until satiety makes us willing to take down the fence and allow the world to share with us. That remarkable woman whose trade name is Madame Helen P. Blavatsky has for years supplied us with rich and rare sport. Only a woman who had been re-incarnated several hundred times, each time adding to her repertory of divertissement, could be so exuberantly amusing. According to her biographer, that amiable, artless man, A. P. Sinnett, M.D., Hahn became Madame Blavatsky all because she would not be bluffed by her governess who had declared her charge possessed of such a temper and disposition as to repel any man, "even the old man she (Mdlle. Hahn) had found so ugly, and had laughed at so much, calling him 'a plumeless raven'—that even he would decline her for a wife." Helena Petrovna Hahn was not the girl to be bluffed. Did not the blood of three great nations commingle in her veins? Should a Franco-German Slav girl of sweet sixteen, or thereabouts,—according to Sinnett—be bluffed by a governess? Not much. Not at all, in fact. She went for that old man of seventy, and in three days the doughty General, the hero of many a bloody battle, surrendered and threw down his hand. But when she found she had outbluffed her governess, and raked in the stakes—in the shape of a decrepit old Tartar—she awoke to a realization of the mess she had made. She married the old wreck, but never became his wife. That was, if we are to credit Sinnett's story, the beginning of a career that has supplied the world with no end of sensation. We heartily thank that governess! Without her fortuitous bluff we, a sober and hard-working editor, far removed from the gayeties of European capitals, without personal acquaintance with the jungles of India, the steppes of Russia, the fastnesses of Thibet, the deserts of Arabia, the Pyramids of Egypt, and all that such acquaintance implies, we, the hard-working editor, would have had a less jolly time of it. We have enjoyed the output of Helena's mental and psychical machinery; enjoyed it all the more because we knew she was getting a heap of amusement out of it herself. No other person whom we ever met has seemed to so keenly enjoy the ludicrous antics of her psychologized puppets as does Madame Blavatsky herself. Her sense of the ludicrous and keen appreciation of the humorous are refreshing.

We can see her now, four thousand miles away, her fat sides shaking with laughter as she rolls a fresh cigarette and babbles to her stuffed baboon, whose glass eyes emit sparks of pleasure stored up from ages past when he was a "King Cat." "O, my dear Fluke," says Madame, chucking the stuffed relic under the chin, "what heaps of fun one can get out of this world if one but tries. Only to think of Olcott, Sinnett, those dear dupes at Adyar, and those sucking doves over in America, what sweet chelas they do make." But you and I, my pet, we get the fun while the other fellows do the work; that's the sort of altruism that suits us, isn't it dearest? Do you recollect how that man of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL once mistook you for a dog, even spoke of you as a dog in his paper? "Naughty man, naughty paper!" say our faithful chelas. Not so say we, pet. We are solid with the Mahatmas, we are. Ha ha ha! We know how to work the racket, don't we though? We'll feed 'em on "Secret Doctrine" and slake their thirst with elemental juices, till we've disciplined them into fit subjects. Yes we will, honey!"

During the past year a fresh vein of fun has been struck, by us. We have quietly developed it until now the ore lies about in such richness and abundant profusion that we feel compelled to call in our constituents and ask them to help themselves. This determination was somewhat hastened by the following "pocket" of pure crystal which was uncovered last week. Here it is, just as we took it out of the envelope, headlines and all:

A Taste of the Russian Knout.
 A. the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
 SR:—Rising as I do to a solemn sense of the ridiculous, I must openly demand an explanation of the delicate matters mentioned in the following letter. If you do not own

and edit the JOURNAL, I require you to throw off the mask and show us the Jesuit who runs the paper. Here are the horrid charges you must meet:

78 CLARENDON ROAD, NOTTING HILL, London.
 PROFESSOR ELLIOT COUES—Dear Sir: I thank you for your letter and shall pay attention to the points mentioned in it.

I should be glad if you will inform me whether I am right in certain information which I gave Mme. Blavatsky some months ago, and which the recent letters of W. E. Coleman in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL make highly improbable. I was informed in New York:

1. That Colonel Bundy is, or then was, a member of the Theosophical Society.

2. That you are his sponsor, having proposed him, or otherwise given him his credentials as a fit and proper person to be admitted to the fellowship of the society.

The fact that Colonel Bundy permits the insertion in his paper of such infamous slanders about Mme. Blavatsky as those concocted by Coleman is not compatible with the supposition of his belonging to our Brotherhood; and your silence in the matter is compatible neither with the supposition of your being instrumental in his election to the society, or (as it seems to me) with your professions of friendship for Mme. Blavatsky herself. I should be glad to know the facts of the case in order to lay them before the Theosophists here, who, under the circumstances, look to me for some explanation of Colonel Bundy's action, and your inaction, in regard to Coleman's slanderous communications.

What makes it all the more necessary to clear this matter up is that the reports have reached England, which you, like myself, have doubtless heard in the United States, about the influence exerted by the Jesuits over the editorship of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Yours very truly,

R. HART.

Not having the pleasure of knowing Mr. Harte, I naturally supposed him to be some fresh, crank, nut and eccentric old friend Blavatsky was turning to her amusement. Appreciating the exquisite humor of the situation, I answered my correspondent with some polite platitudes, and also asked Blavatsky, who, I had no doubt, had put him up to it, why in the world she wanted to make a man cut such a fantastic caper. I was charmed with her racy reply, two sentences of which I cannot forbear to quote:

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1889.
 "...I never knew that R. Harte, who is now at Adyar since November—ever wrote to you calling Col. Bundy a Jesuit, or other people Jesuits, or anything of the sort. Harte has a chronic disease called *eccentric senility*, which has pervaded him with the silent influence of the lich all over, and he is no Harte unless he writes to somebody and makes a fool of himself over something..."

What adds piquancy to the situation is found in another letter from the innocent Harte, which says:

"I wrote to you without saying anything to H. P. B., and the very next day she asked me to write you a few lines about the way the RELIGIO was admitting attacks on her. When she heard that I had written, she said she would write to you herself. I did not tell her what I said."

May I doubt that so very great an occultist as this good lady has proven herself to be, can so psychologize a person that he seems to do of his own motion things she moves him to do? It is possible. But in any event, Mr. Editor, if you are not lost to every sense of humor, you owe Mr. Harte ample satisfaction; and you owe Madame Blavatsky an apology for the way you conduct the JOURNAL.

Yet one word, quite seriously. What is the meaning of the rumors which reach me, of a so-called "Esoteric" section of the Theosophical Society, and of a secret circular issued to its members by its "Honorary Secretary," Mr. B. Keightley? Is Mr. Keightley a second Mr. Harte, to be hereafter described by Mrs. Blavatsky in like complimentary characterization? Infinite as I know that ingenious and ingenious lady's love of fun and mischief to be, there is such a thing as carrying a joke further than any well-regulated Mahatma could approve. I shall require the evidence before I can believe that even a Blavatsky would attempt so fatuous a "fake" as the folly of a knave against the liberty of the press in America and of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in particular. Sincerely yours,

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

1726 N street, Washington, D. C.

Exactly so! we owe this Harte, who is so accurately described by Madame B., satisfaction. We have received several letters from him in the past year; letters which were one to treat them seriously would be rated as impertinent, in bad taste, or the products of an addled brain; but we never could bring ourselves to look upon them as anything else than a part of a trans-continental farce which was being played by some of its innocent supes in real earnest and with no suspicion that it was not all a real, downright sober thing. We will now confess to Mr. Harte, in strict confidence, that we are a double-dyed Jesuit, and everywhere feared body by the late Thomas R. Hazard—peace to his ashes. He publicly initiated and put the brand of Jesuit upon us in the columns of our highly revered contemporary, the *Banner of Light*. That his inspiration came from "high spirits," through that sweet and gentle instrument of the angels, Jas. A. Bliss, does not lessen the honor of the act. That Bliss had been denounced by the JOURNAL as a trickster and a vile deceiver, only makes it more certain that our initiation was *bona fide*. One Jonathan M. Roberts undertook to burn the brand "S. J." still deeper into us. In the effort he squandered something like \$50,000, broke into jail several times, and finally broke his heart at his failure to wipe us off the earth. After all this how can we deny being a Jesuit?

About the rumor which has reached our correspondent, of a so-called "Esoteric" section of the Theosophical Society, we take pleasure in being able to state, and to prove our statement, that there is no truth whatever in the gossip. We shall not ask our disturbed Washington friend to take our mere assertion but will herewith produce the evidence that no Esoteric section exists; and furthermore, that none can exist, in the way human nature is at present constituted and surrounded by gnomes, fairies, elementaries, magi, and other invisible hordes who delight in transforming the would-be esoteric into the baldest exoteric. We must protest most solemnly against the flippant and vulgar terms used by our correspondent in characterizing the supposed to-be esoteric edict of Madame B. as a "fatuous fake;" when, in fact, our dear friend Helena knew full well that we would understand the joke; that it was only a part of the little scheme whereby she is to bind her faithful chelas with an additional thong, without any power or even desire to use the knout on our tender shoulders.

As we spread out the ev. , the bluish of shame will mantle the l. white brow, eye, it will even push its way to the very roots of the asuburn locks which decorate the head of our Washington correspondent.

We reached home on the 15th of April last, after an absence of several weeks. Within three days thereafter we received five letters, all relating to the same subject; two from the State of New York and three from San Diego, California. We here reproduce two of them.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dear Sir and Bro.:—It is with deep regret we observe such scurrilous attacks upon Theosophy, especially by W. M. Coleman, in your JOURNAL, we know they are untruthful and uncalculated for, by true, earnest thinking men, therefore, we desire, with one accord, to make our common applications unto you, in protest against such publications in future, it may be said that the pen is mighty, we answer yes, but this cuts both ways, and we desire to see your paper support and in turn be supported by spiritual truth. Yours fraternally,

T. DOCKING, M. D., Pres.,
 Point Looms lodge, T. S., San Diego, California,
 etc., etc. 648 6th St., April 8th, 1889. On behalf of the entire lodge.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 9th, 1889.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dear Sir:—The attacks upon Theosophy in your JOURNAL, for instance, Mr. W. W. Coleman's remarks are very unjust. Spiritualists everywhere are eagerly gathering up the crumbs of thought scattered by these teachers of humanity, and yet in return unjust attacks are made upon its founders and society, the sacred science and philosophy. We cannot pass it by without notice and bring it to our work. Respectfully,
 Mrs. J. E. BESSER.

Forthwith we surmised that our old friend Blavatsky had been hatching up some new sport, that she had issued a secret order to the "faithful of the faithful." We knew it would be little trouble to verify this suspicion. Up to this time we had not noticed a significant advertisement which had appeared several times in Madame Blavatsky's *Lucifer*, but our "good genius" directed our eye straight to the page. Here is a reproduction of the play-bill:

The Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.

Owing to the fact that a large number of Fellows of the Society have felt the necessity for the formation of a body of Esoteric students, to be organized on the ORIGINAL LINES devised by the real founders of the T. S., the following order has been issued by the President-Founder:

1. To promote the esoteric interests of the Theosophical Society by the deeper study of esoteric philosophy, there is hereby organized a body, to be known as the "Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society."

11. The constitution and sole direction of the same is vested in Madame H. P. Blavatsky, as its Head; she is solely responsible to the Members for results; and the section has no official or corporate connection with the Esoteric Society save in the person of the President-Founder.

111. Persons wishing to join the Section, and willing to abide by its rules, should communicate directly with: Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.

(Signed) H. S. OLCOTT,
 President in Council.
 Attest: H. P. BLAVATSKY

The reading of this announcement put us into that peculiarly receptive state so well known to sensitives and so difficult to describe. We opened a secret drawer, drew forth the sacred incense bearing the great seal of the U. S. and branded Habana. We reverently lighted a lucifer—not Blavatsky's, but one built by the "match trust," and touched the fragrant product of the Queen of the Antilles. Soon the air was redolent; the soft blue-yellow smoke ascended to the tinted ceiling and rolled back against the French plate windows, assuming weird shapes and gracefully swinging back and forth as though inspired with intelligence and a desire to please. Suddenly there appeared before us a huge black cat, treading the air as though its feet touched *terra firma*; its face was half human and radiating with more than human intelligence. Our intuition told us it was a distinguished chela of some long past age, and he had that peculiar gait seldom seen beyond the shadows of the Caucasus. We at once made bold to address him in the Georgian tongue, "*Ilia parakey shenti tsheering*"—"Speak to me my good fellow." He evidently understood, but declined to reply in that language. With a finely modulated voice of great compass he began:

"Tschat rhat ch obi yhe-au
 Dham Ctziani obe ME AUM!
 Zhmlie rhotsebe koli B H E-OU!
 Tshigh rhoofie vbigg dhog r-r-on-on!"

We forbear reproducing more of this rhythmic tale in the original, as it can only be read by T. L. Harris and a few other adepts, who will recognize it as the musical language of the Silver Age. This is a rough translation: "Behold in me the King of King Cats, the noblest product of the 14th generation. In the Silver Age I was one of those useful elementaries to whom was assigned the task of guarding those who needed it. For further details of our race consult T. L. Harris's *Esoteric Science*, privately printed and almost unprocureable. I come here at the request of Hassan Agha, who long since shook off the mortal coil. He was a merchant and had in earth-life a sneaking fancy for the Black Art. He is now one of Mme. Blavatsky's kitchen cabinet and amateur wonder workers. She has been tyrannizing over him of late, and he desires to discipline her into a condition more affectionate, so to speak. He bids me tell you your suspicions are correct; that the great Helen has issued a secret bull, and the letters you have received are inspired by it. He says if you will send him by me the grand omnific word, so that he may be sure you are on top, he will place in your hands the secret document within eight and forty hours."

We complied, and within the specified time we had the secret and sacred document which we now spread upon the record, *verbatim et literatim*. It was written on a typograph, evidently by a novice, and then duplicated:

ic Section of the Theosophical Society.

has become necessary that the attention of all members of this section should be called to the first sentence in the second clause of the Pledge which they have taken, and which runs as follows:

"I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders and its members."

The first necessity of the Esoteric Section as a body is the existence of a strong feeling of mutual solidarity among its members, and a deep conviction that it is their duty not to sit passive waiting to be taught, but on the contrary to do all that lies in their power to assist the cause of Theosophy. And in one respect especially the members of this Section have neglected their duty and drawn down upon themselves severe reproof from the "Teachers."

This neglect of their duty, amounting in many cases to a breach of the Pledge, lies in the fact that they have permitted attacks on the Society, on its Founders, and worse than all, disparaging remarks about the Sacred Science and Philosophy, to be made in various newspapers without protest of any kind. It is true that letters from one or two individuals only, would produce but little effect on the minds of Editors. But if every member of the Esoteric Section made it his duty, a duty never to be omitted to write and protest vigorously against such attacks whenever and wherever made, the persistent action of a large body like this Section, backed as it would be by support on a higher plane, would certainly produce an effect, and would relieve, at all events, the Members from the stigma of not acting up to their pledged word.

This applies with special force in the case of the Spiritualistic Journals, which cannot deny *a priori* either the philosophical basis or the phenomenal evidence of Theosophy, but which are nevertheless among the most frequent assailants of the Society and its leaders, as witness the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in America and the Medium and Daybreak in England? Now the former would hardly venture to publish such scurrilous attacks on Theosophy as those of W. E. Coleman, if the members of the E. S. in America with one accord wrote and protested, and, if their protest remained unheeded, ceased subscribing to the paper, and induced as many of their friends as possible to follow their example—writing at the same time to the Editor to state their reasons for so doing. Nor in England would the Medium and Daybreak think of publishing such paragraphs as those which have many times appeared therein, the latest one concluding with these words: "The 'Mahatmas' are simply 'spirit-guides' and their work has been far outdistanced by what has been done in Spiritualism." If the Editor found that such statements cost him subscribers, as well as bringing down on him a shower of protests. It is the spirit of thorough solidarity alone which can make the Esoteric Section a power in the world on the side of Theosophy, and it is only by making it such a powerful agent for the work of the Masters that the members of the Section can expect to deserve teaching, guidance and help, at the hands of those Servants of Humanity.

Yours Fraternally,
BERTHAM KEIGHTLEY,
Hon. Sec. E. S.

March 17, 1889.

After reading this humorous bit of composition, we looked up and discovered King Cat still lingering. Observing he had attracted attention he slowly dropped his porteylid, gave his long bushy tail a few graceful twists and remarked in a low tone: "I came across Koot Hoomi on my way back. He seemed quite put out with Madame B., too. Said, in substance, she was not totting fair. Had been trying to play off some Cossack curios on him for genuine mahatmic goods, and he wouldn't stand it. 'So,' said he, 'you just hand this little document to that Chicago editor and tell him to publish it.'" Whereupon he inserted the point of his tail in his starboard ear and drew out an impressive looking document of four pages, printed on card-board and bearing the signature of H. P. Blavatsky. Desirous of retaining the good will of Koot Hoomi we comply with his request to publish. Here is the precious bit of esotericism:

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

THE
ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE T. S.
[SEAL.]

DEAR: I forward you herewith a copy of the Rules and Pledge for Probationers of the Esoteric Section of the T. S. Should you be unable to accept them, I request that you will return this to me without delay. (Signed with pen and ink) H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Rules of the Esoteric Section (Probationary) of the Theosophical Society.

1. No person shall belong to the Esoteric Section who is not already a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

2. Application for membership in the Esoteric Section must be accompanied by a copy of the Pledge hereunto appended, written out and signed by the Candidate, who thereupon enters upon a special period of probation, which commences from the date of his signature.

3. All members shall be approved by the Head of the Section.

4. He who enters the Esoteric Section is as one "newly born"; his past—unless connected with crime, social or political, in which case he cannot be accepted—shall be regarded as never having had existence in respect of blame for actions committed.

5. Groups of Theosophists belonging to the Esoteric Section may be formed under a charter from the Head of the Section.

6. Any member joining the Section expressly agrees, without reservation, to Clause II. of the Pledge.

7. To preserve the unity of the Section, any person joining it expressly agrees that he shall be expelled, and the fact of his expulsion made public to all members of the Section, should he violate any one of the following conditions:

(a.) Obedience to the Head of the Section in all Theosophical matters.

2. I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders, and its members; and in particular to obey, without cavil or delay, the orders of the Head of the Esoteric Section in all that concerns my relation with the Theosophical movement.

3. I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others.

4. I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.

5. I pledge myself to do all in my power, by study and otherwise, to fit myself to help and teach others.

6. I pledge myself to give what support I can to the Theosophical movement, in time, money, and work.

7. I pledge myself to preserve inviolable secrecy as regards the signs and passwords of the Section and all confidential documents.

So help me, my Higher Self.
Signed.....

The arrangements with regard to the circulation of the Esoteric Teaching, which will be given to members of the Section, will be communicated to them in due course.

Now it goes without saying that the Russian bear is on perfectly amicable terms with the American eagle. The unequalled and only Blavatsky has no desire to paralyze, black mail, or coerce THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. She is only desirous of drilling the awkward squads of chelas scattered through the country, and takes this way, among others, of doing it. She is anxious to hasten the day when all, including even the editor of the JOURNAL, will attain the state of "The Higher Carelessness" already achieved by herself and so beautifully exemplified in her masterly manipulations of the truth. Of course a person of Madame Blavatsky's occult experiences knows it is impossible to utter any document or promote any scheme unbeknown to us. We thoroughly understand one another; and nobody, no matter how busy he may make himself, can destroy the *entente cordiale* so long existing between us. If she can enthrone the "faithful" to greater devotion, and a quicker gait toward her throne, we shall not object. If, perchance, her vassals cut the JOURNAL, we shall try to scrub along somehow. We've been through a good many wars, unscarred; we are still on deck and ready for another, with plenty of shot in the lockers and everything trim.

Trusts in Churches.

This is the age of "trusts." Is it because nobody trusts his neighbor, or is it because the spirit which underlies trusts is seeking, in its own dumb way, to bring mankind together in some fashion—if not in all cases according to the rigid rules of orthodoxy? Just now the Presbyterian Church is laboring to harmonize, to come together, to make a "trust in the Lord." Preparatory to this consummation the growing spirit of the age—which is the divine spirit in man—is insisting that the old Calvinistic dogma, the dogma of the election of the saints to eternal life and the damnation of the rest, even "infants a span long," should go by the board if this move is made a success. Thus do the gods work the mills. Surely the world moves! But what becomes of Presbyterianism in this contingency? Strike Calvinism out of the creed and you have no creed left. The Chicago Tribune suggests, whilst advocating the change, that Plymouth Rock is left to rest upon. Hear the venerable old saint congratulate:

There is room for congratulation, therefore, that this grand old historical church, whose staunch Scotch-Irish adherents joined hands with the Puritan Congregationalists during the Revolution, War against the members of the English Church, is once more re-united for work at home and abroad, and prepared to prosecute the war against the hosts of sin with the increased vigor which grows out of practical if not organic union. If it would only unite now to get rid of the iron-bound foreordination and predestination decrees, which hang about its neck like dead weights, it would rise refreshed and with renewed strength.

In order to make the Presbyterian Church, North and South, "organic" instead of "co-operative," as is now proposed, the JOURNAL suggests that a "Trust" be formed to make sure of the investment. With hell and damnation knocked higher than a kite, the fierce worldlings will take a chance in this new gospel corporation. It will pay large dividends, for the promoters can then run it on business principles with no fear that they will be burnt for their laudable efforts. The Devil will make peace with Calvin and Presbyterianism will have a boost heavenward.

Dr. Cronin's Premonition.

That Dr. Cronin who was cruelly murdered in this city, had a premonition of his terrible fate, seems evident from the following:

"Doctor, these Easter communions are becoming rather numerous. Don't you find it somewhat inconvenient getting up for early mass Sunday after Sunday?"

"Not at all," answered the doctor. "If I could have my wish I would go to holy communion every Sunday the year round. I always feel that each communion may be my last. I feel so now; in fact."

So indeed it was. The Tribune states that two days later there was a meeting of the Order of Foresters and delegates were chosen to the annual convention. The choice fell on Dr. Cronin to represent his court.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you had better also elect an alternate."

"Guess you'll serve all right, doctor," was the chorus from the members, with whom the doctor was most popular.

"Of course I will serve if I am alive," he answered, "but there is no telling what may happen."

The latter remark, made half seriously, half pleasantly, resulted in the doctor's suggestion being acted upon, and the alternate thus chosen will have to represent the order the next time.

Three months ago, in discussing the mysterious murder of the druggist Clark, Dr. Cronin said: "It has always seemed to me that, for absolute security, a big city is preferable to a desolate prairie for the commission of a great crime. There is less chance for the murderers being discovered where there are crowds around than in the untrodden prairies where a man is not seen twice a year. I always feel safer when out visiting my patients in the quiet suburbs than I do in the heart of the city, or even at my office. It is a strange thing," mused the physician, "but you or I, both of us busy men, and both of us coming into contact with more than the average number of our fellow men, might any day or night be stricken down, and the simple horror of the crime would be so widespread that it would be the means of preventing the criminals being detected."

An American Robert Elsmere.

Everybody has read "Robert Elsmere." Nobody supposed, when they were reading this novel, that human nature in this nineteenth century could be so narrow as to really persecute those entertaining views of the kind held by Mrs. Ward's hero. But we are mistaken. This time it is again in the witch-burning country near Boston. It is in no less a place than Yale College. Prof. John Russell of the Theological school is asked for his resignation because in a lecture to the students he has defended Mrs. Ward's, or rather Robert Elsmere's, position on the miracle question, by asserting that the authenticity of miracles is so doubtful no one should be excluded from the Christian Church for not believing in them. Prof. Fisher, who was present, at once locked horns with him, and declared that miracles were a necessary basis of the church and one of the foundation stones of the orthodox faith. Russell's resignation was speedily asked for, and he has gone to Williams College. Several of the students have also threatened to follow him. Evidently the critics are mousing round among the foundations of orthodoxy.

"Theosophy as a Guide in Life."

We have before us a four-page pamphlet with the above title, printed for circulation by Allen, Scott & Co., London. It is well written, and as a tract it compares favorably with the documents of similar import published by the American Tract Society. With all its claims, however, it carries within its subtle sentences the poison now being circulated under the heads of "Karma" and "Re-incarnation." Fortunately for the western world there is coming to the front, among Theosophists, the older Egyptian doctrine which is the opposite—the antidote to this specious and dangerous speculation. We hope soon to present to our readers a gleam from a work called "The Light of Egypt," wherein will be given a full exposure of this deceptive delusion. Elsewhere will be found a brief review of the work by one of our regular correspondents.

Please Mention the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Our readers will do a favor to ourselves and our advertisers, and forward their own interests as well, if they will write or say to advertisers that they read the advertisement to which they reply in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It is easy to do this, and profitable for various evident reasons. It promotes the business transaction and inspires confidence all around. The attention and care bestowed on advertisements by both advertisers and the reading public are constantly on the increase. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL prides itself upon the excellent character of the advertisements it contains. We trust that our readers will bear in mind the little but important suggestion we have made.

Either the theological atmosphere of Spokane Falls, W. T., must be anything but orthodox, or the Morning Review of that thriving city has "sand" to spare. Here are that paper's editorial remarks introducing an extended abstract of B. F. Underwood's second lecture in Spokane:

Those of Spokane's citizens who are following with interest the spreading of more liberal ideas in the religious—or so-called religious—circles of this country and the whole world, are not slow to appreciate the manner in which the various aspects of evolution and its relation to life are treated by Mr. Underwood. His second lecture, delivered last night, on "Proof that Man Ascended from the Lower Animals," was such an able exposition of the rational and probable in the doctrine of evolution as compared with the irrational and improbable in that of special creation by miracle that it may well take certain "sages" and self-constituted "oracles" of this and other communities pause and reflect, go into themselves as it were, and see whether memorizing does or does not constitute scientific clearing, and whether or not a course of theological studies is best adapted to broaden a mediocre mind.

Miss Catharine G. Waugh, an attorney of Rockford, Ill., represents the feminine defendant in a suit for divorce. This is probably the first instance of the kind in the courts of the country. The Rockford Gazette says: "Miss Waugh sits besides her client, demure and self-possessed, and neatly attired in a plain gray dress. She lacks, perhaps, the sharp, aggressive manner of the male attorneys, but is wide awake and business-like."

The Spiritualists of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, will hold their tenth annual meeting on their grounds at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauque County, N. Y., from July 26th to September 1st, 1889. Those in charge say: "The Cassadaga Lake camp meeting ground is eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it. Situated midway between New York and Chicago, and convenient of access from all points. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here can be found the perfection of delightful water scenery and the purity of mountain air. Owing to the great altitude and the purity of the water and air, malarial, contagious and epidemic diseases are almost entirely unknown. The sanitary condition of the camp is carefully guarded, and to believers, and investigators of spiritual philosophy, we would say no better place can be found anywhere for rest and recreation, than at Cassadaga Lake."

The Parkland Camp-meeting will commence Sunday, June 28, and end Saturday, September 11. The management says: "The Spiritualists of Philadelphia congratulate the friends of humanity and progress throughout the world on the spread of the light of knowledge, and extend a cordial invitation to visit our camp-meeting at Parkland, where the Spiritual philosophy will be discussed and expounded by able thinkers and speakers, the power of the truth will be demonstrated by unassailable evidence, and the welfare and development of the physical, intellectual and mental being be carefully and intelligently provided for by the managers of our association."

During June B. F. Underwood's address will be Silverton, Oregon, care of Dr. J. W. McClure.

Mrs. ("Robert Elsmere") Ward is not merely a passive opponent of woman suffrage, but, with Frederic Harrison, is organizing an anti-woman suffrage society.

Mr. J. C. Wright is having excellent success with his classes in Cincinnati and will continue them through the month of June. He seems to have struck a field for which he is particularly well fitted.

Said a Frenchman in the 18th century: "Suffer yourself to be blamed, imprisoned, condemned; suffer yourself even to be hanged; but publish your opinions. It is not a right; it is a duty." To which the JOURNAL says amen!

Dr. H. K. Jones, of Jacksonville, Ill., whilom lecturer at the Concord School of Philosophy, and president of the American Akademie, sailed from New York for England, June 5th. Mrs. Jones, who is a valued contributor to the JOURNAL, accompanies her husband.

The Sturgis (Michigan) Yearly Meeting, always a goodly gathering, will be held at the Free Church, Friday to Sunday, June 14th to 16th. Sessions each day and evening. Speakers: Mrs. Shepard Lillie, Mr. Moulton of Grand Rapids, G. B. Stebbins and several good mediums.

Mrs. Foye in Town.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged to give a public exhibition of her powers every Sunday evening in June at Martine's Hall, Indiana Ave. and 22nd Street. A small collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses.

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Heaven Revised.

This work is from the press of the Religio-Philosophical Journal Publishing House, Chicago, Ill., and is a neatly printed pamphlet of 101 pages, divided up into ten chapters, each containing interesting reading, and teaches many important truths concerning post mortem life, in a manner at once direct, simple and convincing. The narrative is graphic, the incidents more natural, and, in spite of its other-worldiness, there is a rationality about it that is extremely satisfactory to those who judge all such subjects intellectually rather than intuitively. Mrs. Duffey says that in "her own belief, 'Heaven Revised' was written inspirationally and after she had been but a year converted to our cause. The sub-title of the book is 'A Narrative of Personal Experiences after Death,' and in the opinion of the writer it ought to have a wide reading for it deserves it fully.—J. J. Morse, in *Carrier Dove*.

Heaven Revised.

Miss Stuart Phelps' celebrated book, "The Gates Ajar," finds a worthy companion volume in Mrs. E. B. Duffey's "Heaven Revised." It is a very remarkable narrative, purporting to be the experiences in spirit-life of a lady who once lived here. Mrs. Duffey relates the singular circumstances under which it was written. She lives in Barton, Florida, and her work of life in the States published in a 25-cent pamphlet of 100 pages, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Company, Chicago. She says of this strange narrative—and we have never read a more remarkable story.

During the entire period in which I was engaged in this writing—some three or four months—I lived and moved in a sort of dream, and seemed real to me. Personal troubles did not seem to pain me. I felt as though I had taken a mental anesthetic. I believe that I wrote through unseen assistance; but I hesitate even to express it, realizing as I do, how often well-intentioned Spiritualists mistake the attributes of the Spirit-world for those which emanate only from their own too often ignorant and ill-informed minds. I know how difficult it is to draw the line between one's own thoughts and impressions, and those which result from inspiration from higher sources. The reader must decide for himself. If he is a believer in spiritism, he will accept my own belief, and think that "Heaven Revised" was written inspirationally. If he be a skeptic, and hesitates to do this, he will be only sharing the doubts and questionings which sometimes possess myself.—*Harford Daily Times*.

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The attention of the readers of this paper is very particularly invited to the advertisement of Chas. Raiser, manufacturer of Baby Carriages, 62 and 64 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago. Mr. Raiser is a man of integrity and business experience of good reputation, and capital ample for his needs. He ships goods anywhere within 500 miles of Chicago free of cost, and allows responsible parties to examine the carriage before paying for it. Our readers would have "olive plants" around the hearthstone would do well to write for the handsome catalogue, which is sent free. In doing so please mention this paper.

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What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will no doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents. For sale here.

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Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism is the appropriate title of a pamphlet containing an address by Rev. T. W. Talmage's tirade on Modern Spiritualism, by Judge A. H. Dalley an able antagonist to Talmage. Price only five cents.

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die, shall he live again? A lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to aid and assist any man in anything from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

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The Devil Cast out by Science.

Conscientious men still linger on who find comfort in holding fast to some shred of the old belief in diabolic possession. The sturdy declaration in the last century by John Wesley, that "giving up witchcraft is giving up the Bible," is echoed feebly in the latter half of this century by the eminent Catholic ecclesiastic in France who declares that "to deny possession by devils is to charge Jesus and his apostles with imposture," and asks, "How can the testimony of apostles, fathers of the Church, and saints who saw the possessed and so declared, be denied?" And a still fainter echo lingers in Protestant England.

But, despite this conscientious opposition, science has in these latter days steadily wrought hand in hand with Christian charity in this field, to evolve a better future for humanity. The thoughtful physician and the devoted clergyman are seen constantly working together; and it is not too much now to expect that Satan, having been cast out of the insane asylums, will be driven from the monasteries and convents, even to the most unenlightened regions of Christendom.—Dr. Andrew White, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June.

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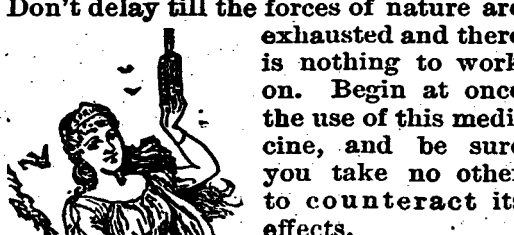
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—BY—

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OR

THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL AND THE STARS.

Christ's Christianity.

(Continued from First Page.)

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPTS.

When all is said it comes to this: Type, not argument, governs men; and the Christ-type will control the world just as soon as and no sooner than it is consistent, simple, ardent, and sincere. Christianity cannot expect to become a science on inattention which would destroy the perfection of a photograph, nor to conquer society by a series of "bolting experiments" which would defeat any political party known to civilized nations. Common sense holds the balance of power in religion as much as it does in affairs. There is what we may call a common spirituality, to which human respect always defers. The Christianity of Christ necessitates a personal consecration fanned to a white heat that burns to ashes all the ordinary standards of conduct; involves a religious elevation "all love and of love all worthy"; requires an estimate of social values absolutely revolutionary to our accepted models.

The time can come, and if it can, it must, when the New Testament shall be intelligently adapted to the twentieth century. The time must come, and if it must, it can, when spiritual caste shall be the only basis of social rank. If Christ's life means anything, this is inevitable. The imagination falters before the progress of a consecrated sociology. The complexity of our age would make it an interesting science to a cynic and fascinating to an enthusiast. "The night is far spent, O householders," said Gantama, "it is time for you to do what you deem most fit."

It has been well said that all problems resolve themselves into the problem of personal righteousness. The key to our perplexities lies no further than a devout and dedicated heart. The life of the Nazarene will bewilder society with astigmatic optical interpretations not an hour beyond the time when we bring to bear upon it the lens of a public purity and fervor that shuts out private difference or default; as foreign war called from the bickering Hellenes "Greek Gurses to Persia" and "Greek Tears to Athens."

The Status of Things in Cleveland.

Spiritualists Generally lose Faith in Rowley, but Preserve their Equanimity, and Voted him not much of a Loss.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As to what Spiritualists generally in Cleveland think of Mr. Rowley, his "Occult Telegraphy," his claim to honesty, since the late unpleasantness with the electrician, O. A. Gurley, et al., it can be quickly told. Putting it mildly, the Spiritualists have been all agog. A month ago ninety-nine out of every hundred probably accepted the phenomenon of independent telegraphy as genuine spiritual manifestation, and Mr. R. an honest man; to-day the figures might almost be reversed, and the dark cloud of doubt rests on the hitherto good name of the medium.

The seemingly careful and thorough investigation made nearly two years ago by Prof. Gould of this city, did much to convince those who had entertained any previous doubt; in fact, very many here who had never witnessed R.'s manifestation of "occult telegraphy" accepted it as genuine through the recorded experience of Prof. G., as published so fully in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a year or so ago. It remained, though, for a second "Prof. G. Gurley" to interpret the full meaning of the word *occult*, and reveal the secret methods used in operating the little (telegraphic) joker, and I do not overstate it in the least when I say it was a genuine surprise to both the Spiritualists and investigators of this city, on reading the Cleveland Leader's report in the issue of May 4th, of the *modus operandi*, as revealed by Mr. Gurley and his associates, and has been the one prominent theme for discussion ever since.

Many at first, while their faith was shaken in Mr. R.'s mediumship, properly reserved their judgment in the matter; they refused to believe him guilty of fraud; those who thought they "knew" his "independent telegraphy" was a fact, could not and would not permit themselves to think it was but a trick, and he an unprincipled trickster; they preferred to wait further developments of the case, and act fairly with him, if he had not with them; and when Mr. Rowley's emphatic denial of trickery was published in the Leader of May 5th, they felt glad they had so done; his affirmation of honesty "as a gentleman and a Christian citizen," lulled the storm that the investigation had occasioned, and all patiently waited for further investigation—the bold challenge of Mr. Rowley to the whole spiritualistic, social, scientific, or religious world, to disprove his honesty, restored confidence for a time; his spiritualistic friends and the investigating public generally held their opinions in abeyance.

But mark what took place later. Mr. Gurley's letter in the Leader of May 6th, withdrawing from all further participation in the imbroglio, was seized upon by Mr. Rowley and some of his intimate friends as a mean back-out on Mr. Gurley's part, and the charge of conspiracy was raised against Bundry, Gurley, the Leader and enemies generally of Spiritualism, who "having done their worst," "killed Independent Telegraphy," "slandered Rowley," "belittled" etc., etc., preferred to "save the matter rest as it was, (being in a bad shape), not daring to accept Mr. Rowley's challenge and continue their investigations. Had the matter rested here, it would have, indeed, looked so, and been unsatisfactory not only to the Spiritualists, but all honest investigators. The timely letter of acceptance by Mr. Hudson Tuttle, of Mr. Rowley's challenge, and sent him May 16th, proposing to test scientifically the genuineness of "Independent Telegraphy" by a series of three sittings before a committee of five persons (satisfactory to both parties) in his own rooms, again set things right and all were on the *qui vive* for his reply. Much was at stake and great was the excitement.

It was generally considered no positive proof that because Mr. Gurley had, or any other expert electrician could produce similar results to Mr. Rowley's occult telegraphy, that his claims to Independent Telegraphy were fraudulent, and he a cheat. Spiritualists, I think, generally thought Mr. Rowley would meet the issue squarely like an honest man and medium should, and even the skeptical investigators hoped he would, so that a just verdict might be rendered in the case, and Mr. R. if falsely accused, have justice done him and his hitherto good name restored. Such, however, was not to be the termination of the case. When the reply came, it came through Mrs. W. S. Rowley, because, as she said, Mr. R.'s time was "too fully occupied" to write. Even the double pay offered Mr. R. by Mr. Tuttle for the time essential to the three proposed sittings was no inducement. "Bundry's little scheme," she said, "was altogether too gauzy." Her husband did not propose "to

bite." Besides, previous engagements with "the professors of all the Eastern colleges" for a "thorough scientific investigation," together with the "don't care for the public," whether it or the Spiritualists of Cleveland "believe independent telegraphy is a fact or not," was nothing to her or Mr. Rowley; it was business with them; they had no time to fool with investigation. Such a reply to so distinguished a person as Mr. Hudson Tuttle was an insult, not only to him but every Spiritualist in the country.

Consequently Mr. Rowley's refusal, as published in the Leader of May 20th, was regarded as a complete back down on his part, and proved a painful surprise to his closest friends, a humiliation to every honest Spiritualist, and provoked a sarcastic smile from the general public, and as Mr. Tuttle tersely put it: "The spirit of your reply is your sentence of conviction."

But few thinking Spiritualists in this city have now any great confidence in Mr. Rowley since his refusal to meet the issue squarely on its merits. Many, no doubt, stand ready to change their opinion if he ever does condescend to submit to fair investigation of his claim.

As to the status of the cause in this city since the Rowley fiasco, it remains unaltered. Spiritualism is too firmly entrenched here as a truth to be affected to any appreciable extent by occasional exposures of fraud (the only solace to the smart of the late exposure is the fact that the Spiritualists, and not our orthodox friends, unearthed it). It has withstood other shocks, and will this, bad as it is; this storm, like former ones, may yet prove a purifier to the spiritual atmosphere of this city. Certain it is, that the movement here in Cleveland will not in the slightest degree feel Mr. Rowley's loss, nor miss him from its ranks, for he has never been known as one within the folds of Spiritualism.

To the spiritualistic patrons of his mysterious little telegraph box, he talked Spiritualism (if no other was around to hear); to his orthodox investigators, and on his circulars, he calls it "unseen forces of a very high order," and especially interesting to those of a moral, religious and scientific nature; "a Divine gift," etc. There was no common Spiritualism about it. So as Mr. Rowley publicly prides himself on being a "gentleman and Christian in good standing," the question in Cleveland just now is not what the Spiritualists think of him and his "occult telegraphy," but what the Methodists and Baptists think of him as a Christian (both being members of these churches named). His money, if he ever parts with it, goes into the church coffers, for not one penny, even by accident, has ever strayed into the Spiritualists' treasury.

No medium in Cleveland or the United States (if honest) ever had a better opportunity of vindicating himself and helping the cause, nor foolish enough, as Mr. Rowley has been, to miss such a golden opportunity. Mr. Rowley's star may be in the ascendant again at some future time (we hope it may), but at present it is below the horizon.

The following truths (to me) are respectfully submitted to the serious consideration of all within our ranks:

He who unmask a fraudulent medium, ranks second only to the one who develops and protects a genuine one.

As Spiritualists we take too much for granted. We become unworthy of the custodianship of spiritual gifts, if we fail to carefully analyze the phenomena that underlie them. While the florist cannot prevent weeds from springing up in the most beautiful garden, no good one will permit them to remain and mar the beauty of the flowers therein;—this is also true in our spiritual garden.

The theories of *unconscious fraud* on the part of the medium—the *conscious fraud* on the part of the spirit, and the medium's charge of "conspiracy" when exposure overtakes them, should always be accepted, *cum grano salis*.

As a rule professional mediums (physical ones) are not identified with Spiritualism as a reformatory movement,—only financially are they interested in it.

The principal cause of fraud among professional mediums is the dollar. It is not so much their overearnest desire to make converts to Spiritualism as to make money.

MORAL.—Pay only for investigations into, not exhibitions of, mediumship. There will not be so many wonderful manifestations, but there will be much less fraud.

While the world to day may need more mediums, it could get along with less. The world is not aching so much for more Spiritualists, as for wiser ones.

Cleveland, O., June 1.

THOS. LEES.

Western Unitarian Conference.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was a gathering of earnest, energetic, enthusiastic, bright people. It represents a people who have a hobby to plant in the world, viz., the idea of a creedless church; that is, a church with no intellectual attachment visible. It likes it that way the best. But let no one suppose that it is without a creed. Judging from the papers and discussions, it already holds crudely, and is helping to develop more clearly, the creed that we must all come to sooner or later—a creed resting on the evolution philosophy which involves the theory of the divine immanence. The conference was ardent theistic, and warmly humanitarian. There was perceptible, however, a slight vein of that madness which usually attends a movement which has a conscious mission. This led to some extravagances. Sometimes ideas were advanced which reminded one of orthodoxy. Then there were other ideas which it was difficult to distinguish from pantheism. For example, when one speaker in answer to the question, "What can we say to Hotty Sorrel, affirmed among other things that there is, "no sin," "no evil," "no fall" in human life, "no anything but blessing," and that it were to be wished that these words were out of our language, one had a sensation of being led perilously near the precipice which overhangs intellectual and moral mush. That's Spinozistic. Such doctrine turns one's mental structure upside down, and as Sandy, the Scotchman, said of his pastor's preaching, which he very much admired, "It jumbles the judgment and confounds the sense." When another speaker declared that God had especially come to them in the flowers which decorated the platform, and treated the subject as literally, and definitely as a wandering evangelical revivalist would have done, one began to query whether he were not in a Free Methodist meeting. Presbyterian tunes, sung to Ethical Unitarian hymns, forcibly suggested the indestructible unity of human life. We cannot get wholly away from one another, even if we try, unless we go out of the world. In the discussion of the question, "How shall we educate the ministry of to-day," Mr. Learned wittily protested against the idea that some people have of a minister as "a marrying and burying machine," or as "a nice man to have at a tea party," and de-

clared that it were much better to conceive of, and regard him as "a man whose work was to reconstruct society on the basis of universal brotherhood."

If variety be the spice of life, certainly the spice of life was in the conference. And yet the conference was not what it once was. Most of the best and strongest men in the West who once belonged to it, were missing. The everlasting intellectual squabbling over the doctrines or ideas that should be in a bond of union had done its work, and those who remain are still like Joseph's coat of many colors. But all happily agree that they will fix on no one color that shall be worshiped above all others. Perhaps this is the best and only thing that can be done. It is coming to be the condition of all religious societies which permit independent thinking, concluding and speaking, that they must admit great variety. The Universalist denomination presents at present, in some respects, a similar spectacle. It is all torn up over the questions of the supernatural and the miraculous, and no one can tell where the heated disputes will end. The almost universal condition of strain in the religious world to-day cannot but set one to thinking. Who, that is puzzled, can get much help in such meetings as these various bodies hold? His confusion becomes only the more perplexed amid the variety of tongues. Alexander Pope's couplet occurs:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?"

Such assemblies remind one of nothing so much, intellectually, as a speckled hen. The very freedom of choice becomes chief source of embarrassment. One may take the pepper, or the salt, or any one of the instantly flashing rainbow hues, or take all at once. Some persons seem to bless God for the ability to subscribe to everything at once. It is a comfort to reflect that he cannot miss anything, who can cover the whole case. Never will the writer forget the quizzical puzzle which he saw stamped on a young congregational minister's face whom he met at the conference. It was clear that he had never been in such a place before. In justification of one variety of thought which was presented on one of the topics, and which did not seem to strike the audience altogether with favor, the speaker exclaimed, as if by way of apology, "I must speak the truth as God gives me to see it." Of course one must, reflected your correspondent, but for God's sake do not in this manner put all the responsibility for all those multitudinous, and contradictory idiosyncrasies on God! Lay it where it belongs.

The papers read at the conference were generally able and good, but they were literary, rather than religious. There was not enough of the religious in them seriously to oppress any one. But then it was not obliged to have any more of the religious in its papers than was acceptable to it, and in this respect it was like all the rest of us.

It is pretty thin ice, yet, out where the conference stands. And there seem to be some holes in it, too. But, then, it is farther out than any of the other Unitarians dare to go, and that circumstance may, with its members, be the blessing of it. A little vanity, a little ambition for notoriety, somewhat of the spirit of revolt against similarity to others, seem necessarily to mix, more or less, with the best of all human enterprises. May all religious bodies whatsoever possess the snap and vim of this Western Unitarian Conference.

The thought particularly suggested to me by the work of the conference was this: Ought not all bodies of liberal religious people, instead of devoting themselves to the propagation of specialties which split them up into many fragments, and fritter away their force, to join together on a plane above these specialties; a plane where they could all unite, and plenty of anti-orthodox doctrine in which they could all agree, and a body of work which would occupy all their energies, and which the world sorely needs to have done? Could not the special work be better done incidentally than by devoting to it the main energies? Ought liberal religion to sunder itself in the pursuit of a score of separate hobbies? AN OBSERVER.

Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was my pleasure Sunday afternoon to attend the closing meeting for the season of the Philosophical Society of this city, and there to hear Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman discourse upon the "Triumphs of Evolution." He went back as far as two hundred years for its beginning in the martyrdom of one of its teachers and traced its growth through successive advocates until within the last thirty years it has become the common property of all thinking people. He followed its track through the five great departments of science: Astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology and sociology, and found his God as law working in and through all, and not a *will* working from without the bounds of matter. He saw a "New Heaven and New Earth" growing out of these scientific deductions; something not depending upon any one theological doctrine, but based firm upon the rock of fact and one out of which might grow the true religion of self-effort for mental and moral growth.

Following his able and logical effort of one hour came another speaker (for it is a conference), who claimed that evolution had nothing to do with these so-called unknowns; that it related only to matter and the laws or processes of its development, and that God came as an intuition to the mind of man, and was much more than mere correlation of force or the processes by which force acted. Still another gave the idea that Spencer's Data of Ethics carried one to the conviction of the brotherhood of man, the unselfish consideration of each for the other rather than merely for self—as the true outcome of evolution and that this was identical with the teachings of Jesus and Paul. Another asserted that all this great evolutionary plan of creation must have been in the mind of God before he began, in order that it could ever be worked out and the ideal become the real. Still another claimed that his brain and strong right arm were all the God he knew; that his life had not been such that God had seemed to love him, but rather that it had been the other way and that these two factors had been his best friends.

It seemed a place to bring forward our own philosophy of a hereafter and the action upon our mind, through psychic law, of that organic Spirit-world which may well be termed God the Spirit, as a part of the long contested trinity of established orthodoxy; but it was not to be, for the few Spiritualists there said no word.

In the evening Rev. M. J. Savage also gave the closing lecture of a course before the Ethical Association here on "Evolution as it relates to the Future." He said one great trouble with the various schemes for the betterment of society was that plain people plain world would have nothing to do with

them and by way of illustration told an amusing anecdote about a barber who got the idea that ordinary ducks could be changed to expensive canvasbacks by a short process, and money to be made thereby. So he took all his savings and bought ducks and celery to feed them upon; but upon meeting him later the gentleman found upon inquiry that he didn't succeed as "the darned things wouldn't eat it." He quoted Count Tolstol a good deal, whom he said set aside the other life in his desire to benefit this, and would have us deprive ourselves of everything that caused others unpleasant work to secure it. He looked to shorter hours of labor for the masses, greater advantages for education to the young and perhaps to State Socialism, or the Government taking control of telegraph and railroad systems, as the best means for advancing the welfare of humanity at large.

Letters were read from Birmingham, England, and other points congratulatory of their effort to popularize the doctrine set forth by Herbert Spencer, whom the letter said was in the enjoyment of better health than of late—he is now a man of nearly seventy years.

Two or three speakers followed with ten minutes' remarks when the meetings of the association were brought to a close for the season. A book is to be shortly published containing the entire course on Evolution.

Our spiritual meetings are well attended. Mrs. Ada Foye was with us last Tuesday evening at Conservatory Hall and gave many satisfactory tests of spirit presence. Prof. Cadwell holds forth at the same hall during all this present week in a series of lectures and experiments in mesmerism, etc. Mr. J. J. Morse occupies the rostrum during June for Sunday services.

W. J. C.

In another column is a communication on the Western Unitarian Conference lately convened in this city. It is from the pen of a young minister, not a Unitarian, who was in attendance seeking new light and fresh inspiration. His views may not be without their value to our wide-awake and stirring brethren who still insist on floating the Unitarian flag.

The indescribably awful horror at Johns town, Pa., where flood and fire sent thousands to death, has filled the country with unspeakable sorrow and cast a pall over the world. The daily papers have already so fully recounted the terrible disaster that the JOURNAL refrains from more than mere mention. Already the sympathies of the whole people are being exhibited in the most generous and spontaneous manner.

In this issue Mr. Thomas Lees of Cleveland gives the consensus of opinion in that city on the exposure of that canting Methodist Rowley, who has been prowling for prey in the Spiritualist fold for several years while praying with his Methodist flock. We in vite especial attention to the closing paragraphs of Mr. Lees' letter and challenge successful denial of the truths he therein formulates.

The testimonial concert on Tuesday evening of last week to Mary Shelton Woodhead must have been gratifying in the highest degree to the fair recipient and her friends. The hall was crowded with a critical audience of music lovers; the discriminating appreciation evinced was the best evidence of the high value of the approval so generously bestowed upon Miss Woodhead. Miss Frank Bigelow's whistling was enthusiastically endorsed; great improvement was noticed in her execution and range. She has grown more self-possessed, and consequently does more justice to her powers.

The Presbyterian National Assembly now in session in New York, has accomplished and put in motion for accomplishment several good things, with all its short-comings. It has resolved to bring the northern and southern wings of that church into "co-operative" work if not into actual union. This is desirable on many grounds. All bodies of Christians holding the same doctrinal tenets and having the same organization should be united. Slavery was the cause of the separation; that being out of the way, why should that church remain dismembered? This especially, when the color-line is virtually abolished in both sections of the church. It is time these reminiscences of the days of slavery and the war were done away. Nothing can be gained by their perpetuation. Let us have peace!

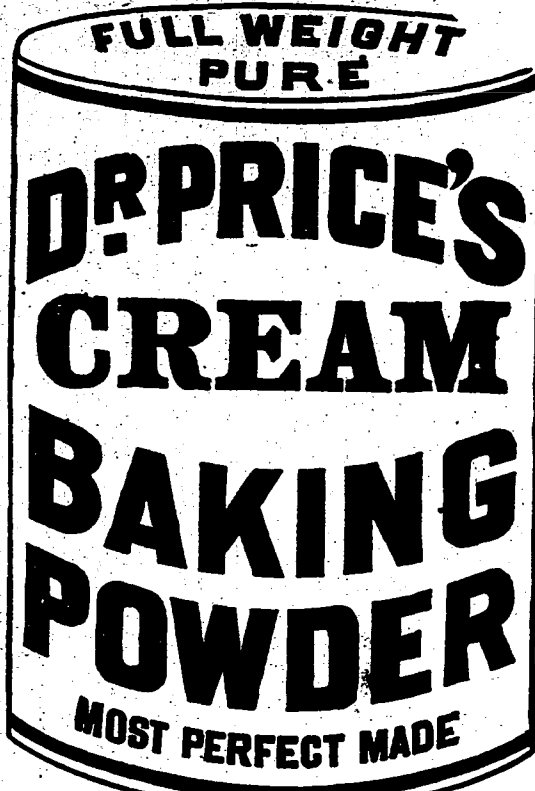
The Albany Telegram speaks as follows of Mrs. Carrie Twing: "Mrs. Twing is a most excellent medium, and with her peculiar control who designates himself as 'Ichabod,' has convinced more people of the return of those who have died, than any other medium who has ever filled an engagement with the Albany society of Spiritualists. Ichabod is very reluctant in giving the name he bore while living on this earth, but it is fully understood that he was the well known humorist, Artemus Ward. Be this so, or not, he is highly entertaining and witty, and holds the attention of the audience while giving communications to those persons who go up to the medium and take her hand in theirs."

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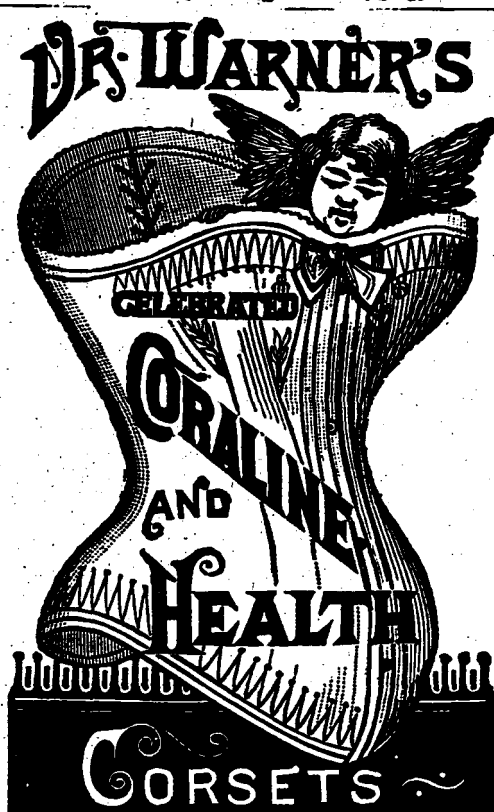


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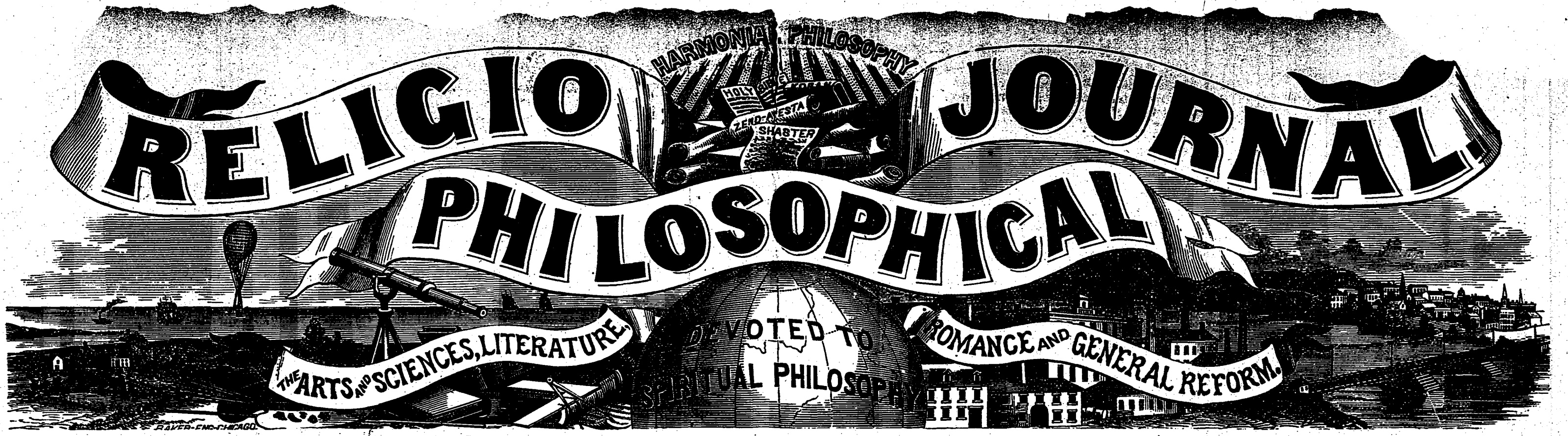
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CHICAGO, JUNE 15, 1889.

No. 17

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE "THEOSOPHIST" AND CHRISTIANITY.

In our last number we printed a letter signed "A Christian," which contained a criticism to which an answer was promised. That promise we shall now endeavor to keep. Although ostensibly a criticism on the *Theosophist*, our correspondent does not confine his strictures to this Magazine. The "you," with which he begins, becomes "you Theosophists" in the body of his letter, and he brings *Lucifer* and *The Path* into court by naming them specifically.

We object to being saddled with the responsibility of the shortcomings of others, and we refuse to be forced into the position of defender or champion of Theosophists in general; and since an attempt to discriminate between the cases in which our correspondent uses the pronoun "you" in a particular sense, and those in which he employs it in a general one, would result in a fragmentary answer to his criticisms, we shall reply in general terms to his accusation that the *Theosophist* is unjust to Christianity, and unfair to the Christian clergy in India, a course which is all the more allowable on account of the comparatively trivial character of the instances he mentions. "A Christian" was perhaps afraid of being offensive by putting his grievances too strongly, but it may be safely said that any Theosophist with sufficient imagination to put himself for the time being in the Christian standpoint, could easily draw up an imaginary bill of indictment much more formidable than that formulated by "A Christian."

Had our correspondent, however, made his criticism twenty times as strong, had he embodied in it accusations of all the deadly sins, our reply to be at all satisfactory, could hardly have been other than that which we shall proceed to make now, and that reply is that we—and we believe "we Theosophists" also—wish and endeavor to deal with absolute and impartial justice towards all religions, and that it is not our fault, but the fault of Christianity itself, that it feels a sting in what we say or do, when other faiths feel none. It is Christianity, in fact, that is unjust to Theosophy, and unfair to Theosophists; and it suffers, and will suffer, in consequence. If it seems to Christians that they or their religion are the victims of injustice and unfairness at the hands of Theosophy or Theosophists, it is because they do not understand the true circumstances of the case, and the real position of the parties.

It is matter of common knowledge that Christianity is the only religion which shows enmity to Theosophy. Hindus, Buddhists, Parsees, Mohammedans, Jews, and votaries of every other religion, when they are not actively friendly, are passive; but from the first the Christian clergy have been the deadly, unscrupulous and irreconcilable enemies of Theosophy, and to the utmost extent of their little powers the bitter and cruel slanderers and persecutors of Theosophists. "A Christian" tells us we should in fairness "baste the goose with the same sauce as we baste the gander;" this is precisely what Theosophy does, and what the Theosophical Society has always done. The cry of the Theosophical Society has been all along the same: "Study your own religion;" "Study your own nature;" "Let each man purify his own doctrine;" "Let each man purify his own heart and life." Whatever offence we may have given to Christians, must lie in the fact that we have called upon them, equally with the followers of other faiths, to purify their religion. It would seem, indeed, that doing this is the root of our whole offence.

If any proof be wanted that we have been, and are impartial, and that the cause of offense adheres to Christianity, not in us, that proof is afforded by the declared Objects of the Society. None of those Objects offend other religions; why should they offend Christianity? No other religionists feel themselves attacked by them; why should Christians? Our first Object is the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood; does the recognition of human brotherhood attack Christianity more than any other religion? Our second Object is to promote the study of Eastern religions, philosophies and sciences; do those studies attack Christianity? Our third Object is the investigation of the powers in nature and in man at present unrecognized by science; does the investigation of those powers attack Christianity? Surely the Objects of the Society, which it is the endeavor of the *Theosophist* to promote, threaten Christianity only on the supposition that it is dependent for its continued existence upon ignorance and enmity.

The study of the religions, philosophies and sciences of the East, and the investigation of the unrecognized powers in nature and in man, threaten with destruction the superstitions in Hinduism and Buddhism, just as much as those in Christianity. Every "arrow" fired by Theosophy at the malignant growths of priest-made dogma and priest-made law, hits all other religions as well as Christianity, and hits them hard too.

How is it, then, that Hindus and Buddhists, Parsees and Mohammedans, regard Theosophists as friends, while Christians look upon them as enemies? There can be no other answer to this question than that every religion, except Christianity, recognizes the necessity of purifying itself from the superstitious growths of later times. They wish to get rid of the scaffolding and the lath and plaster facades which generations of ecclesiastical have erected around the original edifice of their religions, while Christians desire to preserve the scaffolding and lath and plaster intact.

Now, what will explain the extraordinary fact that Christianity, while knowing and even acknowledging its wide departure from its original standard, so far from showing any disposition to return to its primitive and genuine form, regards any one as its enemy, whether he be within its pale or an outsider, who attempts to purify it of its adulteration? How is it that Christians ignore the facts brought to light by modern research, which prove that the religion now called Christianity is not that of its Founder, or of the early Christians? How is it that whereas Hindus and Buddhists look upon those as friends of their religions and of religion generally, who urge them to the elimination of forgeries and erroneous interpretations, and to the discarding of unauthorized customs and ecclesiastical impositions, Christians regard the same persons as the enemies of their religion, and of all religion, when they urge the same things on them?

When any one remembers the loud professions of love for the truth and horror of superstition in which Christians habitually indulge, this objection to the clearing away of the incrustations of ecclesiasticism is surely very strange. If they love truth and hate superstition, why should Christians feel such enmity towards those whose watchword is: "Cling to the truth and banish superstition?" The reason is not far to seek. It is evident to any one who has studied modern Christianity, that when Christians use the word "truth," they employ it in a technical sense and mean thereby their own beliefs. Christianity and truth are for them convertible terms. In a similar way they give a technical sense to the word "superstition,"—it means in their vocabulary the religious beliefs of all non-Christians. This employment of the *petitio principii* is, of course, not a singularity of Christians; it is common in a greater or less degree to all religions. There is however, this peculiarity in its employment by Christianity, that "the truth" means the current Christianity of the day, and "superstition" means the ideas of those who at any time or in any place did or do not believe in 19th Century Christianity. With other religions "the truth" may designate only the particular religion of the person who uses the term, but it means that religion in former times as well as now, whereas even the Fathers of the Church are regarded by many Christians as ignorant, and grossly credulous men, and the Christianity of the Middle Ages is now looked upon as a mass of superstition. Christianity is, in fact, regarded as a growth which, as it develops, becomes more perfect and more true. Sometimes it grows by the addition of new dogmas, as in the Church of Rome; sometimes it grows by fission, as when fresh sects are added to Protestantism through new readings and fanciful interpretations of the Bible.

It is, therefore, with Christianity as it is with modern science,—current opinion is "truth," and the fact that any opinion is, or is not, "received" is the criterion of its truthfulness. Anything added to Christianity, like the immaculate conception of the Virgin, becomes true as soon as it is "accepted;" anything taken from it, like post-apostolic miracles, becomes false as soon as it is "rejected." "The truth" of yesterday is not "the truth" of to-day, according to Christians, nor will "the truth" of to-day be true to-morrow; those Christians who have discarded the belief in endless hell are beginning to assert that that dogma is not "part of Christianity,"—not because they recognize it as a departure from the ideas of Jesus or the primitive Christians, but because the 19th Century has "accepted" the idea that eternal punish-

ment is not just, and ought therefore to be abolished. According to modern Christians the proof of the genuineness of the coin is the fact that it passes current; and it is natural enough that if a brass farthing be accepted by every one as a sovereign, it is only an exceedingly meddling and disagreeable person who would want to have it tested by a goldsmith.

We all know that one of the most disastrous things that can happen to the commerce and revenues of a nation is the debasement of its coinage. All over the world to-day the fact is becoming acknowledged that the spiritual coinage has been debased; and almost every other religion but the Christian is preparing to reform its coinage by bringing its standards back to what they originally were. The one great question with them all is: "What are the real ideas expressed in our sacred books, and the true doctrines of the founders of our religions?" Modern Hindus and modern Buddhists acknowledge that their religions as popularly represented to the multitudes to-day are no longer pure and unadulterated; and Christians know with even greater certainty that 19th Century Christianity, in each and every of its forms, is not the religion of Jesus. Christians know that their religion has been changed and corrupted even better than the Hindus and the Buddhists know the same thing of theirs, because comparative theology, and philological and other criticism of their sacred books, are now far more advanced and perfect with Christians than in the case of other religions.

The reason of this apathy is plain. The Christian Churches know now very well indeed that any attempt to purify 19th Century Christianity, by bringing it back to what it was in apostolic days, would be to reform it out of existence. The churches are perfectly aware of the fact, for the simple reason that the work which their own members ought to have done in the interests of reformation, has been accomplished by others in the shape of criticism. During the last century, and notably during the last twenty-five years, the origin of Christianity has been thoroughly exposed. The circumstances that gave rise to it have been traced in detail; its early struggles noted; its gradual changes recorded; the first appearance and subsequent growth of its dogmas and doctrines patiently studied and minutely described.

Not only has all that has been done, but its embryology, anatomy and physiology have been compared with those of other religions; its family likenesses to these religions observed, and its relationships made out. It has been shown how much Christianity has adopted from this or that older religion, or this or that older cosmogony. From what it copied its organization; when and where it collected the miscellaneous pamphlets that form its Bible; whence it took its festivals and ceremonies; where it stole its liturgies and rituals, its church architecture, its vestments and its sacred paraphernalia.

Christianity stands before the world to-day thoroughly and completely "explained." The churches know this fact, but they pretend to ignore it. There is not a Christian, lay or clerical, that is not aware that he could procure through his bookseller a catalogue of books in which the divine origin of Christianity is completely disproved, and every step in its progress is laid bare and shown to be indisputably due to purely natural causes. And Christians also know that these books have not been written by rascals and scoundrels, but by men generally of intense earnestness, of profound learning, of deep piety, and often of extraordinary ability—men who have, moreover, often devoted a life-time of study and research to their subjects. The churches know more than this. They know that there is not an article in the Christian creed which has not been analyzed by reason and logic, and tested by the canons of morality and justice, and they know that the result of this examination, made by men as religions and at least as intelligent as themselves, is the utter condemnation of the central ideas of their religion—an angry God and vicarious atonement—as being contrary to every fact in nature, and every better aspiration of the human heart, and in the present stage of man's enlightenment, absurd, preposterous and blasphemous propositions. In a word, the churches know that there is not the slightest necessity for them to stand behind the scaffolding and beneath the lath and plaster in order to find out what is there; nor to send their coin to the goldsmith to learn of what metal it is made; for these things have been already done. The churches have got the goldsmith's analysis and the mason's report before them, and these say that the piece of money they solemnly pass from hand to hand as the price of salvation, is no golden sovereign but a brazen farthing, and that below the scaffolding and the lath and plaster there is concealed no noble edifice of marble, but merely walls of mud which have been cemented with blood and tears, and hardened in the fires of hatred and persecution.

It has now become pretty evident why Christianity does not appreciate the advice to study the meaning of its own doctrines and purify itself from the malignant incrustations left upon it of scheming ecclesiastics, and why it looks with anything but a friendly eye upon those who exhort it to do so. Unlike other modern exoteric religions, it is not a degeneration from a once pure form of faith, which itself was the popular exposition of a deeply philosophic esoteric religion. Modern Christianity knows that any bona fide inquiry into its origin would

result in death to all the Christian churches of to-day. Its central dogmas and vital doctrines would dissolve and be washed away during the process of purification, and it is a knowledge of that fact which made the Christian clergy instinctively assume from the first the position of deadly foes to Theosophy, and of bitter enemies to the Theosophical Society. That is the reason why the very same things that to other religions are health-giving remedies are to the 19th Century Christianity deadly poison. That is the reason why the *Theosophist* and every exponent of Theosophy must, by the simple necessities of the case, appear to Christians to be guilty of prejudices on one side and favoritism on the other, although in every case the attitude of Theosophists is precisely the same to every person and to every religion.

But must this enmity continue? Will Christians be for ever the foes of Theosophists? We answer emphatically, No. There is such a thing as true Christianity—the real religion of Jesus. Between this Christianity and Theosophy there is complete sympathy and perfect understanding. Between the religions of Jesus, of Buddha, of Zoroaster, and of the Vedas, there is in reality a blood relationship, for they have got a common parent, the Wisdom-Religion of prehistoric times. The religion of Jesus, however, is not to be found in 19th Century Christianity, at least if it be, then the churches of to-day do not recognize its presence, for if they did so, they would have no fear to remove the lath and plaster they at present dread to touch. In one sense it certainly is there still, for it is the hidden vein of gold that has run through Christianity in every age, and enabled it to fill its place as a religion in the world and in the hearts of men; for this hidden vein of gold is nothing else than the "logos" and the life of Jesus, which have during all the centuries kept Christianity alive in spite of the horrible doctrines and cruelties of the priests.

It is the words of Jesus and the record of his life that have been the beautiful soul that has ever struggled to animate the hideous body of priest-made doctrine and dogma which is now known as the Christian religion. But at the present day the ideas and wishes of Jesus are the last things to which the churches turn, and they have almost ceased to influence the lives of 19th Century Christians. The spirit of Jesus has fled from modern Christianity, only his name remains, together with a few mechanically repeated words and phrases from which all life has departed. No one would be believed to-day who ventured to assert that the churches now take the commands of Jesus seriously, or make the slightest attempt to carry them into practice. No church could try to do so and remain orthodox, no church that succeeded in doing so would be recognized as a Christian church at all.

Although the Churches are deaf to their Master's voice, and blind to the example of his life, and although 19th Century Christianity is spiritually little better than the decomposing corpse of a once living medieval religion, there are individuals and congregations that still cling to the name of Christianity, but have ventured to throw through the barred windows of orthodoxy, and seeing the sunshine beyond have dared to struggle out of their spiritual prisons. These men have found that while the Churches have refused to recognize the possibility of any change in the religious ideas of the world, a great change has actually taken place. They have found that the current of religious thought has flowed all round the Churches and extended far beyond them, leaving them in the midst of the water like the last island remains of a sinking continent. They have found that those who have investigated Christianity and laid bare its origin, its history and its real nature, have not wasted their time in the thankless work of trying to persuade the Churches to open their eyes to the facts of to-day; but have continued their onward journey.

They have found that while 19th Century Christianity has been engaged in building Churches and repeating litanies, and going through empty forms and ceremonies, and squabbling over dead-letter interpretations, the intellectual, philosophic, and scientific worlds have been searching for spiritual truth—searching everywhere, earnestly, fearlessly, enthusiastically, for a solution of the great problems of existence. They have found that these searchers for truth, whether they be animated by a purely intellectual and philosophic or by a religious spirit, no more dream of looking in the babel of modern Christianity for the answer to the riddles of life, than they would dream of searching for it in the bible of an infant school,—that, in fact, they have almost forgotten the very existence of modern Christian doctrines. Such men as these, men who break off their chains and escape from the vaults of the Church, find themselves carried along by the current of modern thought, and, breathing a free air, they feel themselves born again of the spirit. Then they turn to the words and life of Jesus as the vehicle which habit has made natural to them for the expression and realization of their spiritual aspirations; and the teachings of that Master, now understood by them and brought to life in their hearts, are the foundation natural to them on which they build a new religion of love and hope for humanity, and of adoration for the unknown power that "clothed in its ever invisible robes" sits upon the throne of the universe.

These are the so-called Neo-Christians of to-day. Their number is rapidly increasing, and, since by the law of their existence they

are far more intellectually and spiritually active than those who remain in the Churches, their power and influence in the world is increasing in even a faster rate than their numbers. It is doubtful whether the name "Neo-Christian" will be finally adopted by the new and fast growing body, for the word "Christian" has for themselves associations of an unpleasant as well as of a pleasant character; and orthodox Christians deny the right of the Neo-Christians to call themselves Christians at all. In America and in France the name of Buddhist seems to be more in favor, since Christ and Buddha are believed to have taught the same doctrine; but Buddhism is an exoteric religion, and it is doubtful whether the name is really applicable, and whether the Buddhists would not disown the new body equally with the Christians. "Esoteric Buddhists" is an appellation frequently adopted in America, but this is merely a name given to Theosophists by the American newspaper press, upon the supposition that Mr. Sinnett's book, called "Esoteric Buddhism," is for Theosophists a kind of Bible. Whatever be the name by which they may eventually be known, these Neo-Christians belong to the Theosophical movement, and will be absorbed into it as soon as the parties in the coming great war between Spirit and Letter in Religion become more clearly defined. We acknowledge the Neo-Christians as our brothers but we do not ask them to call themselves "Theosophists," if they do not voluntarily adopt the title—they will be glad enough to do so by and by.

Our correspondent, "A Christian," ought by this time to understand that any objection which the *Theosophist* might have to Christians "calling upon the name of God" through Jesus Christ our Lord," would be founded solely upon the nature of that call. If the call is like those which Buddhists make upon their Lord, Gautama Buddha—a call for enlightenment and help for all suffering creatures—most certainly the *Theosophist* would be the last to object to it. If, however, the call to God be to show his power and mercy by destroying the heathen and scattering the *Theosophist* "for Christ's sake, Amen," we decidedly disapprove of the proceeding. Nor would the *Theosophist* attempt to prevent Christians of whatever kind from saying "Christ" as freely as Hindus say "Krishna," or Buddhists say "Buddha," more especially if they use the name, as "A Christian" says, "to express the same spiritual idea. All we object to is that Christians should attempt to make Hindus or Buddhists say "Christ" when they prefer to say "Krishna" or "Buddha."

And now a word about the Christian clergy in India, to whom "A Christian" supposes we mean to show disrespect by calling them "Missionaries." In this idea he is wrong; we call them missionaries, because they call themselves so, and are proud of the title. If the name has acquired a connotation of an uncomplimentary kind, it does not owe that misfortune to Theosophists. The Christian missionaries in India occupy a curious and difficult position and great allowance should be made for their shortcomings. They are frequently very estimable men, and generally come to India with the best of intentions. They do an educational work of great value to the country, but the utility of which might be far greater were it not for their craze to make converts. There is something mean and immoral in taking advantage of the earnest desire of the Hindus and Buddhists for schooling, to give their children an hour's obligatory instruction every day in the Christian doctrine. In one respect we regret this craze to make converts—because it greatly lessens the good the missionaries might do to the common people of India as instructors and civilizers. In another respect we are far from sorry about it—because it reduces their religious influence and makes their doctrines despised and disliked by the Hindu population. Unfortunately the contempt and aversion with which they are regarded are frequently personal—which is much to be regretted, and in many instances does a great injustice to the missionary. The excuse must be that the Hindu has not yet learned to distinguish the man from the ecclesiastic, and does not perceive that an angel out of heaven, who was pledged to the service of an intolerant and unscrupulous religion, could not be other than an object of aversion and contempt if he were true to his cloth.

As to any desire on the part of the *Theosophist* to gloat over the misdeeds of the missionaries, "A Christian" is curiously mistaken; but his error seems to be shared by a considerable number of persons, for clippings from newspapers, as well as manuscript accounts of the sins of the clergy are occasionally sent to the *Theosophist* from all parts of the world with a view to their publication, and they are generally sent by strangers, and almost always accompanied by names and addresses, should we be disposed to investigate the truth of the narratives. We know, however, from our own experience that there are some bad eggs in every basket, and cruelly and unjustly as the Christian clergy have treated us, we have no desire to retaliate.

It would be strange indeed if, as a rule, the *Theosophist* felt anything at bottom but indifference to the doings of the missionaries. Many of the doctrines they promulgate under the name of Christianity it abhors and attacks, and the methods they frequently follow it considers immoral and contemptible; but these things are hardly the fault of the men themselves, and, if the truth were told, many a missionary would be heartily glad to be allowed to be tolerant and

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the family, to society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY B. F. LIVINGSTON.

1. My parents were Presbyterians. I have always been a free thinker, partly owing to the influence of an older brother, now deceased, who read Paine's "Age of Reason," which, as mother said, "All upset him," and he in turn "upset me."

2. I have been a Spiritualist since 1859.

3. The main causes that thoroughly convinced me of the continuity of life beyond the grave and of the intercommunication between the two worlds, was a circumstance, very peculiar in its character, which occurred at Olney, Richland county, Ill., in 1859. I was then a young lawyer, just admitted to the bar, and had but little practice; the routine of office study being tiresome and stale, led me to look for something more exciting. About that time Prof. or Dr. Burrows, the psychologist and phrenologist, gave a course of lectures in the court house, and I attended, and being a young man from another State, and a stranger comparatively, the committee selected me as one of the subjects to have his "head felt," as they used to say. Being timid I was loath to go on the stand until the Doctor urged me, and assured me that I had nothing to fear; as the boys nowadays would say, "My head would not give me away." I feared that some trick or joke was in waiting for me; but all the house urged me so, so I must and did; and that little circumstance I deem the hinge upon which happiness and in some measure a useful life has been swung. The Doctor gave me a good head, and assured me that I was a member of no ordinary capacity, and proved it, that and subsequent nights of his course, by turning his subjects over to me to operate on; and the result was, I got up a club of my friends, after the Doctor's course was concluded, to continue the experiments in psychology. We looked up sensitives or subjects, and had regular meetings for practice and experimenting, and accomplished more wonderful things than I have ever read or heard of, although I supposed at the time that they were commonplace psychological achievements. After we had continued our meetings for a few months, one evening while I was demonstrating to the class with a very fine psychological subject, Samuel C. Snyder, we had the following wonderful experience:

After Sam. had been put into the mesmeric sleep, I repeatedly willed him to think a piece of plug tobacco a lump of maple sugar, when he would eat it with as great avidity as though it was. Remarkable to say, he seemingly could eat any quantity of it and not experience the least inconvenience, although I would not allow him to eat much, fearing it might injure him. Water would make him drunk if I so willed it; or sugar would burn his mouth like red pepper. By my will I could paralyze his hands, feet, or any other part of his body until there was no feeling in them, which the class repeatedly proved by thrusting pins and needles into them. In short, I could make him see or believe anything I willed him to; I could will him to believe himself another, or a horse or anything else. And here may we not conclude that one-half of poor humanity to-day believe, think and act the unconscious willings of others? To me during profound thought this is a reality that calls for great charity; otherwise I am peevish and fault finding, and bitter in my denunciation of frauds, cheats, swindlers, liars and thieves.

On this particular evening while Sam., this boy of sixteen summers, was completely under my mesmeric influence, and while all independent volition was suspended, during which he could not move a muscle if I forbade it, in the midst of my most perfect autoecy over his mind and body, all at once, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, he jumped almost to the ceiling and gave the most ear-splitting warwhoop I ever heard. He could not be still. My will power failed to quiet him. At first I thought him bereft of reason, a veritable madman, and that I had ruined the widow Snyder's oldest son and support. Imagine my feelings!

Soon I found that there was method in the shape of remarkable intelligence in this seeming madness, that was to be a new era, an epoch, in my life history, for after the first paroxysms of the wild savage warwhoops had subsided he quieted down; and the Indian chief who purported to control, said that his friend, a pale face that he had killed in Texas sixteen years before, a western school teacher, was ready to talk. This school teacher then made a most exhorting appeal in behalf of the poor "red man," using very fine language, much above the vocabulary of his medium, and pointed to many historical facts outside the mastery of any of the class, myself included, but afterwards corroborated by research.

Sam., an illiterate boy, born and reared in an interior town in Illinois, little education and no inclination to read or study, never having been out of Richland county, proved on this and subsequent occasions, to be a veritable encyclopedia. When asked by Prof. Mace, Principal of the high school at Olney, on a subsequent evening, to give the chemical constituents of water, he responded correctly with wonderful alacrity. Thorough catechising proved him almost a prince in chemistry. The professor was astounded, for he knew the boy to be very illiterate. He knew the "philosophy of familiar things," as far as tested, perfectly, and some of the mysteries of deep-sea soundings afterwards verified by Agassiz were familiarly explained in as terse and precise manner as Alfred R. Wallace would do. He gave me a new idea on gravitation which would be creditable to Faraday.

A spirit, John Kelley, an Irishman, who landed in New York from an emigrant ship June 24th, 1841, gave a brief history of his life from and after the date of so landing. The poor Irishman's simple, plain story was very interesting, and enlisted my sympathy greatly. He tells of his first work opening oysters and his subsequent promotion to serving them to guests, and his being entrusted to making change, and of his keeping back some of the same, for which his employer discharged him. Then of his enlistment in the U. S. Navy, and of his being struck on the head by a mid-shipman for some fancy language, and of his lying in the hospital with a fractured skull, for a

long time; then of his convalescing period and his desertion and shipment on board an American whaler; and of his being drowned, and of his body sinking in deep water.

The poor Irishman's confession seemed to master his great regrets and relieve him from some of his burden of guilt.

I had other and still more wonderful experience with this remarkable boy medium, which space will not allow me to follow up. The foregoing is intended as answers to 1st, 2nd and 3rd interrogations; as to the 4th, I am at a loss to select; but my dear spirit brother standing by my side, says: "Write about my being wounded at Belmont, Mo."

In 1862, at the time our forces were engaged with the rebels at Belmont, Mo., I was at Cape Girardeau, Mo. My two brothers, Robert and William, were in another regiment, 22nd Illinois, in Gen. Oglesby's brigade, at Cairo. Gen. Plummer was ordered to march west to the White Water, forty miles, and make a junction with Gen. Oglesby's command, which he did. I did not go, being ordered to remain in charge of the post at the Cape. This I very much regretted on account of missing a chance of seeing my brothers, from whom I had been long separated. Two days after the march, early in the morning, before breakfast, I went to the boarding quarters from my post, for my breakfast, and to see my wife and two children, who were then visiting me. As soon as I entered the room, my eldest girl, seven years old, became entranced, and said that a part of our army had met and fought the rebels at Belmont, Mo., the day before, and that our loss was heavy; that my brother William was among the wounded; that he was shot through the right thigh about eight inches below the hip-joint; that the ball had struck the femoral bone, but not breaking it.

I could not understand how my brothers could be in that battle when two days before I had known them as belonging to Oglesby's brigade, then in conjunction with Plummer on the White River, over one hundred miles north-west from Belmont; but it turned out correct, and the "missing link" was explained when I learned, that the 22nd Illinois had been transferred to Logan's brigade which went down the Mississippi in transports to Belmont the day Oglesby's brigade and Plummer's marched to the White River.

A courier arrived the night after my spirit message came, informing us of the battle, and that our dead and wounded fell into the hands of the rebels. My spirit informant said that my brother was not in the hands of the enemy. On the return of Gen. Plummer I got leave of absence, and went to Cairo and found my brother in the hospital wounded, as stated through my little girl. He had been carried by the other brother and some comrades for half a mile on their retreat and safely placed on our transport boats.

The little girl also said, whilst thus entranced, that a friend of mine was also wounded; that a ball struck him on the right side of the forehead, breaking and carrying away part of the skull. She said he was an officer. I found that my friend from boyhood, Major McClerkin, of the 22nd Illinois, wounded as described, and from which he died a few days later. Brother William survived that wound, but got another at Stone River, which left him so exposed for over twenty-four hours that he took the pneumonia; the inflamed left lung grew to his ribs, tying it down, causing his death some years afterwards by its being suddenly torn loose, causing hemorrhage, from which he died.

I do regard Spiritualism as a religion. Its environments are virtue and morality, consisting in the performance of all known duties to God and our fellow men, in obedience to divine command. "Divine commands" may emanate from the bible, and do wholly from the Christians' standpoint. They do in part emanate from the bible to Spiritualists from their standpoint. Those "divine commands" to the Mohammedan, emanate from the Koran and teachings of Mahomet; to the Hindoo, they emanate from the Vedic gods, Brahmanical system of caste, etc.; to the Chinaman they emanate from the philosophy of Lao-tse and Confucius, which, in short, is supreme reason, or reasoning while under the influence of superior intelligence (Spiritual influence).

6. I like the latter division of the interrogatory the better. As the mariner needs a compass, chronometer and charts, a place of departure and a destination, in order to make a successful voyage, so Spiritualism needs a compass to direct its course, charts to mark the rocks and reefs, and buoys to designate the shallows and shoals. Humanity, aggregated by evolution from the lowest forms of life, has had its departures and destinations; each destination marking an epoch (a new departure) for the new species, as their departure marked the destination of their progenitors.

As the well-drilled, officered and equipped army, with its flags, banners and music, and its efficiency also as a defender of a nation's honor, is but the organization of a howling mob, the development of true form from chaos, the utilization of a dangerous force, so Spiritualism in its voyage on "this waste of waters" has its rocks and reefs, and its "bound in shallows and shoals." It needs its compass and charts, its flags and officers, drill masters and discipline, and detectives, too, to find the rocks and reefs, and a wise commander to measure the altitudes and declination of the stars in order to make a correct passage and true destination.

Our destination is our highest conception of social and moral ethics. Our charts are continually being revised by the wise and good that have gone before. They are our teachers and our benefactors, to whom our gratitude flows out like a well-stream of pure and living water. We should follow their markings on the charts, and stand upon their shoulders and make new markings for those coming after us; this is reciprocity retrospective. But as it is, Spiritualists are independent navigators sailing without compass or charts, acknowledging no man leader and calling no man master. Independence, self-reliance and bravery are to be admired; Spiritualists have enough,—at least that is not one of the needs to-day. But if we had a National organization incorporated, a body-politic in law and in fact, etc., with minor and auxiliary organization, it might prove one of our needs to-day. If we had the grand thoughts expressed by the seers and mediums that have lived in all the ages past, including those of Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, Buddha, and Christ, with the mine of wealth contained in the bible and the other good teachings from all authors, ancient and modern, compiled into a book worthy of a place in our bible, it might prove one of the needs of the Spiritualists' movement to-day.

For this digest (our bible) we would claim inspiration, but not "infallibility." We would let the world know that Spiritualism, like science, is striving to learn, that while science has risen in our day from the baldest materialism upward towards and through the abstract and ideal to the boundaries of a

spirit realm, Spiritualism has familiarized itself with the *modus operandi* of intercommunication between the two worlds, has reestablished healing by "the laying on of hands," as in the days of Christ, and by and through these intercommunications has administered a balm to the aching hearts of millions that no religion or science could have comforted.

Organization would make us keep step with each other; would convert the awkward, ungainly step of our present mob into the rhythmic musical step of the efficient soldier.

The social condition of Spiritualism needs improvement. The churches and other organizations have practically ostracized us from the social world. We feel lonely and neglected. We and our children feel cowed down and ashamed to own ourselves Spiritualists.

The church excursions and Sunday-school picnics, with their flags, banners and music, are ever reminders that our religion is unpopular, and they lead our children into orthodox Sunday-schools where their minds are poisoned against Spiritualism and Spiritualists. We are waging a mental war against the degrading superstitions of the church. Organization is as necessary to success in a mental war as a physical one. Our army is but a mob, armed with the thousands of ideas as many different minds, many of which are but fragmentary wrecks. Our strength is but the strength of any other mob, the strength of its strongest man, while the strength of an organization represents the combined strength of its members.

We are trying to roll back the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre of orthodoxy so as to fumigate and destroy the disease-breeding bacteria by lifting one at a time. We have taken turns at it for the past forty years, and as yet have found no Sampson or Goliath able to roll the stone away. It seemingly has never occurred to us to organize and all lift together, thus combining the strength of a thousand Goliaths. We organized our children in the lyceum, with the modern implements of warfare, and battled away, a demoralized crowd, with pop guns, mud and slush, smirching the innocent and guilty alike. Whilst thus engaged the spoils of battle were easily carried away by the pseudo-mediums and spiritualistic frauds, leaving the genuine mediums with their heaven-born gift to starve; having no organizations, they are the wards of nobody.

The time has come when the hand of authority must attest the credentials of the genuine mediums; that authority can only be exercised by those to whom it is delegated. The expressed will by and through organization can establish an Examining Board to give credentials, under strict test conditions, to genuine mediums. Without these credentials, persons plying the profession of mediumship will be known as frauds. Most Spiritualism still be chained to the rock, like "Andromeda," when there is a *Perseus* (organization) ready to deliver her, fairer than the sea nymph, from the slimy coils of this "cetus?" Or must she be devoured by this sea monster, the frauds and charlatans? Must the licentious lepers still be permitted to poison the sanctuary of our homes and our religion, when the fiat of organization could banish them?

[Cleveland News and Herald, May 27.]

SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle Explains the Difference Between Physical and Psychical Science.

Plato's Definition of the Condition of Man—In a Dark Mountain Cave.

MRS. TUTTLE READS A STRONG POEM UPON "THE WORK MOST NEEDFUL"—SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM.

There was a large attendance at yesterday's meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Scientific Spiritualism, at the residence of Mrs. Josephine Ammon. The entertainment and instruction of the day were furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights. The readers of the *Leader* are already familiar with Mr. Tuttle's offer to investigate Rowley's telegraph machine on the terms proposed by the latter, and the refusal penned by Mrs. Rowley. After a meeting of the board of directors of the society, the literary exercises began with a poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Tuttle, which read as follows:—

"THE WORK MOST NEEDFUL."

The work of reform is to open men's eyes! not to move them
By touching the heart, which is the cheapest of all mental labors;
Better break heads than hearts, if God's light which is glowing above them,
Flash down through the chinks, like an army of angels with sabers.

It is easy to work upon hearts, bringing tears like May showers,
Or to urge egotistical sinners to blatant confession;
Not so easy to demonstrate clearly how sin and transgression
Are workers of death, and destroyers of God-given powers.

The best way to make people white is to keep them so
It is wrong to grope blindly, to botch, and to lazily blunder;
Inspect, and decide! It will pay to investigate duly,
But never to guess, and to trust, with baby-eyed wonder.

The years have gone by when the sweetness of weakness was sounded,
When innocent ignorance played with her sleepy, white fingers,
While Wisdom, star-crowned, lay neglected, unhonored and wounded,
And Bigotry plaited the thorns for the world's knowledge-bringers.

We sense the salvation at length which is gained by
With Reason and Truth, never once by their dire crucifixion;
They sanctify souls by a wise and devout self-reliance,
Which springs up from growth and is fed by the dew of affliction.

To-day is not good for long dreams among myrtles and roses!
Mad vapors slip 'round where the fair blossoms smile in the grasses!
Sometime will come safety and days of delicious repose
When up all the future roll blisses in opulent masses.

Ah! I have passed on from the days when in weakness I wailed,
And drew close my veil when I knew that grim Danger was coming,
'Till through it mad fire only rose-colored blossoms reemerged,
And, lulled, I walked onward my gladdest melody humming.

He only is brave who is brave with an eye on his peril;
Dull ignorance knows not the meaning of victor nor coward;

She plays with red poppies and circles her forehead
Albeit, her couch with the poisonous nightshade is bordered.

So blow back the veil from my face, oh, winds of the turbulent present;
I'd have it aside, although soft and protecting its tissues.

'Tis best to see clear, if the weather be stormy or pleasant,
Wide-eyed to face life as she faces the soul with her issues.

PHYSICAL AND PSYCHICAL SCIENCE.

Mr. Tuttle spoke with much earnestness and was listened to with deep attention. "This is an age of doubt," said Mr. Tuttle. "The scientific method has arrived at its ultimate, that of unflinching skepticism." After dilating on the methods of the evolutionists in accounting for creation, and of the chemist and anatomist in fathoming the problem of life and mind, which destroyed the hope of immortality, the lecturer introduced the discussion of the new views of psychic science in regard to the origin and destiny of spirits and the moral conduct of life.

He accepted all that had been accomplished in science; and from all these sources drew confirming evidences of immortality. His task was not to tear down but to build. He said: "Psychic science on the one side begins where physical matter leaves off. The physical scientists have determined the coast line of matter to their own satisfaction. What they can see, feel, hear, taste, touch, that is matter. They are sure of their world, that they can measure with a yardstick and weigh with a steelyard. Beyond this coast line they say is nothing unless it be clouds, or the dust fancy raises in the eye of the intellect. Beyond first is mind, a power, a something so distinct from matter that the most able physicist declares that there is no common bond between them. Beyond the mind, or co-related, is the spiritual being. Granting this, a new realm extends on either side to which the complete structure of the physical sciences is only the vestibule. There is man's spiritual being, his mental and moral endowments, the answering of his aspirations for perfection, the condition of spirit life, the relations of mind to mind, and by implication the necessity and methods of right living in the future. All together inviting attention.

To study these requires a survey of phenomena which usually pass under the name 'occult,' as dreams, somnambulism, hypnotism, magnetism, mesmerism, thought-transference, prophecy, warnings, prescience, clairvoyance, trance, and the direct interposition of spiritual agencies. When we consider that this field is in almost

THE SAME CHAOTIC CONDITION

that astronomy was before Copernicus, or chemistry in the hands of the alchemists, we can appreciate the task before the student who is determined to make the attempt to sift the truth from the error, and establish law and order where the wise men have only seen the fanciful of credulity. But the day of scoffing has passed. Societies having active members in the highest walks of physical science, have multiplied, and rank with the best in the branches of research."

Of physical scientists he said: Plato compares the position of man in the world to that one sitting in a dark cave, with face to the wall, and observing the shadows fitting before him, cast from outside objects through the narrow entrance. Could a better illustration be given of the position of those physical scientists who claim there is nothing beyond matter? When we examine a mountain, our position makes a wide difference as to our conclusions. If we enter its cavernous sides, and tunnel like a mole through its rocky strata, we shall without doubt find rare gases, flashing with borrowed light, life stars, and precious ores, but we can see not an inch beyond the wall of the cavern, and must carry the light by which we see even the dripping roof overhead. But if we climb with toilsome steps the precipitous sides, over rocks treacherous, ready to fall, along dizzy precipices, where the clouds hang like crows, and the eagle builds, we reach the home of the storm, and are obliged to grope our way in the thick clouds, always upward, until at last we rise above the clouds, tread the sharp outlined peak jutting to the heavens, and there standing with the sun shining in glory from the azure sky, we see the clouds beneath us melt away and on every hand far as eye can reach, the landscape rolls and fades away in splendor of light and shadow, mountain after mountain, valleys of Eden-like loveliness, lakes of silver, and rivers winding to the sea, while beyond forms the infinite horizon, blending earth and heaven. I do not make the comparison with vain egotism but with consciousness of its truth, which I think will be patent to all, that while the ways of physical science as interpreted by its present exponents is like that of the man who would to gain knowledge of a mountain by entering its caverns, that of the psychic scientist is comparable to the traveler who scales its sides and stands on its summit, overlooking not only matter, but the highest order of its manifestations.

"Thus standing we comprehend the full meaning of psychic science. Its province lies above and beyond physical matter, and penetrates into the physical realm so far as the latter forms a foundation for its support. Man being a spirit evolved by, and while mortal related most intimately with matter, the study of that spirit must of necessity begin with his physical life."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Certain Deductions from the Phenomena of Control.

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

Modern Spiritualism has been with us these forty years, and yet to-day what do we really know concerning the conditions of the future life? As in the days of John the Baptist, men are eagerly seeking after a sign, and tests seem to be all that most professed Spiritualists care for.

I am glad that Herman Snow, in the *JOURNAL* of May 4, has the courage to say: "The phenomenal phases of Spiritualism I regard as a decidedly subsidiary character. They are comparatively unimportant, excepting in so far as they are capable of transmitting intelligent thought." I will venture a step farther than this, and say that if the phenomenal phases of Spiritualism could be all swept away, until men and women learned to regard them as bases for scientific investigation, Spiritualism would be the better for it to-day. In our prurient curiosity concerning the marvels of the dark cabinet, we have altogether overlooked the true meaning and opportunities of Spiritualism.

I have not been a Spiritualist long—but little more than five years, and perhaps I should keep silent and let those older in the faith do the talking. But I became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism entirely from the scientific side of the question; and I never yet attended a seance or witnessed the phenomenon of control, that I have not been

mentally seeking a clue to a which should lead out of this, through which we are now wall-blindly.

My deductions from the facts brood my knowledge. I confess are not in entire harmony with generally accepted ideas among Spiritualists; and as the bigots are not by any means all confined to the churches, I expect there are plenty who will be quite ready to read me out of the communion. But I am a seeker for truth; my conclusions are honest ones; and the Spiritualistic platform ought to be broad enough for me to stand upon it.

In the present paper I will speak of only one conclusion which I have reached, leaving others for possible future papers. I have watched, questioned, studied and compared evidence, and I am satisfied that many spirits—all those indeed, who on earth had no spiritual life—have scarcely a conscious existence when they first enter the other world; they only come to full consciousness when—they still belonging to the earth sphere—they can obtain control of some medium, and so for a brief period resume their physical life. These spirits, rather than relapse into the almost nothingness which awaits them, cling to mediums, and thus frequently become what is commonly known as the peculiar "controls." These spirits are not necessarily evil or vicious, though they may be so, or they may be peculiarly innocent; but they can be in no sense beneficial. Their spiritual natures are weak, and they are ignorant and undisciplined. Many mediums whom I have known seemed to have a dual nature. They felt they were doing right in yielding to their "controls," and thus their own individuality was weakened, and they became in a certain sense almost irresponsible beings. That these undeveloped spirits eventually grow in spiritual stature, and come to have a separate conscious existence, I hope and believe, justified in so doing by the immutable law of progress which governs the spiritual as well as the material world.

The so-called "controls" are almost invariably Indians, children, or other ignorant, simple persons, who, by the circumstances of their lives or untimely deaths, had no opportunity for spiritual development on earth. Question them about the life in the other world, and they can give you no definite answers. Their replies are as vague and shadowy as I believe their own spiritual existences to be. They have no faculty—such as we are led to believe is possessed by the spirit, of seeing or hearing or knowing, except through their medium's senses or intelligence. I believe some of them are capable, through the agency of that peculiar—what shall I call it?—which constitutes mediumship, of ascertaining facts or impressing persons at a distance, but they cannot do this independent of their medium, and as a rule all subjects on which they seemed informed, beyond what they could be through the senses of their medium, are of a class which it is impossible to verify. I once saw a little Indian control become decidedly vexed with her medium because she (the control) wished to see a torchlight procession, and her medium was too tired to go. Why did she need the medium if she was capable of independent observation?

Leaving these habitual controls, I turn to a class of spirits who occasionally manifest themselves in the seance room. We have all witnessed the representation of a ghastly death-bed scene—possibly a murder, and the spirit comes back with all his feelings and impressions as fresh and strong as when he died or was made by violence to pass into the Spirit-world.

Events may impress us strongly at any given time, and our feelings may be wrought to the highest pitch of fear or anger, indignation or sorrow. But the months or years pass. We will not forget, but the perspective of time softens our feelings and partially obliterates the impression. How much more would this be so in the Spirit-world. No matter how intense may have been the feelings at the time of passing over, if conscious existence is maintained there will be so much to see, so much to learn, so much to make the heart glad, that the remembrance of our earthly wrongs will dwindle away, and they will seem of small moment when we are privileged to return for a brief time.

But if the soul from the moment of this terrible passage has been wrapped in oblivion; if it has led a shadow life unconscious of the present and haunted only by the past; then in the first moment of returning earthly consciousness, when the poor spirit in its struggles with self has instinctively seized upon a physical organism, and for a brief period returns to full physical consciousness, then there has been nothing to awaken its perceptions and enlarge its ideas. Its last sensations were of the earth, and goes naturally back to that last moment of conscious existence just as a person after sleep, a swoon, or a momentary loss of any sort, takes up the just previous left off. Is not my view reasonable? Is it not borne out by the facts? I do not ask any one to accept it. I only ask that I shall be permitted to maintain my own opinion until I see reason to change it; and that others will take up the same line of investigation, in order that we may see what conclusions they reach.

Robert M. McLane, ex-Minister to France, is now at his home in Baltimore. He says the French people are astonished at the fact that Boulanger will remain popular with them so long as he is a republican, and that he will lose his popularity if he joins forces with the Monarchists. He further says nobody could undertake to say what the sentence of the Senate, now trying Gen. Boulanger for political conspiracy, would be, but the general impression is that he will be found guilty.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott wants the Mayflower adopted as our National flower and to do Mr. James Parton, Admiral Porter, Prof. John Fiske, and Mr. "Larry" Godkin. Among the partisans of the noble Goldenrod, which is away ahead of all other competitors in the race, are the Rev. Drs. Phillips Brooks, Howard Crosby, and Morgan Dix, the Rev. Brooke Herford, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, John G. Whittier, Senator Hawley, ex-Judge Noah Davis, and Messrs. Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, T. V. Powderly, and Joseph Cook.

Mrs. Catherine Schmidt of Wichita, Kan., a widow with a family of three children, was found guilty of selling three glasses of beer and sentenced to imprisonment for three months, and a fine of \$300 was imposed.

Jacob L. Doty, who is to marry Princess Polonia, owes his appointment as Consul to the Society Islands to the friendliness of Secretary Bayard conceived for him when he was serving as a page in the United States Senate.

Kate Chase Sprague is writing a biography of her father, the late Chief Justice Chase. She also contemplates publishing a volume of personal memoirs.

Ann's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

WOMEN IN POSITIONS OF PUBLIC TRUST.

The present agitation in regard to putting more women on the Chicago Board of Education, encouraged as it is by a large number of the most influential men of the city, calls attention to the many public positions which could be as well, if not better, filled by women as men, and raises the question why competent women should not share with men the honors and emoluments of such offices.

On the school board especially, a position on which brings only honor without emolument, women are certainly better fitted than men to fill the duties thereto pertaining, for many reasons, among which are the following: As mothers they are the natural educators of the race, hence their unopposed admission in large numbers as teachers everywhere. Ever necessarily the companions of children, they understand better than men the needs, capacities, and possibilities of the differing individualities of childhood, and would be, therefore, better fitted to introduce more effective methods of teaching. As one half the pupils in our schools are girls and nine-tenths of the teachers women, there would be more freedom on the part of these to bring their graces, domestic engagements before women members of the board. Women being housekeepers would naturally be more quick than men to perceive and remedy any bad sanitary conditions of the schools. There is a large number of women of mature age, wide experience, ample means and leisure, who would gladly fill these positions, and who could devote more time and thought to the subject than male members of school boards. Also, as a class, having been more stunted in the handling of money they would be apt to be more economical than men in the outlay of the public funds, and less indiscriminate in changing text books without real need for so doing.

It is only within a comparatively short time that women have been appointed members of these boards, but wherever the experiment has been tried the women chosen to fill the position have done, and are doing, excellent work.

In England particularly, women like Lydia Becker, Octavia Hill, Helen Taylor, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Annie Besant and others, have made improvements and innovations so decided that the echo of their good work has reached to these shores. Mrs. Besant publishes every week in the *National Reformer*, of which she is associate editor, a *review* of the work done, or attempted, on the board, under the heading, "The London School Board: What we do, and what we don't do." This sometimes makes very spicy reading, and it would not be a bad idea to have boards of education every where so reported. Both Mrs. Dilke and Mrs. Besant are working very earnestly on the board, in the interest of free education, secular schools, and justice to working men and women. So pronounced is their action in the last named matter that at last advice the printing firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode had served a writ on these ladies for their attack on this firm, and against the employment of it in the printing ordered by the school board, because of the low wages paid to women who fold the cheap Bibles in their establishment. And this firm are the "Queen's Printers," too! But to offset this Mrs. Besant reports that she has received the following resolution from the Birmingham Typographical Society: "That this committee, representing upwards of four hundred printers, tenders its hearty thanks to Mrs. Besant for her action with regard to the printing contracts of the London School Board."

But it is not alone on school boards that the services of women are needed in positions of public trust. The horrible state of affairs revealed by the investigation now going on of the Cook county Insane Asylum, would never have occurred had there been a competent board of directors and visitors, of which interested women formed a part, to oversee and report needed improvements. The one woman physician who was employed to attend the patients there, did call attention to the poor quality of the food given the pauper patients and was discharged for insisting upon a change for the better.

The appointment in England of women as Poor Law Guardians has so far, according to a letter on the subject by Theodore Stanton, been productive of much good. The duties of this board (corresponding with our overseers of the poor), consists in the supervision of the local workhouse, the infirmary, the district and industrial schools, the administration of outdoor relief, and the boarding out of pauper children; all of it work for which women are peculiarly fitted. Mr. Stanton says, "It is the girls in the pauper schools, and the women in the infirmary, who have profited most by the lady guardians. The successful plan of boarding out pauper children—the local government inspector in this case being also a lady—has been largely developed by the women members in the face of much male opposition."

In England women are already in occasional instances being appointed to such public positions in addition to those spoken of, as Overseers, Highway, Church, Wardens, Parish Clerks, Asylum Boards, Registrars of Births and Deaths, Post Offices, School Inspectors, Poor Law Inspectors, and Meteorological Reporters. And a beginning has been made in this country in this direction in the employment of women in the departments at Washington, occasional appointments of women to post offices, as engrossing clerks of legislatures, on State boards of health, lunacy and charity, as Physicians in public hospitals and Insane Asylums, on school boards, as Commissioner of Pensions, Police Matrons and even as mayors and town councillors.

To a thinking mind, it seems almost imperative that women should have a part in the direction of insane asylums, poorhouses, school boards, public charities, town councils, penitentiaries, jails, etc., where women are imprisoned, and every like public position where womanly qualities are needed; and every where a strong movement should be made in this direction, and a steady agitation be kept up until public opinion is roused, and women appointed to care for the public interests of their own sex.

Editor Singlerly of the Philadelphia Record began fighting the coal syndicate five years ago by selling coal at actual cost. When he began the price was \$6.75 per ton. In five years Mr. Singlerly has sold 132,730 tons of coal, receiving therefor \$721,680.70, and has forced the present price down to \$4.80 per ton, the lowest figure for twenty-nine years.

Theodore Harris, a farmer living near Fayetteville, Tenn., was riding home in his buggy, having a scythe for a companion. The handle caught in the spokes of the vehicle, the scythe flew up, and Mr. Harris' throat was cut as neatly as if done by a professional.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

RELIGIONS.

How They Benefit the Believer—Different Kinds Needed—The Great Solvent that Measures Them all.

J. L. BATCHELOR.

Every person has to give some thought to the subject of religion. Our limitations and dependencies constantly suggest a higher power. Our thoughts go out in search of this power, its mature purposes and requirements. The conclusion each arrives at is his religion. These conclusions or religions, as arrived at by different persons, vary from each other as much as do the mental or spiritual natures of those who make the search, and find what to each is his religion. While the approval and sanction of our highest nature is given to the kind of religion that seems to be the divine truth, it is so given because in the highest judgment of the believer such religion will most effectively restrain the evil and encourage the good. It is this restraining and encouraging power, as the same appears to the believer, that constitutes the essential value of his religion. Every believer embraces his kind because of this belief in its value. To the believer it is above all price.

It is interesting to inquire whence, how, and in what way arises this estimate of the believer in the value of his religion. This estimate is the result of some power in the believer, operating in some way on something, somewhere, real or imaginary, resulting in the estimate as the effect. We cannot make something out of nothing. We can only use materials, whether real or imaginary, within our reach and supposed knowledge to construct the things or theories we approve and want, and we are limited in the physical world no less than in the mental, for thoughts and ideas are things that have fixed relations. While the believer accepts his religion because it seems to him to be the divine truth that will reform the wicked, this seeming arises not from any conscious knowledge the believer has of its adaptation to the wants of other minds, but from the consciousness of the wants of his own. Our intellectual constructions are always and of necessity made from materials found in our own minds. In the very nature of things we cannot use the ideas or thoughts of another in constructing our own theories. These when suggested to us, perceived and approved, become ours, and a part of our own mental stock but not before. Upon this rests the right and duty of private, individual judgment and responsibility in religious matters, which was the very foundation of the Reformation.

No man can have a real true knowledge of the impulses, emotions and secret thoughts of another mind. The most he can do is to conjecture, and to attribute to such other mind the impulses and emotions of his own, as these constitute his supply of material to work with. Our knowledge of desire and want, hope and fear, come through our own experience and not that of others. And in adopting a theory of motives for the government of others, embracing benefits to be secured, and evils to be avoided, the theorist simply reveals the emotional wants of his own mind, and shows the character of its receptivity and impressibility. Our laws reflect the standard of the public judgment. Our estimate of social relations crystallizes into common customs. This is so practically true that it is said to be a righteous judgment when we judge another by ourselves. The reason simply uses the materials furnished by the emotions. The heart furnishes what the mouth speaks. What affects and moves us, we always think and feel will likewise affect and move others. The man who prescribes the fear of hell as a motive to restrain others, is the very man who needs and feels the necessity of such restraint. These motives to his mind, arising from such considerations, are the strongest of all, and feeling himself restrained by their influence, he applies them to others. "With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you." The italicized words are the extent and limits fixed by the divine wisdom or logos of our responsibility.

What the soul imparts becomes an operating cause for good or evil beyond its control, and qualifies, modifies and limits to the nature of the impartation, its capacity to receive. We must reap what we sow. But what it receives it may appropriate as intellectual food, or reject as will. We may refuse to sow what we reap. We can meet evil with good. We can turn the other cheek. The man who feels no disposition to trespass upon his neighbor, or wrong another, needs not the influence of a belief in terrible penalties to restrain him from such acts. In the right itself, and in its ordinary good effects, there appears to him all the motive necessary for its practice. He needs no extraneous help, and so prescribes none for others. He is a law unto himself, and would limit the infliction of penalties as did the Master when he said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." There is enough of truth, religious and ethical, in this short saying to reform the world, and it would have done so long ago had it been understood and practiced. Look at it a moment with the eye of the spirit. The right to inflict punishment for sin belongs only to him who is without sin—who is perfect. Here is fixed a condition to the exercise of what is claimed as a right. Fixing the condition to its exercise tacitly concedes the right. But the natural effect of the completed condition upon every one claiming the right was to show the error of such claim so clearly as to take away all desire to enforce it. Each listener, vicious as he was, had within him an element impressive by that truth that requires us to "resist not evil, but overcome evil with good." See how skillfully the Master uses this higher element in the minds of the crowd to overcome their vicious impulses. His success was complete. This use of the materials found in the minds of those addressed, and subject to be affected, was just as open to them as to him, and as much within their reach as his. It was because he understood the materials used, and how to use them, better than they did that gave him the advantage, and made him their teacher. All this is no less ethical than religious, arising as much, if not more, from social than from divine relations, as was shown by the effect on the vicious crowd.

If the penalty of a wrongful act, consisting of something outside the natural consequences of such act, could only be inflicted by a being without sin, to what class, saints or sinners, do those belong whose highest conception of the divine government is that it punishes sin with an eternal pain, having not only no causal connection with the sin, but in a world removed from that in which the sin was committed? Does it not logically follow that the religion every person honestly believes is the very kind whose constant restraints and daily influences are necessary

for his proper government? While such religion is preached ostensibly for the benefit of others, it has no effect outside the believer. Its motives are appreciated only as they are responded to by the emotions of his own heart. These motives and the response are measured and determined by the same standard, and arise in the same plane of being. The lower these are the more effectually does the motives of hope and fear, reward and punishment to come from some external source appeal to the believer, and the stronger apparently is his faith, and the greater his reliance upon it for salvation. In this consists its adaptation to his wants. He feels it to be so. It is this adaptation to his highest wants that makes him happy in its enjoyment. It is his individual wants, not those of others, that are supplied. All this comes to the believer, whatever his religion, through his emotional nature. Argument and logic have little or nothing to do with it. His feelings dictate approval of what satisfies them.

Hence it is that so many kinds of religion are needed to supply the wants of the human family. Those of like emotion and impulse unite together for what they call worship, being their highest conception of emotional enjoyment. Each religion of the five hundred kinds supplying the individual wants of every believer, is to such believer the true, divine religion revealed right from heaven. The extent of his devotion to it and his reliance upon it is the measure of its necessity to him. Like the Golden Rule, it furnishes a self-adjusting balance in which the believer religiously weighs and measures himself. His wild judgment of the value of those considerations that would drive him away from the great divine centre, is fully met and equalized by his corresponding judgment of the good things promised and bad things avoided by his religion if he will only stick to it. The religious centripetal and centrifugal forces are balanced in him as the like physical forces are in the planets and comets, and however eccentric may be his spiritual orbit, the centripetal force never weakens or lets go, but brings the wanderer safely back. It is through this divine system of compensation and equivalents, as established in the nature of rational moral beings, that God is in the world reconciling all things to himself. Life is the school. The natural ordinary consequences and effects of our good deeds the text-book, of our bad deeds the chastening rod, and that germ within that makes us the image of the Divine, the great teacher. The term will not close till through the teachings of the text-book, and the chastening rod as enforced by the teacher, whose watchful eye is constantly upon us, every element of evil is fully eliminated from our being. Then will we graduate.

We measure the value of principles and doctrines by the good effects they produce and promise. This is a radical principle in the science of law, and ought to be in the science of theology. In determining the principles that apply in solving the problems of life the need of rational solvents is as great as in the material world to harmonize discordant elements that refuse to blend and unite. Elements so refusing are useful each in its own line, but the application of the uniting solvent transforms both into something higher and more useful than either. The application of a religious solvent, that will show the necessity, usefulness and good effects of all religions, as means to a great and good end, the perfection of human character, would certainly tend to that harmony and reconciliation which is the highest conception of a perfect life, here or hereafter. If every religious believer since religious emotion first moved the heart could have applied this solvent to all opposing faiths, and also to his own, the Jew would have said to the Gentile, the Christian to the Pagan, the Catholic to the Protestant, the Puritan to the Quaker, and all of every sect to each and all of every other sect, "Be true and honest in your religion, and it will save you as certainly as mine will save me." There would have been no use for the dunce, the stork, the rack or the sword as a means of serving God. We are slowly but certainly moving to this result.

Clarinda, Iowa.

BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

INCIDENTS OF A COLLECTOR'S RAMBLES IN Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea. By Sherman F. Denton, Artist to the U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C. With Illustrations by the Author. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Chicago: A. C. McKeown & Co. 272 p. Price, \$2.50.

This book of travel, as dedicated, as follows: "To the memory of my dear father, William Denton, who lost his life in the pursuit of knowledge for the benefit of his fellow men, this little work is affectionately dedicated." As a book of travels it is interesting and instructive, giving the reader a clear and comprehensive view of the different localities visited. We extract a single incident, as follows:

"Shelley went to Port Moresby with some men, carrying all our birds; and returned with ammunition enough to last us many days. I was out shooting when he reached the village, but I heard him fire several shots with his pistol, and hurried back to see him. Before I reached the town, I met several women; they looked frightened, and upon my asking them what was the matter, they ran into the woods. Presently, I heard Shelley shout, but his voice sounded wild and strange, and I ran on as fast as possible. When I came near enough to see him, he was weeping; and before I could speak, he cried:

"O Sherman, father is dead!"

"The news almost stunned me. My heart seemed to stop beating, everything grew dark about me, and I nearly fell to the ground. It was some moments before I could speak. Shelley told me, between his sobs, how it happened.

"The party had gone a long way inland, where father had contracted the fever; and after they started back, two more were also taken sick, the natives carrying them many miles on stretchers. They finally reached Berrigabadi, where father died at seven o'clock in the evening, Sunday, August 28, 1888. The very day he died, we were at Sharary, only fifteen miles away, and could have seen him alive had we known where he was.

"Almost heart-broken, we went up to the town where Armit, reduced nearly to a skeleton, told us the sad story.

"Father was buried on the mountain-side by Hunter, with a few of the natives to help; and the earth was heaped above the remains to make a mound.

"Shelley and I never saw his grave; but we have heard from a recent traveller that the place is still well remembered by the natives, and that they have built a fence about it. We reached the sea-coast the day after hearing the sad news, and left the country by the first boat we could take to reach Australia, from which place we started on our long and tedious journey home."

DECISIVE EVENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. Burzoyne's Invasion of 1777; With an Outline Sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, cloth, 50c.

Lovers of history will welcome this little book, our series of "Decisive Events in American History." It should be placed in the hands of our youth, that they may be made familiar with our early history; and their love of country and their patriotism cultivated.

New Books Received.

The following from Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York: Lovell's International Series, comprising John Herring, by S. Baring Gould; Mehalah, by S. Baring Gould. Price each, 50 cents. Miss Kate, by Rita; The Fox Prince, by Florence Warden; The Wing of Azrael, by Mona Caird. Price each, 80 cents. A Vagabond Lover, by Rita. Price 20c.

The Right Knock. By Nellie V. Anderson. Chicago: Christian Science Pub. Co.

Spiritualism for the Young. By Alfred Kitson. Home Rule and Federation. By A. Doctor of Medicine. London: E. Truelove. Price 10 cents.

Report of the Committee on Territories on the Admission of Utah as a State, to the House of Representatives.

Pulpit Studies from Robert Elsemere. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. Price 10 cents.

June Magazines Not Before Mentioned.

The North American Review. (New York.) A short sketch of the life of Allen Thorndike Rice, whose brilliant and useful career was so suddenly ended on May 16th, opens this number. Mr. Rice superintended and directed the preparations of this issue on May 11th, and the contents is as a lid and timely as can be called for. Andrew Carnegie has an essay on Wealth; Rev. Minot J. Savage contributes The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy, and William Booth of the Salvation Army Religious Value of Enthusiasm. Notes and Comments is a department worthy of perusal.

The Century. (New York.) Mr. Keenan begins with this issue, an account of the most important investigations made by him into the Exile system. The famous French artist Corot is represented in the frontispiece, and Van Rensselaer has an article entitled Corot at Work. The Bloodhound is by an English author who places this animal in a new light. The series of the Irish papers are continued. Helen Campbell describes in Certain Forms of Woman's Work the Young Women's Christian Association building of New York and the methods of work of the association. An American Amateur Astronomer; Italian Old Masters and many more readable articles make a most enjoyable number.

Psychic Studies. (San Francisco.) Number one of this monthly is out and informs the public it is to be devoted to Spiritual Science. Price, \$1.00 a year; single copies 10 cents.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The Eclectic for June contains a varied table of contents. Special attention will, no doubt, be directed to the discussion on Agnosticism, as Professor Huxley, W. A. Mallock, Professor Fresman and Dr. Wace have contributions on the subject in this number.

Also:
The Kindergarten, Chicago.
The Unitarian Review, Boston.
The Editorial Messenger, Northfield, Minn.
L'Aurore, Paris.

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Statism, or Artificial Socialism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Farneswick, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French commission. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Tracts, embracing the following important subjects: The Summerland; The True Spiritualist; The Responsibility of Mesmer, Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity? Etc. A vast amount of reading for only ten cents. Three copies sent to one address for 25 cents.

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Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

A new edition of Dr. J. H. Dewey's, The Way The Truth and Life is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 15, 1889.

TRUSTS.

Just now some of the best minds of the country are directed to the question of Trusts. The mystery which has been maintained by the organizers of these tentative make-shifts to meet the demands of capital in its effort to advance the industrial interests of the country, has been a great drawback to any intelligent discussion of the grave points at issue. This secrecy has given the public room to doubt their purpose, and hence the widespread suspicion which has been generated—resulting in such legislation as was recently had in Missouri, and that lately defeated in the legislature of this State, now adjourned. The "Trust" people, we fear, have realized their mistake when it is too late. They have given unscrupulous demagogues a chance to play upon the imaginations, if not the prejudices, of the masses and thus to forestall, in a measure, calm and deliberate consideration of the question. While realizing the fatuousness of the empirical methods of sentimental would-be reformers in dealing with economic questions, and fully believing that in the fullness of time the evolutionary processes everywhere prevailing would develop some latent principle which would solve important sociologic problems, we confess to having shared in the general misapprehension and distrust of the "Trust" system. But for the timely articles of a correspondent, we should probably have continued like the rest to fight "monopoly"—under the guise of "Trusts"—perfectly sincere in our opposition. But the four articles published in the JOURNAL, under the striking title, "The Devil," have set us to thinking and studying, and whilst we are not yet prepared to endorse the "Standard Combination" we have no hesitation in saying, as we have said before, that the principle marked out by this combination—to wit: "E Pluribus Unum,"—one-in-many—as applied to great business operations, is the true principle, and under proper guarantees for the safety of the people will evolve under the law of evolution vast and beneficent consequences to commercial and industrial advance. We are studying the question in all its bearings and hope ere long to give the results.

The numbers of the *Political Science Quarterly* (New York: Ginn & Co.) for September and December, 1888, contain each a notable paper by distinguished writers on political economy. The one in the September issue is by George Gunter, and entitled "Economic and Social Aspects of Trusts." In the December number Prof. Theodore W. Dwight treats at length "The Legality of Trusts." The first named writer discusses the question more particularly from the standpoint of competition, taking the ground of Solicitor Dodd in his argument on "Trusts," that the plane of competition is changing from the small dealer, with his costly intermediaries, to the larger corporations which are reducing competition to its minimum. He, like Solicitor Dodd, fails to see the trend of all this "Trust" evolution. It means something else if it means anything, and that just the reverse of competition. What that is, we can hardly divine at present. We are hopeful that it will be a larger gain to humanity than is presented in his narrower view. Prof. Dwight is more logical. He presents his case like a lawyer who believes in his cause, and consumes many pages of the *Political Science Quarterly* in his masterly argument. He thoroughly establishes the legality of trusts from the law side of the question; and if this side was all, his argument would be conclusive. But is it conclusive so far as

public policy is concerned? "Trusts" are becoming, like railroads, matters of public concern as well as of private interest. The public interest is paramount and will, in the end, prevail—either by wise laws or, in their absence, by an indignant public opinion. These discussions are therefore timely and should receive proper attention.

In a different field we are glad to note what a widely known and influential clergyman of the Episcopal Church has to say on the same subject. Rev. R. Heber Newton, in a recent discourse before the congregation of All Souls Church, New York, announces views more in unison with the higher moral and social phases of "Trusts." He looks upon them as the forefeet of God's great evolutionary law in society—bringing gradually peace and good will to man, and the final material redemption of the race.

Thus far, however, we see nothing advanced that meets the practical question. Irresponsible "Trusts," as they are now organized, are not what are wanted. As now constituted they breed distrust, create dissatisfaction among the managers of "Trusts" themselves, and do not organize business upon a scientific basis. The model marked out in the evolution of the Standard Oil Company is a true model, and if an Inter-State Corporation Law was passed by Congress embodying its ideas, with an Inter-State Commission similar to that under which railroads are supervised, the country would have something that the people could understand, something that they would sustain and uphold just as they now do the Inter-State Commerce Law. This was our original suggestion and we have seen no cause to change our opinion,—then very diffidently expressed. Certain it is we want no law, State or National, which legalizes the present so-called "Trusts," but instead we want the Standard principle—"One-in-many"—embodied in legal form. The business world then can go forward and organize its commercial and industrial life in accord with National Law—"E Pluribus Unum."

Talmage and the Johnstown Disaster.

While the country is appalled at the unparalleled disaster, which in an hour's time swept thousands of human beings into eternity and devastated one of the most beautiful valleys; appalled and stands in silence over the unspeakable horror of the scene, Dewitt Talmage, takes the occasion to execute one of his hair-raising dances before an applauding audience; and the whirling rush of his words is only surpassed by the flood of the doomed valley. With wild gesticulations, he cries out:

"The woes aggregate. The flames embrace the flood. The doomed valley becomes an uncovered sepulchre on which the filthy vultures swoop.... The two elements of water and fire are in contention as to which shall do the worst. Enough water to put out the fire, and enough fire to lick up the water, but they interlock their forces to destroy.... I will tell you what we will have to do, and that is leave all to God! This is a calamity too big for human management. Let no one say 'It was a judgment of God upon that people,' as so often it is said in regard to such disasters. No, there are no better people under the sun than those last Friday slain. I have been in their homes and I knew them well. Besides that, there are hundreds of towns and cities by their iniquities inviting divine judgment who were never struck by lightning or washed under inexorable waves. If Brooklyn and New York had been punished for all their sins, the Hudson and East rivers would now stand higher than the piers of the East river bridge and the blue fish would be holding high carnival in our dining halls and pantries."

"Be careful how you try to handle the thunderbolts of the Almighty. God spare our homes, our cities, our nation from any repetition of such horrors! Can that Conemaugh river be the one I have seen pronouncing its gentle benediction upon the farms and the homes on either side of it? Some demon of the pit must have seized upon it. With hands besotted and wrathful it has clutched for all it could reach."

Talmage takes one step forward and relieves God of the responsibility, and then, at a loss for a cause, blindly strikes out and clutches at "some demon from the pit." But if God is all powerful, his allowing a "demon of the pit" to make a holocaust of ten thousand people as good as the preacher testifies those of the Conemaugh valley to have been, does not free him from the responsibility. "Leave all to God," cries the pulpiteer, and yet in the next breath declares if Brooklyn and New York received their just punishment, the waters would stand higher than the tops of the East River Bridge piers, and the blue fish hold high carnival in dining halls and pantries. Who knows best the sins of these cities and their deserved punishments, Talmage or God? While God might, but has not thus far desolated Gotham and its sleeping apartment annex over the bridge, Talmage thinks He may, and appeals to Him: "Spare our homes, our cities, our nation!" If some "demon of the pit" is turned loose, or if God ordains to destroy, will the contortionist of the Tabernacle turn him aside by a figure of rhetoric?

The occasion is one where trusting in God is the poorest of all trusts. The people of Conemaugh Valley trusted in God altogether too much. They trusted in God, and allowed a fishing association, to raise the dam, until without any adequate increase in its strength, the volume of water was quadrupled. They trusted in God and allowed a railroad company to narrow the already limited bed of the stream by their embankment.

God had by countless centuries of floods made a deep water way from the mountain summit to the great river. He had scooped it out to the rock and walled its sides; and the melting snows of spring, and the deluges of autumn rains found free course down the steep descent. Man came and in wanton av-

arice placed an obstruction in the way of the waters. Man came possessed of the power given by knowledge to dam the waters. He knew their power, and the strength of the dam he must use to bind them. He knew also that his dam was not strong enough if they asserted their full power, yet he trusted that God would not pour out the full measure of the clouds, and would temper the storm to the requirements of His creatures' neglect.

An awful responsibility rests on the owners of that reservoir, repeatedly pronounced unsafe, necessarily at best a source of danger. That responsibility is shared by every intelligent inhabitant of the valley, for not vigorously protesting and demanding its removal, that it might not jeopardize the lives of those dependent. Now it has come, the occasion is not "too big for human management." The charity of the nation will supply tamely the demands made upon it, and sanitary science will not leave the wreckage to breed pestilence, as would have been done in past ages when "trusting in God" was the fashion to a greater degree than now. Too much has been "left to God" already, and the lesson has been learned by direct experience, that He has no supporting hand for blind ignorance or superstitions folly; no help for careless stupidity; nor does He interfere with results to those who take reckless chances.

If the Conemaugh disaster will enforce this truth on the minds of this generation, the awful sacrifice will not be wholly in vain. The "Trust in God" idea which creates the happy-go-lucky style so common, of half doing and shaming with poor material and no margin for contingencies in the calculated strength, should forever be relegated to the lumber-room of the world's cast-off superstitions. No more weak dams, no crazy bridges to plunge the hurrying train into abysses, no frail contract houses run skyward on a foundation of half burned brick; and above all, when the waters burst their barriers, trains are wrecked, or houses topple and fall, no "demon of the pit" to make a scapegoat of, no "trust in God," or "dispensation of Providence" to share the damning responsibility.

The Johnstown disaster is an object lesson, speaking in the awful tones of the roaring cataract and illuminated by the flames of the huge funeral pyre, telling us what is expected of us, and the consequences if we fail to apply the lesson.

Joseph Jastrow—Libeller of the Dead.

Our readers will recall the fact that we paid our respects to one Prof. Jastrow some weeks ago for his ignorant assumptions, willful misrepresentations and downright falsehoods incorporated in a paper published in the April number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "The Psychology of Spiritualism." As a builder of "pot-boilers" this impetuous output of some German beer consumer is fairly successful. Owing to his European education he is probably able to falsify in several languages, and although in English he does it bunglingly, yet he is shrewd enough to select a topic on which he is sure magazine publishers are profoundly ignorant, and hence unable to detect the imposition he is practicing on them—for a consideration. Jastrow is an industrious picker-up of other men's leavings. He can whip them into shape with facility, and by the aid of the Ph. D. label which he brought away from school, or bought somewhere, he is able to sell his pieces and thus keep the pot boiling. That he knows absolutely nothing of what he writes about is of no moment so long as his publishers are equally ignorant, and willing to take anything that pretends to be able to kill off Spiritualism.

Our attention is once more attracted to this individual by another "pot-boiler" which he has in *Harper's Magazine* for June, entitled *The Problems of "Psychic Science"*. The paper is merely the reliquiae left over from the skimmings sold to the *April Science Monthly* and would be too inconsequential for notice except for the respectable channel through which it is imposed upon a long suffering public, and the further fact that he refers to his April effort for evidence of the "host of public and private exposures, including almost every known medium."

When we read Jastrow's conglomeration of pseudo-science, mendacity and presumption in the *Popular Science Monthly* we knew he deliberately and maliciously libelled D. D. Home in pretending to quote a confession of fraud made by that honest man, superior medium and devoted advocate of scientific methods in the study of Spiritualism. We knew from our long and intimate acquaintance with Home and with his public and private history that Jastrow was falsifying, and felt sure he had caught up some incident related in "Lights and Shadows" and twisted it to suit his purpose. We called the attention of Mr. Hudson Tuttle to the libel and requested him to hunt up the story which the pseudo-psychic researcher had used to build his fiction on. Here is the libel referred to:

"Add to this the confession of an exposed medium, D. D. Home: 'The first seance I held, after it became known to the Rochester people that I was a medium, a gentleman from Chicago recognized his daughter Lizzie in me after I had covered my small moustache with a flesh-colored cloth, and reduced the size of my face with a sawdust I had purposely hung in the back of the cabinet.'"

Mr. Tuttle, unable to readily find it, wrote Mrs. Home inquiring if she could refer him to any incident recorded by her husband on which Jastrow's story may have been based. Mr. Tuttle forwards us Mrs. Home's reply written at Geneva, Switzerland, the latter part of May, on the eve of her departure for Russia.

MRS. HOME EXPOSES JASTROW.

"The peculiar impudence of the story,"

writes Mrs. Home, "consists in the fact that it has been taken from one of the exposures of trickery published by Mr. Home himself, in 'Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism.' If you will turn to page 405 of the American edition of that work under the heading 'Trickery and its Exposure,' you will find the passage he quotes, word for word. It was taken by Mr. Home from an American (Spiritualist) journal of the year 1876, but as he purposely omitted the names of such persons, I do not know to whom it referred further than that the person's name was 'J.' I thank you for having called my attention to this falsehood and hope the details I here furnish will expose the mendacity of the story and of the person who has published it." On receipt of this information from Mr. Tuttle we turned to page 405 of *Lights and Shadows* and there found the record as stated by Mrs. Home. We also more fully comprehended the atrocious barbarity of Jastrow. *Lights and Shadows* is printed with type very closely resembling that on this editorial page. Mr. Home, giving a history of trickery and exposure and speaking of a materializer who was pursued by skeptical investigators at Rochester, N. Y., quotes from an affidavit given by the trickster after being caught. Mr. Home makes this quotation in a separate paragraph and in type similar to that used in the identical quotation hereinbefore inserted. The internal evidence of Jastrow's screeled proves to a moral certainty that he had *Lights and Shadows* open before him when he abstracted this matter; and that he wilfully substituted D. D. Home in place of the trickster whose confession Home was recording in this book.

One can pity a sneak-thief, overlook an impetuous outburst of villification, and imagine palliating circumstances in a burglar's crime. One can even admire the stupendous gall of a monumental liar who shows courage in the exercise of his mendacity. But for a sneaking, venal libeller of the dead, of a man than whom none nobler or purer or more devoted to spiritual truth has walked the earth in this century, for such a man the English language does not contain words of contempt sufficiently strong and incisive to properly delineate the depths of his depravity.

The American Society for Psychical Research, with the evidence before it of Jastrow's deliberate libel on the good name of the late D. D. Home, has a plain duty to perform which it cannot shirk and live. It should forthwith remove the libeller from the Connell and strike his name from the list of members. If it does not do this it will never see the violets bloom another spring. We stake our reputation as a prophet on this!

"Personalities."

Those who inveigh so strenuously against personalities—meaning thereby the uttering of the truth, or what is believed to be the truth, concerning public characters and exponents of dogmas, may be arranged in three classes: First and loudest are those who, for cogent reasons, are averse to any inquiry into their own characters, and who thoroughly endorse the spirit of the Blavatskian obligation upon esoteric initiates. A beautiful woman who has talked most sweetly and convincingly to public audiences of the goodness of God, and that Christian Science without its theology is nothing, was always and everywhere teaching the heinousness of "personalities." To-day this brilliant Christian woman is practically and publicly enforcing the free love doctrines of Victoria Woodhull, and posing, as did Victoria, before the world as a martyr to her convictions of freedom. Lawyer Beggs, of this city, is another who agrees that personalities are the unpardonable offenses. He is a special friend of Alexander Sullivan, who shot to death a school teacher in this city some years ago in cold blood, and who is under suspicion of having been accessory to the "removal" of Dr. Cronin. Beggs indignantly protested against personalities while on the witness stand before the Coroner in the Cronin inquest. He was opposed on principle to personalities. The *Chicago Times* reveals his *raison d'être* in a leading editorial in last Saturday's issue, as follows:

A SPECIMEN BRICK.

John F. Beggs was "the senior guardian" of a Clan-na-Gael camp. His history was not unknown to the clan men who affiliated with him, to the politicians who associated with him, to the friends about whose name he was so solicitous. That anybody should be an "assassin of character" greatly disturbed Beggs. He couldn't think of permitting so gross an outrage, though it is a matter of record that this senior guardian of camp 20 is a graduate of the penitentiary. He was tried, convicted and sentenced for embezzlement at Cleveland, O. He was divorced by a wife whom he had married under compulsion. His record was made known to persons in Chicago by Mr. Foran, who had been a member of congress from Cleveland and knew his worthless character. But Mr. Beggs loved Ireland so profoundly that he insisted upon serving the cause in a secret camp, and was horrified when an honest and aggressive man like Dr. Cronin should as much as hint that the money secretly raised was stolen.

Beggs's element is a secret society. The sworn companionship of shady detectives of the Coughlin kind was balm to the soul of the Cleveland convict. With the secret society and its ramifications as an aid he might flourish in politics. Indeed, he was conspicuous at Indianapolis last summer as a member of the Irish Republican club. He was a guardian of the clan men of a clan supposed to be laboring intelligently and disinterestedly for Irish independence. The wretch who stole the money of one hapless girl and the virtue of another was a white-souled enthusiast consumed with patriotism and burning with indignation because any one, even in the sanctum-sanctorum of a guarded assembly-room, should be an assassin of character!

Senior Guardian Beggs is typical of a class that has fastened itself upon the noble and unavailing aspiration of the Irish people for nationalism and has used the secret society as the best means of attaining selfish ends.

Second and only less emphatic in their protests, are the mesmerized followers of opposed-to-personalities leaders. They are so fascinated by the magnetism, and claims true or false, of their heroes and heroines that they feel these remarkable people should be permitted to be, each respectively, "a law un-

to himself," or herself more frequently, the grand truths, or unprovable pretens. —they rate equally high with the faith, must be differentiated from the personality of the teacher, must be regarded as uncolored by the moral status of the expounder; an utterly unscientific as well as sophistical argument. Third and last is a very small body of thinkers who lead noble and very busy lives, and in their few hours of leisure take delight in dwelling abstractly upon certain doctrines, Theosophic, Spiritualistic, theologic, sociologic, *ad infinitum*, to whom the individuals formulating or re-stating in modern terms these doctrines are objects of indifference and seldom or never thought of in connection with the engrossing topic.

In addition to the above classifications there may be mentioned a few people so perfectly poised, so clear and logical in their mental processes, that they can with safety to themselves, and free from any shadow of personal bias for or against an individual, take up the teachings or utterances of any person and cull the crystal truth and in their mental laundry cleanse it from all the untruthful or immoral increment accreted during its passage. But such thinkers are very rare; too few in number to be called a class.

Nothing is false in the actual experiences of life, however true it may be in the abstract, than the claim that a truth is a truth, no matter who utters it, and that one can consider the subject matter of a doctrine or principle without being influenced by him who promulgates it. It were as sensible to say that "water is water, and therefore it makes no difference from whence it comes so long as it is cool and pleasant to the taste." Every one knows that water may contain the germs of the deadliest diseases which are only to be detected by analysis, or by their dire effects upon the ignorant and susceptible victim.

None should know so well the necessity of purity of life, both exoteric and esoteric, as Spiritualists and Theosophists, for they know, or are supposed to know, more of the invisible psychic and spiritual potencies surrounding human beings and saturating their every act and word. How often it happens that some preacher or public speaker lifts his hearers into a sweet, exalted state, filling them with peace and hope and noble aspirations—"by his words," as it is commonly expressed; yet when the sermon or lecture appears in cold type it is halting, discursive, common place. What was it that produced the effect, the words, the "truths" he uttered? Not at all! It was that unseen, unheard, psychic power loaded with balm, peace, hope, and aspiration, fertilized with an influx from the spiritual realms, and flowing through a pure and noble human instrument unable to concrete these subtle agents in fitting speech, yet saturating his poor and illy chosen words with the divine essence straight from God's great laboratory. Again, an eloquent man with an unlimited vocabulary, quick imagination, finely modulated voice and perfect training as a public speaker or writer deals with a vital subject and utters truths clothed in the most attractive dress, yet fails to make any lasting impression; fails because the virtue is not in him. Another talks of doctrines and principles, possibly good and true of themselves, but impure himself, lacking in moral qualities, selfish and designing of purpose, he charges his words with psychic poison; and with the subtlety of a Mephistopheles makes the worse appear the better reason; bewilders his followers with hellish sophistry, and leads them on by cunning devices, specious reasoning and loud pretenses through the quagmires of sensuality to the cemetery of virtue and divine aspiration.

The life and conduct, past and present, of one who essays the role of a moral teacher and expounder of religious doctrines, are in a vital and especial manner legitimate subjects of interest and inquiry. If the teachings and doctrines of such an expounder are morally unobjectionable in the abstract, it is important to know whether the teacher has and is leading a life consistent therewith. If the past life has been questionable, it is of consequence to carefully scan the teacher's elaborations to see how far that past life which the teacher desires "shall be regarded as never having had existence in respect of blame for actions committed" [Rule 4 Esoteric Section T. S.] colors and gives character to the teaching, or may still influence life, conduct and modes of thought. Than early habits of body and mind nothing is more persistent and difficult to overcome.

The JOURNAL never publishes "personalities" for sensational purposes, nor merely to wound an individual; but only resorts to such measures when it seems the only sure way of properly guarding the public. The JOURNAL has found it the most effective and swiftest method for relieving the community of danger and has no apologies nor excuses to offer. It takes the responsibility for its editorial methods and asks no one to share them; it obliges correspondents to assume an equally consistent attitude as to their contributions.

Chicago, and the country as a whole, is getting tired of foreign conspirators. Secret clans, whether political or religious, dominated by ambitious and unscrupulous persons have had their day; they are contrary to the genius of this Republic, detrimental to morals, and enslavers of intellectual freedom.

Miss Alice B. Sanger, the President's stenographer, is the first woman ever employed in any such capacity at the White House. Miss Sanger is a native of a suburb of Boston and was famous for her attainments at school.

The Great Internecine War.

It seems the JOURNAL has again wrought better than it knew in its exposure of Mme. Blavatsky's little game for coercing it. Lo and behold! in striking back openly, as is the custom of the JOURNAL, it precipitated an open war among the disciples of the sacred "Wisdom Religion," of which Blavatsky is the pope and general-in-chief.

The bushwhacking, stab-in-the-dark, stilet-to-under-the-ribs business which has, it would appear, been vigorously going on in the Brotherhood for some time, is now, owing to the JOURNAL's independent action, closed out. The opposing factions no longer profess overwhelming love for one another, but each has hoisted the black flag and is gathering its cohorts for a battle to the death. Well, well; it is only history repeating itself. If the JOURNAL has unmasked the "fine Italian hand," and broken the point of the stiletto, it will be better for all parties concerned. But it should be clearly understood that the JOURNAL is not a party concerned in the war among the Brotherhood.

In so far as Theosophy can help the world, that far the JOURNAL is and always has been an ally, with its columns ever serving as an open court at whose bar Theosophists had equal rights with all other advocates. When Mme. Blavatsky, not satisfied with privileges accorded to all, conducted herself in an unprofessional way, she was duly disciplined in a good humored way for contempt of court. That is the long and the short of it. Nothing more, nothing less. The JOURNAL desires to sweepingly declare the falsity of Theosophical gossip now current, to the effect that it is in league with Prof. Cones, or that the Professor is using it as a cat paw to draw the chestnuts out of the fire for him. Dr. Cones doesn't indulge in that sort of monkeying, and the JOURNAL's cat is too old and experienced to be used for such purposes. The JOURNAL's cat is not that kind of a cat, as was shown last week. The JOURNAL's cat can scent monkeying afar off, and is more than a match for any other cat—even a Bengal cat.

The JOURNAL does not propose to be forced into waging a war against any individual Theosophist or body of Theosophists, as such. It has no desire to interfere with other people's business unless that business is detrimental to the public. The JOURNAL has a well-defined platform and clear cut principles. Whatever or whoever undertakes to knock the pins from under that platform or run counter to these principles must expect its vigorous opposition. But that opposition will be open and aboveboard.

The JOURNAL has many warm friends among Theosophists, and respects their friendship, and will continue to welcome them and all others of the Brotherhood to its columns,—only demanding that they come as free and independent thinkers with no collar around their necks and no brand of E. S. over their hearts.

The Calvinistic Church.

It appears from the reports of the Presbyterian Assembly, which lately met in New York, that there is a remarkable falling off in the number of candidates for the large and conservative denomination there represented. While the number of ministers in all churches is yearly growing less in proportion to communicants, the organs of the Presbyterian Church are fain to confess, with sadness, that there is the chief sufferer of all. And by what cause? Why are not young men eager to subscribe to dogmas bearing such a venerable paternity? Why crowd they not in flocks to the labor of saving souls from eternal perdition? What special causes hinder when such tremendous issues are before humanity?

Simply because men no longer dare to stultify themselves. From the appalling horrors crystallized in the Westminster Catechism they shrink in consternation. It has come to be the promoter of doubt rather than of faith, of irreligion rather than of piety. He has a narrow experience who is not conversant with, even if he has not himself experienced, painful and prolonged spiritual agony, where the soul wrestled with hereditary traditions and teachings till they were overthrown once for all. Happy is he if the wrestling has not left him faithless; if like Theodore Parker, there still remains an unshaken belief in God, immortality and the eternal triumph of Good.

Out of such crises come; to the unspiritual, rank materialism. This world is all there is, and its deity is Money, Power and Pleasure, a triune god. In fact, it may be safely asserted that Calvinism is the parent of two-thirds of the infidelity of Christendom.

In spite of all the facts of the present and the signs of the future, the Presbyterian Assembly has refused to reconsider that monstrous catechism propounded by the assembly which convened in Westminster Abbey, by the order of Parliament, nearly 250 years ago. Yet it cautiously puts forward the following questions to the various Presbyterians:

1. Do you desire a revision of the Confession of Faith?

2. If so, in what respects and to what extent?

Even these queries are considered, by the organs of the Presbyterian Church, as a "tremendous admission," because they concede that "the standards of the Church are simply the opinions of fallible men, which other fallible men may properly revise, and even abrogate if they so desire. It takes the decrees of the Westminster Assembly out of the category of inspired utterances in which they have been placed by vague tradition and assigns to them a human origin." (!)

It is occasionally well to survey such fields

as these territories under Calvinistic jurisdiction in order to appreciate the fact that the Middle Ages are still to be found in the latter portion of the 19th century. No wonder that "the Presbyterian Church will soon experience a ministerial famine" that may jeopardize its very existence unless something is done to check it.

"Total depravity is a very comforting doctrine if people will only live up to it," said an old lady. But they will neither live up to it nor preach it; hence the famine ministerial.

Poet Whitman's Seventieth Birthday.

It appears from the Camden, N. J., Post, that a testimonial was given to Walt Whitman, the poet, in that city on the evening of May 31st, and it was said to be the greatest event in the history of Camden's literary and social life. Nearly 200 gentlemen gathered to congratulate the poet on reaching his seventieth birthday. They came from many quarters—east, west, north and south being alike represented. The guests began arriving shortly after four o'clock, and by 5:30 the spacious ante-rooms were packed and a minute later they moved to the banquet hall. While the banquet was in progress, Mr. Whitman entered in his wheeled chair pushed by his faithful nurse, Edward Wilkins. As he passed the portal, a colored waitress rushed up to him exclaiming: "I must shake hands wid dat man," and true to his democracy, the emancipator gave her hand a warm clasp. The arrival of the poet was the signal for tremendous applause. While he was lovingly escorted by the committee of arrangements to his place at the head of the table the entire company stood in respectful silence. Our "Grand Old Man," whose verse has moved two continents to lay their tribute of admiration at his feet, sat enthroned among his friends like a Viking king, his long white hair and beard falling like finely drawn silver over his shoulders and breast. Never was a scene more impressive. Every man there felt, when he looked upon his face and form, that he was in the presence of a master mind. To Mr. Whitman's most ardent admirers the scene came home with all the force of a great triumph, and an acknowledgment of their Nestor's worth and genius.

Mr. Grey announced Thos. B. Harned as respondent to the toast, "Our Distinguished Guest." Mr. Harned said: "In the year 1873, Walt Whitman came to the City of Camden, poor and paralyzed. He had no thought then that his life would be lengthened to seventy years. He had devoted his best years to the sacred duty of nursing the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. No tongue can tell the extent of that ministry. With untiring devotion, vigilance and fidelity, without fee or reward, he served his country in the hour of her greatest need. The history of the war presents no instance of nobler duty or sublimer sacrifice. But the stalwart and majestic physique had to succumb to the terrible strain. The man we honor came among us to spend his last days with those who were near and dear to him. The man 'Walt Whitman,' is greater than his book or any book. He is made of that heroic stuff which creates such books. He, himself is the great epic of the senses, passions, and attributes of the body and soul. Dear as he is to America and her democracy, yet he belongs to the whole world. We have seen him on our streets, or frequenting the ferry boats, or driving over the neighboring roads. His companions have been from every walk of life—and more especially the poor and humble. He has taken a personal interest in the welfare of many of our merchants, deck-hands, or car drivers. No person was beneath his attention. In nothing does he show his simplicity as he does in his love for children—they all know him. There is that about him which binds men to him. His life work is finished. He awaits the end with complacency. The consecration is complete. We crown him—poet, prophet, philosopher—the incarnation of modern humanity."

The "Theosophist" and Christianity.

The JOURNAL this week republishes from the May number of *The Theosophist* (Adyar, India), an able reply to "A Christian"; an answer which is commended to all candid readers. *The Theosophist* it will be admitted offers a presentation that no Christian can successfully meet. The objects of the T. S. as set forth in the sixth paragraph are commendable. In declaring, as does *The Theosophist*, that it refuses "to be forced into the position of defender or champion of Theosophists in general," it takes a wise and sound position, though one wholly at variance with the obligations Blavatsky imposes on her Esoteric slaves. *The Theosophist* undoubtedly stands ready to defend any member of the cult when the merits of the particular case warrant such championship; but, like the JOURNAL, it does not propose to be forced by the outside world nor by those professing of its own faith, into a defense of the vagaries, inconsistencies, tomfooleries and immoralities of people professing its doctrines. This is the strongest possible position, both wise and just; one that will be successful in the long run and carry its advocate on to victory, long after its contemporaries pursuing a different policy have fallen by the way.

The Light of Egypt—Correction.

In making up the advertisement for "The Light of Egypt" the manager of our book department was at a loss to say who was the author, as the name could not be given; in this dilemma he used the word "Adept," sup-

posing that would cover it. Now comes a note from the author:

".....Duty compels me to request you to alter the advertisement as it appears in the JOURNAL. Strike out the word 'Adept,' and insert Initiate. I am not an adept, and certainly don't wish the reading public to purchase the book under any such false supposition. I, like you, hate pretense."

We make the change with pleasure and say: All honor to the modest author, whose book will sell none the less readily for his disclaimer of adeptship.

THE SABBATH OBSERVANCE QUESTION.

The Movement Gaining Grounds.

In line with the policy inaugurated by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, and followed by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Bee Line, and other roads operating in connection with the Vanderbilt System, to discontinue, as far as practicable, all labor on their railways on the Sabbath, an agreement has just been reached to close all the city ticket offices in Buffalo on Sunday, beginning with June 9th. This will give a large number of men an opportunity to secure a well-earned rest, and the railways, interested are entitled to great credit for this movement. The example should be followed in every city in the United States.

Owing to the arrival of delayed trains it may be found impossible to close the depot ticket offices, but there is no reason why the city ticket offices of all the railways in the country should not be closed on Sunday.

Chicago and Buffalo have adopted the "Sunday Closing" rule. What city will be next to have its name placed on the new roll of honor?

GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe will lecture next Sunday at Benton Harbor, Mich.

As *You Like It* will be the next volume of Dr. Furness' "Variorum Shakespeare," to appear in the autumn.

Mrs. Amarala Martin of Cairo, our well known correspondent and contributor, has kindly remembered us by sending her cabinet photograph to be placed with our collection.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, who wrote the excellent sketch of the late Laurence Oliphant which appeared in *Blackwood*, is engaged upon a larger biography to be published in book form.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie will lecture in Cleveland the last two Sundays of this month. Between the 24th and 30th she is open for week-evening engagements contiguous to Cleveland. Address care of Mrs. Aminon, 1639 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

Mme. Blavatsky, the Theosophist, has explained the Keely Motor. She says: "The force is in Keely, is part of him and will die with him." The stockholders of the Keely Motor Company should get Keely's life insured for a large amount. Or does Mme. Blavatsky mean that there is no hope for the stockholders?

Thousands of people in all parts of the country knew and respected Prof. Wm. Denton. Tens of Thousands have listened to his scientific lectures and to his words of burning eloquence on reform topics. Such will be interested in the book by his son Sherman, *Incidents of a Collector's Rambles*, etc., more fully mentioned under the head of book reviews in this issue.

The four books that have had the largest circulation at the Mercantile Library of New York during the past year are "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and Motley's "Correspondence." We do not believe that any other public library in the world could show better evidence of progressive thought among its readers than this.

E. E. Bamforth, proprietor of the Bay View House at Queen City Park (Burlington), Vermont, is a model host. He is not only a clever fellow but knows how to keep a hotel. He has just issued a neat pamphlet setting forth the attractions of the place as a health and pleasure resort, which should be procured by those looking for these desiderata at a moderate cost. The Spiritualist camp opens July 16th and continues four weeks, and will be followed by the grove meetings of the Universalists of New England lasting to September 1st.

The death of Allen Thorndyke Rice was a sad blow to the editorial profession which ranked him as one of its best equipped leaders. When appointed Minister to France Mr. Rice with his accustomed wisdom selected Mr. W. H. Rideing of Boston to take his place as editor of the *North American Review*. Mr. Rideing will edit the July number and probably continue in charge; this will depend upon the action of Mr. Rice's heirs, or his wishes expressed in his will if shall be found that he provided for such a contingency.

Mr. U. D. Thomas formerly of Indiana, later of Minneapolis, has settled in Milwaukee. Mr. T. is a "mental scientist" and a clairvoyant medium, also a poet of considerable merit. His office is 470 East Water street. He is a great temperance man, and was in Chicago last week in attendance upon a convention of Good Templars. Chicago is by all odds the city for conventions. Big hotels, plenty of them, sight-seeing in abundance—and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. What more can visitors want?

COINCIDENCES

[The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincidence may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL].

—97—

Medwin, in his conversations of Byron, reports Byron as saying (page 58):

"I was not so young when my father died but that I perfectly remember him; and had very early a horror of matrimony, from the sight of domestic broils. This feeling came over me very strongly at my wedding. Something whispered to me that I was sealing my own death-warrant. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Napoleon many warnings. At the last moment I would have retreated, if I could have done so. I called to mind a friend of mine, who had married a young, beautiful and rich girl, and yet was miserable. He had strongly urged me against putting my neck in the same yoke, and to show you how firmly I was resolved to attend to his advice, I betted Hay fifty guineas to one that I should always remain single. Six years afterwards I sent him the money."

On page 37, Medwin reports: "It had been predicted by Mrs. Williams, that twenty-seven was to be a dangerous age for me. The fortune-telling witch was right; it was destined to prove so. I shall never forget the 2nd of January. Lady Byron was the only unconcerned person present; Lady Noel, her mother, cried: I trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and after the ceremony called her Miss Millbanke. There is a singular history attached to the ring. The very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother's that had been lost, was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it was sent on purpose for the wedding; but my mother's marriage had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappier union still."

"I told you I was not oppressed in spirits last night without a reason. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second sight. Rousseau tried whether he was to be d—d or not, by aiming at a tree with a stone; I forgot whether he hit or missed. Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, to determine whether he was to prosper in some undertaking. Have you ever had your fortune told? Mrs. Williams told mine. She predicted that twenty-seven and thirty-seven were to be dangerous ages in my life. One has come true." (He was married in his twenty-seventh, and died in his thirty-seventh year.)

Talking of romances, he said: "The Monk" is, perhaps, one of the best in any language, not excepting the German. It only wanted one thing, as I told Lewis, to have rendered it perfect. He should have made the demon really in love with Ambrosio; this would have given it a human interest. The Monk was written when Lewis was only twenty, and he seems to have exhausted all his genius on it. Perhaps at that age he was in earnest in his belief of magic wonders. That is the secret of Walter Scott's inspiration: he retains and encourages all the superstitions of his youth. Lewis caught his passion for the 'marvellous,' and it amounted to a mania with him, in Germany (page 229). On page 102 he says: You may imagine the fright the poor devil of a doctor was in; and I could not help smiling at the ludicrous way in which his fears showed themselves. I believe he was more pleased at my recovery than either my faithful nurses or myself. I had no intention of dying at that time; but if I had died, a similar thing would have been told of me to that related as having happened to Col. Sherbrooke in America. On the very day my fever was at the highest, a friend of mine declared he saw me in St. James's street; and somebody put my name down in the book at the Palace, as having inquired after the King's health! Everybody would have said that my ghost had appeared"

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

GENERAL NEWS.

Boulanger says he likes the Londoners, but he can't admire their climate and dinners.—On his tour to Asia Minor and Persia H. Rider Haggard will be accompanied by an American negro.—Rosa Bonheur celebrates her seventieth birth day this year. She is still painting industriously.—There is a story floating about in England to the effect that the new courier who accompanied Queen Victoria to Biarritz was a woman in man's attire.—President Harrison has given to J. C. Ward, who is going as a missionary to India, a letter of introduction to "his royal highness Assaf-Jah-Musuff-Ul-Muek-Nizam-Na-Dowlah-Meer-Mabook Ah-Khan-Bahadur-Futich-Jung, G. C. S. J."—Joseph Jefferson gave a performance of his famous role, Rip Van Winkle, at Niblo's Garden recently to an audience composed of 1,500 orphaned boys and girls from the private and public founding asylums of New York.—William Roane Ruffin, who died at Valley Farm, Chesterfield County, Virginia, a few days ago was a great grandson of Thomas Jefferson.—Mrs. Cleveland has kindly consented to have her name used by Mrs. Chapin, of Brooklyn, as a "patroness" of a fair to be given for the benefit of the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives.

A common question now-a-days is, "What is Tar Old?" That this remarkable preparation is carrying favor is most apparent from the fact that it is continually invoking universal interest. Tar Old is an unfailing cure for "Piles," Salt Rheum and all Skin diseases. 50c. Of Druggists.

Mrs. Ward's article in *North American* on "Sin and Unbelief" shows the change that is going on in theological affairs. The only wonder is that by any method the popular idea became established that not to believe a doctrine involved guilt, and skepticism or agnosticism endangered a soul's eternal future. A few people may be left in intelligent circles who consider themselves safer for giving credence to what they can not demonstrate or understand, but the majority are no longer afraid to question, investigate and hold in abeyance. Mrs. Ward only voices the age.

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Try BEECHAM'S PILLS.
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Contains over 750 pages. The most complete
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directions for every infant and child in health
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and was soon convinced of the importance of this present
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—BY—

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In 1847 Dr. Raue published a work in Germany with the
object of popularizing psychology as a natural science which
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idea of one of the most readable books in its line we have
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the author shows in every chapter evidence of profound
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Tells how much it costs to start the business, and how a me-
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Higher Carelessness.

Philosophists believe there is a state of mind, the "higher carelessness," which is the ultimate state realizable by man in the flesh, the condition of the highest perfection possible to mortality.

Though a creed that glorifies carelessness will not probably make many converts among such a partially systematic and care-encumbered race as ours, yet there is a lesson of deep significance in the idea that will do us all good to study.

The gospel of prudence, of forethought, of pounds and pence, of providing for to-morrow and next year, and the next life, has been so persistently preached that the world perhaps needs to have the gospel of unconcern presented to it. Every cemetery is filled with untimely graves of men who harvested their crops before they were sown, who fought the pirates from their cargoes before their ships set sail, who perpetually heaped the burdens of next week upon shoulders bending under the weight of the burden of to-day. There are farmers who fight weeds in winter, and break roads through the snow-drifts of July. There are clergymen who preach their sermons Monday, and editors who get out day-after-to-morrow's papers in addition to the paper of to-day, at the same time worrying over the paper of yesterday. To have the world to-day is a sun-glass held over their heads, in which is converged the rays of the past, the present and the future. No wonder their brains boil under this focalized heat and their nerves snap under its scorching intensity!

Nervous prostration never attacks men who live only one day at a time. It attacks those who are the slaves of yesterday and afraid of to-morrow.

There are so many men who live as if they hoped by taking thought to add a cubit to their stature, and who have made the world into such a military barracks of discipline and duty that this Higher Carelessness of the Philosophists is just the kind of reactionary doctrine that we need. Who is right, the optimist or the pessimist? This is a question none of us can answer dogmatically in this life. Yet no one can doubt that the world would be much happier if there were more optimists. When a man is fully assured that everything is for the best—and is not this the essence of all religion?—there can be no possible misfortune for him.

To make life less worrisome and blunt the edge of misfortune with a laugh, this is the effect of the philosophy of the Higher Carelessness, and a very good sort of philosophy it is.—*Globe, Boston, Mass.*

Dr. Talmage calls attention to the significant fact that the angel that rolled a stone set down on it. Other ministers have wholly overlooked this sublime fact. You see, he could just as well have shouldered the stone and carried it to heaven with him—but he didn't; he set down on it. He has been born in heaven, the Doctor assures us that that angel had ways had an easy time of it, and when he undertook to push that rock he found his mettle well put to it. But he did it, and then sat down to wipe off the perspiration. Since that he speaks of that with the rock as one of the big events of his angelic career. There is considerable talk nowadays about French realism, but it never approaches the fine, realistic style of Brooklyn.

Maine boasts of having a genuine native-born Mohammedan. He is a queer fellow, who finally became satisfied that the best religion was the one that was that of the Arabian prophet. He is true to his new convictions, prays three times a day in a prostrate position, facing the east. At sunrise he rises from his bed, bathes head and feet and hands and bows to the east. This he repeats at midday and sunset. From Saturday night till Monday morning, at all times eats but twice a day. Well, he is quite as good a Christian as those who turn their faces and prayers about to face different days and compass points. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind—so far as he has one of his own.

Planetary Evolution or a New Cosmogony, being an explanation of Planetary Growth and Life Energy, upon the basis of Chemical and Electrical relations of the elements of nature. There is a great demand to illustrate the process of Evolution and this work may assist the reader to a better knowledge of Natural Laws. Price, cloth, \$1.00, paper 50 cents. For sale here.

Illuminated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana, by Siddhartha Sakya Muni. The original doctrines of "The Light of Asia" and the explanations of the nature of life in the physical and spiritual worlds. This work was recently published and the preface informs the reader was originally written in India but being so intimately connected with the present religious ideal of America and Europe an edition in English was the result. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50 cents. For sale here.

What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will no doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents. For sale here.

D. D. Home's Life and Mission is as popular as when first from the press and it is well worth the praise it has received. The career of a remarkable medium like D. D. Home should be familiar to all students of the spiritual philosophy and occult students generally. Cloth, plain \$2.00; gilt, \$2.25. For sale at this office.

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Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ is the significant title of a most valuable work by Dr. Anna B. Kingsford and Edward Maitland. It is a strong and lasting monument to the memory of Dr. Kingsford, so lately passed to a higher life. The work is adapted to all classes, as theosophists claim it is the Christian scripture and the liberal reading is not complete without it, as they find many truths in its pages, and Spiritualists and Liberals are discovering much that is convincing and corroborating in the facts and statements. Price, \$2.00; postage, fifteen cents extra. This edition is a facsimile of the one which costs \$4.00. For sale at this office.

A Few of the Many Good Books for Sale at the Journal Office.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism is the appropriate title of a pamphlet containing an answer to Rev. T. W. Talmage's tirade on Modern Spiritualism, by Judge A. H. Delley an able antagonist to Talmage. Price only five cents.

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die, shall he live again? a lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and anything from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

The History of Christianity is out in a new edition, price, \$1.50. The works of Henry Gibbon are classed with standard works and should be in the library of all thoughtful readers. We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price, \$1.50.

Animal Magnetism, by Deluze is one of the best expositions on the subject of Magnetism. Price, \$2.00, and well worth the money.

How to Magnetize by Victor Wilson is an able work published many years ago and reprinted simply because the public demanded it. Price, 25 cents.

Protection or Free Trade? One of the ablest arguments yet offered is Giles B. Stebbins' American Protectionist, price, cloth, 75 cents, paper cover, 25 cents. Most appropriate work to read in connection with the address of Mr. Stebbins' Progress from Poverty, an answer to Henry George's Progress and Poverty. This work has run through several editions and is in great demand, price, cloth, 50 cents; paper 25 cents.

The President, while ashore at Leonardtown during his trip to the Potomac, met a local character known as Gen. Bayley, who told Gen. Harrison that he had been several times a candidate for the Presidency and always been knocked out, but that he would be willing to relieve Gen. Harrison if he should get tired of the place. "Well, I'm tired of it already," was the reply; but to Gen. Bayley's offer he snatched him at once the President rejoined that it would be necessary for him to go through certain formalities, and Bayley acquiesced.

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"Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best in the world."—T. M. Munsie, Shawmut, N.Y.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.

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A MAN

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HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO
THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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VOL. XLVI.

CHICAGO, JUNE 22, 1889.

No. 18

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON'S LETTER.

Golden Words from the Golden State—Garnished with the Jewels of Thought and Laden with the Perfumes of Flowers from the Lovely Santa Clara Valley.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Hidden away here at the feet of hoary mountains, in a leafy solitude where scarcely a sound from the busy world ever comes, my thoughts are nevertheless with the multitudes that this day, May 30th, march to strains of solemn music, scattering flowers above the graves of our heroic countrymen whose precious blood was the price of freedom; and I am glad that love lives longer than hate, and that to-day finds fresh flowers above the mouldering forms that were the grey as well as the blue, while North and South unite in doing honor to their dear courageous dead. It is a beautiful rite and arouses a poetic sentiment in the sternest breast. There are no dead save the forgotten, and it is well, once a year, at least, to remember how much Union and Liberty have cost, the deeds of valor possible to men, and how sweet is peace compared to war! And I can but believe that on Decoration Day the two worlds draw near. Do not the arisen souls of those sleeping forms smile above their kindred and countrymen, a little happier for the sweet remembrance? And while we scatter flowers do not they breathe benedictions? Are they not glad that through them the earth has been partly rid of whips and chains and women's tears? True, we still weep; but what a difference there is in tears! Some scald and sear, and harden, rather than ease the heart, while others are genuine holy water, helping to sanctify and heal, catching the light of heaven in their crystal globes, and flashing God's love out upon the world!

When I wrote you last, our southern Spring had just unfurled her pale green banners on the hills and was softly trailing her flower-broidered robes a-down the sun-warmed valleys. Now her queen-sister, Summer, looks at us from serene skies, waving a magic wand which transmutes the air and sunshine into luscious fruits,—my mother-birds preen their pretty wings proudly above nests that overflow with new-born melodies; the magnolias open their big white blooms like fragrant censers swaying in the wind, and a golden robin, up there in his great, leafy home which required more than a century to build, almost breaks his heart up into song, trying to tell me of the eternities of love and joy that are possible even in our old toilsome world. What changes that robin-song has rung upon my memory! I close my eyes of flesh and straightway little children, who were so precious to the heart of God that their white feet were taken from earth's thorny paths and set safely within the vaulted glory of the angel-world without a print of pain upon them, are dancing around my knees, and by the robin's notes I know that even so transient a thing as a baby's smile takes hold on immortality! And if the shadow of joy is not permitted to suffer death, how can the thing itself be ever lost?

Solemn anniversaries are coming to me in quick succession now. Every member of Flora's family, as she opens her perfumed life, then droops her head and passes, whispers some message of last year's love and sorrow; and when earth is at her fairest it would seem most fitting that the dear arisen should part the curtain of death a little way and make some sign to those who toil and wait in loneliness. How strange that a contrary notion should ever have gained credence! Without a single demonstration to rest upon,

the spiritualistic idea is too completely in harmony with nature's methods to be rejected by the rational mind.

And what ought to be is, at least as regards this need of the human heart; for daily, hourly, the immortal hosts signal us from the shining uplands of eternal life. In illustration of this fact, allow me to relate a circumstance of very recent occurrence. Mrs. H. E. Robinson, the remarkable psychic, whose intuitions rendered me very valuable aid in my late bereavement, was spending a few days of restful quiet here, during which time we had been almost continually conversing of spirit presence, although not "seeking after signs," and the morning of which I write we were sitting on the vine-wreathed veranda overlooking a scene of summer loveliness, our hearts full of gratitude for the ministry of peace and beauty, when Mrs. Robinson suddenly turned to me and said: "There is some one very dear to you who has been passing through great sorrow. I see him weighed down with care, held a prisoner to distressing circumstances through the sickness, long and terrible, of some one belonging to him." She then described my dear brother, L. S. Lowe, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, minutely, and exclaimed: "Thank God, release has come! It is over at last!" And what she assured me were "happy tears" overflowed his eyes.

Within two hours my mail arrived, and the first letter I opened was from my brother. Imagine, if you can, what my feelings were when I read: "I hardly know what words to make use of to convey the news of Hattie's release from her long imprisonment! She passed to spirit life last Friday morning, and how my heart swelled with joy as I saw her breathe the last breath of pain on earth." For three years she had been paralyzed and suffered beyond words to describe, during which time, brother, no less brave on that battle field than those where he had fought three other bloody years, had scarcely left her bed side! Oh, there is but one world, nature's own; one heaven, right action; one life, continuous, eternal, in which death is but an incident for which we often have reason to thank God, and out of whose white mystery there come to us solemn and tender strains of exultant song.

The fact that there are souls so steeped in selfishness and sensuality, so stone-blind to the beneficent but inexorable laws of being as to trade in human grief, simulating God's mercy, masking as ministering spirits and making false signs in the name of heaven, can in no wise controvert the truth; and while one such as Rowley is writhing over defeated lies, millions are drawing ever nearer to the eternal reality of spirit life. The frequent exposures of public mediums and the climax of fraud recently reached by Rowley, the telegrapher, have accentuated an assertion made by or through the writer several years ago, viz: "Men will get nearer to the Spirit-world by the evolution of their own innate spiritual faculties rather than by the employment of physical agencies on the part of spirits. Mortals must become more sublimated, not spirits more materialized." Are not the "astrals" of the Theosophists simply the aura of spirits temporarily or permanently unfused? The old spiritualistic idea in a new dress? The soul can so far insulate itself from its gross surroundings as to sense or perceive the otherwise unseen, unknown. And the only desirable mediumship, in my humble opinion, is that state in which the subject becomes truly "superior," i. e., personally in rapport with higher intelligences.

Are not the frauds and charlatans in Spiritualism doing a very necessary work after all, in disgusting us with the show side of our faith? Ignorant image worship is hardly worse than the late mania after materializing kings, queens, Arab sheiks and other "ancient spirits." Is it not time to inquire what our faith is really based upon? I am frank to say that were our demonstrated facts confined to the physical phases of mediumship I should consider the ship we sail in a very leaky craft. But on the contrary our sustaining facts inhere in the very constitution of nature. The psychic side of life is continually vibrating to the touches of its exalted kindred. The whole trend of religious experiences, from the earliest dawn of history to the present day is in favor of the foundation facts of all religions—immortality and inter-communion between the living and the so-called dead. R. Heber Newton and M. J. Savage, each in a frank and masterly manner, have emphasized the above statement. These men, standing on the highest watch-tower of a liberal conservatism, have discovered that ever re-affirming, irresistible nature is pouring a mighty tide of living, vital truth against the creed-walled fortresses of the old theology, making a wide breach at the very garden of Eden, demolishing original sin, drowning total depravity, quenching hell, and humanizing Jesus; in short, the theory of evolution, supported by ever-accumulating facts, is revolutionizing the religions of the world; and thank God, there are men in high places too wise, too much in love with truth and humanity, to shut their eyes and withhold the blessed light from the people who look to them for hope and comfort.

There is far too much gross materialism among professed Spiritualists; a determination to wrench from the spirits a definite description of their country and habits in minutest details—a perfectly preposterous proposition; but so persistently persevered in that we have, as a result, volumes of romantic rubbish, in which the Spirit-world is represented simply as earth on a holiday, every-

body clad like kings and queens at their coronation!

It is to be hoped that we shall soon see the last of this evanescent spiritism, to give place to a rational conception of life in its entirety—content to develop the possibilities for beauty and joy in this world, realizing that each epoch in the soul's ever unfolding power is perfect of its kind, and that, even as the human embryo could not be made to comprehend what awaits it in the wider sphere for which it is unconsciously preparing, neither can we accurately conceive of the state of being into which death is the open door.

We have little reason to suppose that the purest clairvoyant vision is an actual seeing of disembodied spirits and their environments as they really exist. All we can aver with any degree of certainty is that our so-called dead are still conscious intelligences, with power to impart their thoughts, pictures of their former selves and symbolical representations of their present existence, upon our atmosphere. The forces they employ, the laws controlling our intercourse with, and cognition of, them are almost unknown to us. What is there in the realm of feeling which can fairly illustrate the marvels of light and sound, color and music to one born blind and deaf? No doubt the race, through evolutionary processes, is gradually unfolding powers of psychic perception hitherto confined to a few. Just as music and painting, or the power to conceive of and recreate beauty and harmony, is fast becoming universal; so the higher spiritual faculties are operative to a vastly greater degree than even a hundred years ago. To this fact do we owe the multiplication of "the gifts of the spirit" rather than to an advance of intelligence and power on the part of the angel world.

We are being prepared for closer contact with the higher life, and our heavenly prerogatives will increase in a direct ratio with our spiritual development. Nor shall we ever know what we are capable of being and enjoying until we practically acknowledge our mutual interdependence as men and women, and elevate the entire standard of human living. History clearly demonstrates a close connection between physical and psychical advancement. The way to heaven is not paved with the skulls of slaves, but with the deeds of free, well born, well-fed, hopeful-hearted men and women!

Spiritualism is a natural, scientific religion. It reveals life as a divine unit. As in the sidereal universe there is no up nor down, no high or low except relatively speaking,—so the true prophet of the new religion sees that body and soul, matter and spirit, are equally necessary, equally pure and divine. Away with the false doctrine that only some distant heaven is worth working for, and that angelhood and happiness are possible only after death! The religion of nature is shined in every aspiring soul, in lowliest life as truly as among the stars!

God is in the infinitesimal, else is He not infinite! We need not travel far to see the working of His miracles. They crowd every corner of illimitable space. Nor do spirits—our veiled dead—smother back into mortality to make their changeless affection known. They wait for our life-windows to open; they touch the hidden springs of our spiritual being; they breathe across the closed portals of the inner soul, and lo! we are with them; we lean outward, upward into their atmosphere, and so our hearts are cleansed and comforted, and when in order to complete the round of being we sink back to our normal condition, we never fall quite to the old level—somewhat has been added to our soul stature forevermore!

Spiritualists should not stumble nor falter when selfish greed masquerades in the white mantle of their faith; nor seek to shield or cover up a lie lest the dear truth suffer. That which is founded in the constitution of things will live all ages and all peoples. The facts of Spiritualism are so plentiful, so constant in their recurrence, that all bolstering up of fraud is worse than thrown away, and to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL more than to any other human agency do we owe the cleansing of our ranks from impostures of every sort. Ready to sustain and enhance every true spirit-work; insisting on fair play when a question of fraud has arisen; but always justly careful to guard its constituents from deceit—frank to admit itself mistaken when controverting facts are furnished,—is it not the duty of every honest man and woman to whom spiritual truth is dear, to lend a hand and help to perfect the JOURNAL's work? And yet I received a letter this very day from Rochester, N. Y., in which a friend alluding to the Rowley episode says: "It is believed by some Spiritualists here that Bundy has been bought!" It seems incredible that any sane mind can entertain such a preposterous idea! Consider the long years of struggle the JOURNAL has had in order to place before the people a rational, scientific Spiritualism, replete with demonstrated facts; rich in philosophical inquiry; glowing with a reverent faith in humanity; mounting to the very apex of religious journalism; an evangel of light to high and low, educated and ignorant, presenting to the army of malignant pseudo-mediums an impregnable front, yet tenderly considerate to the victims of unfortunate circumstances—not always entirely forgiving toward the wrong-doer, but grandly true to truth. God bless it!

Sunny Brae has been having quite a pentecostal season within the past few weeks. First came the poet-singer, James G. Clark, author of "The Infinite Mother," a rhythmic word-picture of the universe borne on the

bosom of Infinite Love; it alone should immortalize its author, and, indeed, Mr. Clark seems immortal in the flesh, with a soul as young as ever and as full of song. On the waves of his melodious voice we sailed out upon a shining sea of prophet-thoughts, and felt the "good time coming" momentarily more near. Then a little company of earnest, congenial souls, headed by N. F. Ravelin, pastor of "The Church of Humanity," San Jose, came to compare notes with us, and take a bird's eye survey of the great field of reformatory work. Mr. Ravelin is doing nobly—ruining the saloons, it is said—at least diminishing their Sunday's evil gains, and I know of no higher compliment to be paid any preacher than that he is drawing men up to the levels of better thinking, away from alcohol and lust. O, the divine dynamics contained in one white-winged, heaven-ward soaring thought! Give it time and it will lift the world!

Scarcely were my farewells spoken to these dear friends when I stood face to face with my old school-mate, Annie Herbert, author of "When the clouds have rolled away," after an interval of twenty-five years. Fancy us scanning each other's changed faces in search of the changeless soul and after the first baffled, disappointed glance, gradually to see the mists rolling away, the grey hairs and wrinkles giving up the familiar, persistent ego! How many coils of matter it had slipped, retaining through all the outer transmutations the I am—and will you believe that in a little while, we were so like our young selves to each other it seemed but a span of time since we were curling our brown and golden locks by the pebbly brook that mingled its music with our happy laughter in the long ago. Think of it, oh, ye disciples of Non-Egoism! Why, I am beginning to believe that Bob, the mocking bird, will be an everlasting mocker! In other words, that the universe retains the identity of its spirit parts forever! As I studied the pathetic lines on my little friend's face, I read the history of some of her sorrows of triumph over pain, and of longing love and hope. Most true poems are written in blood and tears. Stars shine brightest from depths of moonless nights. But I am trespassing on your space and time, and yet I cannot drop my pen without attempting to picture my happy visit with Lizzie Doten, which was the climax of my spiritual feast. Miss Doten spent the winter on this coast, principally in the mountains with old Boston friends, and her visit to Sunny Brae was just prior to her return to her Eastern home. I know not why she should have been drawn to me, personally a stranger, unless it was because I needed her—she sometimes recognizes that, in truth, God always gives us what we really need, but this I know, all Sunny Brae seemed holy ground while she tarried here; and Heaven was so near, its white light so all enfolding, that earth and human life, blood stained and sorrowing as they are, seemed near redemption! What soul ever attained a clear conception of God and the vision of this perfect love save through a school of sorrow?

Strength, truth and tenderness are the chief charms of Miss Doten's mobile face. Earnestness, sincerity, courage to cope with fiercest doubts and accept truth though it slay the dearest hope—a wise discrimination between sinners and sin; an unselfish love for humanity; an optimistic faith, absolute knowledge of life beyond the grave—these are some of the traits and treasures of this woman's soul! When shall we see her lifted to her legitimate place as teacher of the religion of humanity? For hours I listened to her eloquent speech, her inimitable, unwritten poems—our pulses thrilling to the same illumined thoughts, as leaf after leaf of the heart-book of the world, turned by spirit power, presented pictures of despair, of struggle, progress and finally, prophecies of spiritual victory!

Spiritualists! the whole current of human and divine events is trending toward the establishment of the main facts of our noble faith. Every discovery in the domain of science is an obstacle in our path removed; the ramparts of religious bigotry are giving way—all that is required of us to complete the work so nobly begun is to cease from bickering over non-essentials, put our hands in our pockets half as deeply as supporters of the old creeds do—build, organize, shake off fraud, "make the paths straight" for the bleeding feet of truth! All nature unites, implores us. Countless worlds wait for love's ministry. Every day enlarges our vantage-ground. Humanity yearns toward the light; God's starry thoughts fill the brooding heavens; broken is the icy chill of death and a wave of warm, sweet, eternal life oversweeps the worlds!

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.
Sunny Brae, Santa Clara, Cal.

An eminent publisher tells a very curious literary incident. One of his authors—a lady novelist who has won at least two brilliant successes—had in manuscript at the time "She" was published a work based on the very same idea. It had been the work of years, but she destroyed it rather than appear to have plagiarized. M. Bourget has just related a similar experience. He had four chapters written of a novel for the *Revue des Lettres et des Arts* when Manpassant's "Strong as Death" appeared with exactly the same plot. As the two writers had no communication the incident illustrates how intangibly ideas float in the intellectual air, the same thoughts being suggested in different minds by reading or conversation or discovery.

JOTTINGS FROM WILLOW CREEK, NEVADA.

Ecclesiasticism and Patriotism—Roman Catholicism and its Pernicious Influence—Sex of Deity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The JOURNAL reached me in due course of mail. I need not repeat what I have often before stated, that it is always a welcome visitor to my camp, especially when it comes freighted with so much wholesome, interesting and instructive matter as the last number.

I believe I enjoy reading its pages, and making a few jottings thereon far more, situated as I am amid the mountain solitudes of Willow Creek, where I have few neighbors, fewer friends, and no sympathetic natures with whom I can intelligently converse on those subjects which are congenial to my mind, than if I resided in a crowded city. It is very pleasant, I assure you, Mr. Editor, to have my poor musings now and again revisited in the pages of the JOURNAL in a dress of type. Though far from the haunts of men it seems to still connect me with the civilized thinking part of the world. Your space and my time both forbid any very extended comments on the contents of the last JOURNAL. It is full to overflowing with clean mental pabulum.

The leading article as usual deals with a vital and momentous subject, "Ecclesiasticism and Patriotism—Which?" This is a question in which I am deeply interested, and which it seems to me every lover of his country should be. I had almost said that in my opinion it is the most important subject before the country to-day, and on the settlement of which depends its future progress, freedom and glorious independence, or its total loss of freedom, downfall and destruction. I am dead in earnest, but I am not fanatic on this subject. It gives me pleasure, and it inspires me with hope, to see that our people are becoming more conscious of the terrible evil in the shape of Romanism, that threatens no less than to shackle us with an ecclesiastical despotism that is the ruin of every country where it now exists, and must ultimately, if successful, ruin ours. Oh! that all lovers of our country knew Romanism as I know it, that they had seen it in foreign countries as I have seen it in all its naked deformity and banefulness, methinks our people would be yet more strenuous in their efforts to avert this impending evil from our country. Will you permit me, sir, to say that there are few men living to day who know more, historically, doctrinally and politically, of that most terrible despotism of the ages, than I do? It is one of the grandest, profoundest, most potent, and subtlest that ever cursed humanity. I speak by the card. I know the full force of my language, and I mean just what I say. Thirty-four years ago I commenced in a foreign land to make war on this enemy of the freedom, progress and happiness of our race; since then have never entirely laid down my arms, though circumstances have compelled me to be less active in the good service. Let me not be understood as saying, or even insinuating, that no professed Roman Catholic can be either a lover of his country or even a lover of freedom and progress. That would be as untrue as it would be unjust. But what I do most emphatically declare, is that no real Roman Catholic can be. Thank God there are many Catholics better than their creed, although few would dare to confess as much. If my memory serves me faithfully, Cardinal Newman in his "Apologia Pro sua Vita," makes this assertion:

"The moment that a Catholic doubts the infallible teachings of his Church, that moment he ceases to be a real Catholic."

And this not only as to matters of doctrine but discipline also. Whenever she speaks to the faithful through the Pope, *ex cathedra*, her voice must be obeyed. Poor Dr. McElroy found that out, whether to his advantage or not remains to be seen. What I have said on this subject of Romanism, so ably handled in the article referred to under the title of Ecclesiasticism, for they both mean the same thing, was not intended as any argumentation of its power of statement of facts, or the cogency of its logic, but as an emphatic endorsement of the all importance of the subject of which it treated, to emphasize it, and call the special attention to it of the readers of the JOURNAL.

I see that the Rev. Joseph Cook in his "Monday Lectureship" in Boston is adding his howl to those of some others as to the godless nature of the teachings of our common schools, and desires most earnestly to have the Bible introduced as a matter of education. I hope that will not be done in my lifetime; it certainly never will take place if it depend on the influence and logic of Joseph Cook. I do not wish to speak either unkindly or unjustly of that gentleman, but I must say he is the most blatant theologian I ever listened to. Rev. Dr. Miner, I think it was, who described him best when he, Cook, was lecturing in the same course about three years ago—the remark appeared at the time in one of the Boston dailies. "Oh! Joseph give us less wind and a good deal of rain." But the sting of the matter of such talk about the godlessness of schools, is that it lends volume and force when she utters a similar cliche playing, as it were, into the common enemy.

Did not the clergymen of New Brooklyn do the same thing in t.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY E. W. SHULTZ.

1. My parents belonged to the M. E. Church. I never belonged to any church. I was convinced under very embarrassing circumstances. From 1885 to 1887 I was a disbeliever in any futurity for the deceased human family, either in happiness or woe. I was an agnostic, or, as some would say, an infidel. In the summer of '85 my brother, who had been an invalid for sixteen or seventeen years, and who was a believer in the Advent faith at the time, came to spend a few months in Dakota with me, but was immediately taken sick. While sitting by his bed side in the morning, after he had passed a restless night, and thinking he was dozing, he suddenly called aloud, "Mother, mother!" Our mother had died in the early spring. I asked, "George, what is the matter now?" The answer was: "You have not spiritual eyes and cannot see." I remarked: "My dear brother, you must have waked from a sleep, and I fear that when you are dead you will be dead all over. I expect, when I bid you good-by for the last time on earth, that all there is of you will go back to the elements from which they came." He replied: "I certainly saw mother. Perhaps my former belief is all a delusion and a snare, and perhaps mother's belief was right after all. But maybe Spiritualism is right, and if so I will come back and let my presence be known to you."

I scouted the idea, very mildly, of course, and made remarks to which he smiled. He was determined to go to his home in Iowa, although he was hardly able to sit up. I got another brother to accompany him on the trip. He died in a month after reaching his home. I, of course, dismissed the idea of his seeing our spirit mother, or of his coming back, as simple nonsense. He died in September, 1885.

In February, 1886, I was called away on business, and was in a bad storm, going thirty miles by team, and I took a severe cold and was compelled to take to my bed on getting home. At night two of my little boys went to the barn to twist hay (we burn hay in Dakota), and got coats out of the horses' mangers. The one getting coats said: "Some one came in the barn with blue pants on; came between the horses, and took hold of me [he not daring to speak], and then jerked me from one end of the manger to the other." He then came to the house with his brother, who had seen nothing, and told his experience, which naturally gave me strength. I then told an older son, then sixteen years of age, to take my revolver, go to the barn, and if any one offered to harm him, to shoot him down and I would take the chances. He never having manifested any fear in his life, readily consented to go. In a few moments he came back and said: "The devil had hold of me." Unbuttoning his coat and shirt, on the back of his shoulder were the marks of two fingers, and in front or top of his shoulder was a thumb mark, all blistered to a white blister. He said the wounds did not hurt him. I got out of bed, dressed myself, took the revolver, my wife taking a lamp unlighted, the older boy taking his shot gun, and the next younger boy accompanying us. The oldest boy and myself went in the stall from which the younger boy was jerked, and the older one blistered, my wife and the other boy standing at the back of the barn, twelve feet distant. We had not been in the stall but a moment, when the oldest boy who was standing by me, was hurled to the back part of stable like a shot from a gun. I grabbed, but in the darkness got a horse by the ear. I requested my wife to light the lamp, believing there must be some wild animal about. She did so, and nothing could be seen. I held the lamp at the bottom of a crib that made the east end of the barn, the oldest boy going out to see if he could see anything under it. He called out, "Halt! Who's there?" We heard him run. My wife stepped out, and then said she saw some one at the east end of the crib, and at the same instant the boy shot at what he supposed to be somebody at the north-west corner of the barn. I ran out to see what he had shot, and saw him standing as if amazed. He said that he shot through the object, whatever it was, but not a trace of anything could we see. We all went then to the east end of the crib. The oldest boy, Nathan, peered into it, but immediately jumped back gasping for breath. I walked up and discharged two shots from a five-chamber revolver, to make a flash to see if I could discern anything lurking in the darkness, but nothing could be seen. On coming to the house I discovered there were three cartridges gone from the revolver. Here was another stunner. We found the third cartridge in the morning lying at the crib, never being shot out.

The next night we determined to investigate further into the matter. I told Nathan to go to the barn and shoot down any thing he saw. He went, and was gone but a few moments when I heard two reports of the revolver. Calling him up to the house I asked him what he had seen. He said: "Some one choked me and run his hand under my coat, and I shot through the thing twice and then it run off." "But," said he, "I guess we will find something dead down there." I had Nathan come in the house to ascertain if he was hurt. To my astonishment and indignation there were the marks again of two fingers and a thumb blistered. The blood was running down his neck from the incision of the thumb nail. He said it was done so quickly that he hardly had time to think. I should have said the boy is a "dead shot," and very seldom does he pull a trigger and miss his game. I looked under his coat to discover if he was hurt in any other place, but he was not. But his watch was gone, chain and all! Well, his indignation was then aroused on seeing his watch gone. He was sure, and so were all of us, at some one was around to do us mischief, to scare us from our homes; but we "didn't need to scare, but thought we would 'ting for fear people might think we were 'fraid." We found a hole nearly the arm, about midway in the hay top to bottom. Feeling in there a watch. It was running, and in

The next night Nathan, his mother and I went to the barn, she and I stopping a short distance at another building, part of which was used as a hen house, Nathan going on to the barn, revolver in one hand and knife in the other. We had been there but a moment when my wife said: "Run quickly; some one is choking the boy. I hear an awful scuffle." I heard nothing, but ran to where he was. He said he had neither seen nor heard anything. I started back to my wife, and heard some one running on the frozen snow. I then saw the boy running at the top of his speed, but could see nothing else. While running his foot caught under a crust of snow and he went heels over head. I had to laugh, for I could see nothing. The boy lay there panting, and upon my asking him what he was after, he said: "The blame thing took my revolver while I was trying to pull the trigger to shoot." He then put his knife in his pocket and got the ax. His mad was up for sure. He said: "I will split the thing from top to bottom now." I thought for the first time what brother George had told me prior to his demise, and that as the boy had shot four times and missed his game, that it might be a "spook," and fearing the boy might strike at some imaginary object and wound himself, I objected. Then I made the request that if it was any spirit friend wishing to convince me of a future life, that he would return the revolver back to the boy on his going to the barn. He repaired thither, not going out of sight, and returned with the revolver. That, of course, looked curious to me, an unbeliever. Consequently I said: "Nathan, it would be an easy matter for you to hide the watch and conceal the revolver to play a joke on us." He said: "Do you think I would or could do such a thing as that? To be sure we could not conceive how he could mature such plans, to be carried out in so short a time."

The next night my daughter, the second boy (Nathan was the eldest) and myself went to the literary society. I accosted Mr. L. with the question: Did you ever know of disembodied spirits moving objects? He answered in the affirmative.

I was fearful that something might befall the rest of the family in my absence, and persuaded my brother to come home with me, telling him what had occurred. When we arrived home we found that all were up, and in great glee. The chicken-coop door had not been closed, and Nathan went down to close it; did so, and started to return, when the door would be thrown down as fast as he would close it and step away; and a brisk conversation took place between him and his uncle George. My wife thought I had returned, and was talking to the boy, but regarded the conversation as peculiar. Finally she heard the voice say: "You don't believe it is George, do you?"

Nathan answered, "No," and said: "If it is uncle George, throw some water in my face," and it was done. He was spattered all over with water. The ground was covered with frozen snow.

After brother J. and I came home, we, of course, wanted to hear the voice; and in less time than it takes to write this I heard my brother's voice as plainly as I ever heard it, and in a continued conversation of fifteen minutes. Then Nathan said: "Uncle George, I must say good night and shake hands with you," and there was a vigorous shake, the boy calling to John and me to come and see him. We ran, but all we saw was the boy jerked headlong into a straw pile up to his shoulders.

My prejudices, of course, had to be overcome. I could only account for the voice by regarding the boy as a natural ventriloquist. Many have heard the voice and some thought as I did, and some did not. I then began tying him for a test; tied him in every conceivable way, and he would be loosened. He has been tied by a hundred people a thousand ways, and always released. We tried to keep the matter still, for the reason that we thought the boy might be fooling us; but his object for doing that we could not see. It got out and into the papers. Then Mrs. S. told Mr. L., the Spiritualist, that he could tie the boy so he would stay tied. Well, Mr. S., two children, a sister, father and mother, and Mr. L., wife, son and two daughters came to ascertain the truth or falsity of the matter. I told them just how my wife and I felt on the matter; that some times we thought it might be spirits, and then we thought it might be the boy; but he was willing to undergo the most crucial tests. He then held out his hands to be tied with a waxed thread, and not a quiver was discernible in his person, while the gentleman tying him was in a tremble. The young ladies pitied Nathan, while he looked pleased and unconcerned. The strings were tied around each wrist, with four knots in each; a loop made and thrown over each finger of both hands, and tied back to the wrists. Then loops were made and put over the ends of both middle fingers and two knots tied in each. He was then taken to the barn where all the phenomena had occurred, and there crucified, or arms extended as far as possible and the strings run through holes in the manger and tied out of his reach.

Judge the agony his mother and myself were in for fear the boy would be proved a fraud. The company formed a circle, my wife and I feeling too bad to have anything to do with it; but determined to find the truth, if possible. The circle lasted about 30 minutes. Mr. S.'s mother asked to her son that he had better look to his patient. He started instantly, and I followed, fearing the boy might have hurt himself trying to get loose. On going into the barn, and Mr. S. touching the boy, he instantly sprang up and walked one side, to our great astonishment, while Mr. S. exclaimed, "My God, where are those strings?" We lighted matches and hunted for the strings, but could not find them. Mr. S. and myself went to the house to inform the company he was loose. All but my wife went to the barn with a light to look for the strings, the boy coming to the house but not into it. When we got back my wife, who was putting the house to rights, and who had not been outside during the entire evening, held up two strings, asking, "Where did they come from?" The company decided they were the identical strings Nathan had been tied with. Where the knots had been tied was plainly to be seen. But how they came there was a mystery. One thing is sure, that after a year and a half of forced investigation, I was landed from agnosticism into the progressive camp of Spiritualism. I did not yield until I was obliged to. But the best and most profitable part of my life has been the experience which I have gone through with, and which has opened to view fields for the grandest thoughts, ever progressing onward to higher attainments. Kimball, Dakota.

RESPONSE BY GEO. H. JONES.

1. Parents, Presbyterians. Both died at the age of 83, Spiritualists. I was never in fellowship with the church.
2. Thirty-six years.

3. Knowledge imparted to me by strangers, through the means of raps, trance, writing and other modes, of which neither I nor they had any previous idea.
4. The materialization of my individuality.
5. No! knowledge. Webster says, "Religion is any system of faith and worship."
6. Common sense.
7. By aiding the development of knowledge, which is power.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

A Theosophist's View of It.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.

A natural preliminary question is: "What is the Astral Light?" It is a difficult question to answer; as difficult as that old one, "What is life?" One that can be answered at first only by illustration and analogy; which can be guessed at perhaps best from viewing results. There are certain phenomena very well known to Spiritualists and to all persons of a psychical nature, needing a hypothesis upon which we may hang our facts and thus try them. Nearly all the phenomena found in the great record of Spiritualistic seances rooms for the past forty years need hypotheses more reasonable than those so far advanced, to say nothing of a classification which never yet has been undertaken by competent hands. Whether this classification will be done by Spiritualists themselves seems doubtful. If ever the scientific world deigns to carefully and seriously investigate these psychic occurrences, many theories now having their day in the ranks of mediums and their friends will be exploded, and then, perhaps the astral light and its place in the phenomena will be better understood.

The identity assumed so easily and quickly by a medium for an alleged spirit calling himself John Smith, would not be admitted at once if the function inherent in the astral light of retaining the image of John Smith for a vast period of time were understood; and then if it were discovered, as it could be by careful records and reports, that at the same time John Smith was declaring himself in a room in Boston through medium A., he was also asserting his identity in Florida, supported by identical proofs, through medium B., some doubt naturally would surround the question of identity. Yet, just this is happening every day and especially in regard to alleged return of celebrated men to medium, good and bad alike.

It is easy to prove this as far as the great dead are concerned, but until recording and comparison are undertaken it will never be known how often twenty different mediums in as many separate cities have given, at one and the same moment, messages from the one deceased person.

And this question of identification is one of the most important in all Spiritualism. Upon it the faith of thousands is built; through assumed proofs of identity many a doubter has become a believer in mediums. For we may see phenomena of a purely physical sort over and over again without being convinced of anything save the occurrence of a fact; but once we are persuaded that our dead friend has really returned to speak with us through an entranced living person, then all the rest comes easy; then we think that here is positive proof of life after death.

My contention is that this important point is built upon, believed in, and supported by flimsy proofs, and that flimsiness is due to ignorance of the astral light, its function and operation.

Furthermore, we can find in the reported utterances of "spirits" that there is great diversity as well as opposition in views. But it is apparent that whenever a "spirit" enunciates theories tending to upset preconceived ideas of Spiritualists on such points as identification, reincarnation, the astral light and the like, the "spirits" opinions go for nothing. Before me lies a pamphlet printed over 20 years ago by a medium, in which most extraordinary views are given of cosmogony, and teaching reincarnation, but these although given to the medium by his own trusted "guide" have never gained a hearing among Spiritualists; and although correct and well argued views respecting the astral light, supporting all that the ancient East has claimed for this tenuous interpenetrating medium, have been given by a well known "spirit," they have been ignored and lost sight of in the mad rush after the intoxicating of physical phenomena and sentimental gushing over supposed messages from a deceased mother, sister, brother or wife.

It is time for the leading minds in spiritualistic ranks—among which I can not reckon myself—to call a halt, and to devote a little of the common sense used in daily business life to the analysis of the utterances of mediums and the conflicting views of alleged "spirits." Are you afraid of truth? Do you hesitate in case it should come in the process that your beloved dead will be removed a few steps higher, a little beyond the reach of your degrading desire to call them back to the mud and horror of earthly life before their cycle rolls round again? Such a fear veils the truth and belittles your manhood.

But such is the weakness, the utter emaciation, of spiritualistic philosophy, I will venture a prophecy that even if the analysis and classification I have spoken of should never be attempted, the proper doctrines about these phenomena and about the "Spirit-world," would come to prevail—not through any increase of real knowledge on the part of the "spirits" and "controls," but just when the leading minds in your ranks begin out of their own thinking to believe in the true explanation. That is to say, the best expositions given through mediums are never in advance—save in isolated cases—of the best thought of living Spiritualists; and this comes about, or fails to, through the action of the astral light as affected by living beings with all their acts and thoughts.

Before closing these general considerations, I would like to ask how any reasonable Spiritualist can be sure that he is hearing from a deceased friend or relative merely because he has from a medium, who never knew the deceased and never before met the inquirer, some circumstances known only to the deceased or to himself? This is the common mode of proof, almost always blindly accepted. But there are many elements of weakness in it. We may teach a parrot or an idiot some few sentences, and if put behind a screen so that this side can tell without the utterances proceed from a wise man, a fool, an animal or an automaton. Then, again, if the proof be in the recital of some facts "long ago forgotten, and not known to the medium," we are touching upon the memory and its field of oper-

ation; a land as unknown as the south pole. The brain cannot hold the facts of a lifetime; where, then, are they held, and how does the possession of them by the medium prove anything save that fact alone? Nor does the taking on by the medium of the exact physical conditions of the last moments of the reporting deceased one, prove of itself identity. We see hysterics, clairvoyants, sensitives and others in daily life, surrounded by living men, taking on the state or condition of some living person who has just been near and gone away. We might as well say that this proves that such departed living man is there present, whereas we know such is not the case.

And suppose we assume that the sensitive is also clairvoyant and we hear him using the words, tones and thoughts of this living person, are we to conclude that the latter is present before us in spirit? Such a conclusion is absurd, yet no more so than the other as to the identity of that one whom we know is really beyond the veil and whom a medium declares is speaking through her.

It is here again that the astral light comes into play, its currents aiding the medium to produce astonishment and confusion, or wrong notions. How much do Spiritualists really know about vital electric currents? Much less than the swift and wonderful currents in the astral light? How many laws of these life currents have been revealed to us by a consensus of reports from the "Spirit"-world? None. Forty years long since the first raps in Rochester have the facts, the theories and the contradictions been piling up, but we are as innocent as ever of any authoritative and convincing statement of laws that will meet the facts. It is true a hundred systems have been evolved, living a brief life, each in their own little Pedlington, but they are not accepted, and the most of them have been forgotten. All of this ground has been gone over by man in ages past, with the same heartburnings and mental ruin, and the record of the tollsome journey has been left, showing when light at last has broken bringing order out of chaos. This is the record found in India, Egypt and other older lands. Is it meet because we are American and free men that we should ignore this? Should not a patient hearing be given it in order to see whether the doctrines finally arrived at do or do not fit the greater number of facts and offer explanation for all?

I propose to offer a few explanations hereupon, trusting that intelligent Spiritualists will perceive a disposition to get at the truth, to exalt man to his rightful place and to prevent a fatuous running after the emanations of material and psychical corpses.

DECEPTIVE SIGNS OF DEATH.

Life Often Exists In Spite of The Common Tests.

A Physician Describes The Usual Evidences of Death, but Explains Exceptional Instances—Precautions Against Being Buried Alive—Cessation of the Heart and Decomposition Not Positive Signs.

The startling and sudden removal from the world of Washington Irving Bishop has awakened widespread horror that he may have been in an unsuspecting manner killed. He visited the Lambs' Club, and for the amusement of the members and their guests proceeded to give a séance of what is called mind-reading. While thus engaged he became cataleptic, but undertook to exhibit his metier, and while so engaged he again succumbed to this nervous prostration. Remedies were applied both by those in the house and by other rentable and learned men who were called in. After some time, perhaps three or four hours, the undertaker was sent for, came and made arrangements to remove the body, which must in all probability have consumed another couple of hours. Then the body was placed in an ice-chest, and from this moment had there been life it must have been extinguished from two causes: absence of air and extreme cold.

The ice-chest is a barbarism. If only one person in a century is killed by it, that is one too many. It is an air-tight box into which the victim is placed; the cover shut down, the amount of respirable air within is probably sufficient for at most two or three respirations; after that, suffocation. But this is not all. This box is placed within another larger box and surrounded on all sides but the top with broken ice and salt, which is known as a freezing mixture. Can a living being stand this treatment and live? Certainly not.

In view of the great public interest in the mind-reader's death, this question is one of no little concern:

What are the "signs of death."

1. *Entire Cessation of the Heart's Action.*—Not for a few seconds only, but continuously. Mere absence of the pulse at the wrist, or even in other arteries, is not enough, as this may be found in cholera, abdominal collapse and other kinds of shocks, etc. Careful auscultation and palpation of the cardiac region, in a quiet room, can alone decide the absence of cardiac action. The employment of acupuncture of the left ventricle of the heart, and the stimulus of a galvanic shock to this region, are in order.

Dr. G. W. Belfour recommended very fine needles having attached little paper flags to their free ends. These are pricked into the tissue of the heart and its movement, if any, will be shown by the flags.

There is a "pulse" wherever an artery is superficial enough to communicate its stroke to the exploring finger, as in the facial, the carotids of the neck, the brachial, radial, ulnar, femoral, popliteal and anterior and posterior tibial arteries.

A CASE IN POINT.

There are many instances on record of recovery of infants and young children after the heart had apparently ceased to beat for a long time. Authorities consider that two minutes is sufficient to produce death, if air be entirely excluded, but in case of drowning there is one case where it is stated that there was entire submersion for an hour. This would be a remarkable case.

I will relate a case in point. A few years since I was walking by the Central Park near One Hundred and Tenth street and Fifth avenue. Noticing a crowd that was acting in an unusual manner by the side of the lake, I approached it and inquired of one of the bystanders what was the cause of the excitement. He replied, "A boy is drowned." I advanced to the edge of the water, and saw two or three men in the water searching for the body. As they had not yet discovered it, I made inquiries, and found at last a small boy who showed me the spot from which the boy had fallen. I then pointed out to the searchers where to look and immediately the body was recovered. I took it at once from the hands of the person who had it, and held it reversed in order to disembarrass it of all the water possible, for a minute or two, then

stripped it of its clothing, sent for a blanket and brandy. I took a woolen coat from one of the bystanders until the blanket should arrive, laid the child upon it and commenced to rotate it. This I continued to do for at least fifteen minutes by the watch, then tried auscultation; no murmur could be heard.

The skin was cold, the lips were blue. Every artery was still. With all these signs of death present it was still obligatory upon to persevere. At the end of fifteen minutes there was a slight gasp. A small quantity of brandy was placed upon the tongue. A little of this ran into the larynx and the stimulation was sufficient to produce a long inspiration and then a cough. This was more than a half-hour from the time when the boy had been removed from the water. Complete restoration did not occur until nearly an hour from that time. He was now given to his mother, and I was informed on the following day that he entirely recovered, without an unfavorable symptom.

The phenomenon of hibernation must be remembered. Bouchart states that the marmot during its torpid state has only some eight beats of the heart per minute. In health its heart-beats are ninety. The heart, and particularly its right auricle, "the last to die," seems to have a life of its own distinct from the great nervous centers, and continues to beat or contract, even when cut into fragments, for some time after its removal from the body. Dr. George Cheyne, in his "Treatise on Nervous Diseases," p. 307, mentions the case of Col. Townsend, who could voluntarily suspend the action of his heart.

WHERE BREATHING HAS CEASED.

2. *Entire Cessation of Respiration.*—The act of breathing is so eminently a vital one that any long suspension of this function can not but be fatal. Here, also, the stethoscope should be used, as by it can be detected the sounds caused by air, or air and mucus, or other fluids traversing the air tubes. The use of the looking-glass, the feather or other light body to indicate the movements of air, are popular, but not very satisfactory methods of ascertaining the continuance or otherwise of respiration.

There is a peculiar kind of breathing known by the name of "Stokes-Cheyne respiration," seen in cardiac and cerebral disease, rarely in other maladies, which may deceive an incautious observer. The patient, in such cases, breathes at first so slightly as to seem to not breathe at all; each succeeding inspiration is a little deeper until a maximum is reached, and then each breath that follows becomes shallower and shallower, till at last the patient may again appear not to breathe at all—then a feeble inspiration is taken, followed by another a little stronger, indicating a new series like the former.

3. *Changes In and About the Eye.*—These consist of:

(1.) An entire loss of sensibility to light. The pupil no longer contracts or dilates according to the amount of light thrown upon it. The best mode of testing this is known to ophthalmic surgeons as "oblique illumination." A bright light is placed on one side of the eye to be examined, and its rays brought to a focus by means of a double convex lens of about two inches focus, and the lens and light so disposed that this focus falls upon, or nearly coincides with, the pupillary aperture. When no change is produced, the iris remaining immovable, we may then usually conclude that life is extinct. Adhesions of long standing, belladonna or the alkaloid atropia and calabar bean, may, however, greatly affect the mobility of the iris. Alcohol and some other poisons also produce similar effects.

(2.) There is an entire loss of sensibility to touch in the ocular conjunctive. This is, however, equally true of a period in epileptic fits, and in some cerebral injuries.

(3.) The conjunctive coverings of the sclerotic soon begins to show a gray cloudy discoloration on its external portion, which soon becomes blackish. This is quickly followed by a similar stain on the inner side. Larcher, who first called attention to this fact, considers it to be due to cadaveric imbibition, and probably dependent upon putrefactive changes. "These two spots extend and approach each other, forming the segment of an ellipse."

(4.) The cornea speedily loses its transparency; in other words, the eye has lost its lustre. This may, however, take place during life, as is repeatedly seen in cholera and other diseases.

(5.) The eye soon becomes sunken in its socket, and the globe itself becomes flaccid, so as to retain the dent or mark of any pressure upon it. Loss of tonicity, or minus tension, is however, met with in some diseases of the eye.

(6.) Supposing the cornea to be clear enough to allow of ophthalmic examination, it is stated by Poncet that the yellowish red of the living fundus of the eye is changed at the moment of death to a yellowish white or paler hue. Bouchard states that beads of air or gas, in other words, an interrupted column of blood, will be seen in the retinal veins resembling bubbles of air in the colored fluid of a spirit thermometer, or the beaded appearance familiar to us in nerve tubes.

(7.) At the same time the eyelids will have lost their elasticity, neither they nor the globe of the eye moving any longer.

(8.) It is said that atrophy and calabar bean no longer produce the dilatation or contraction which are their respective property. This is quite true of a body dead some days, but not always true of one dead only a few hours.

(9.) Electric and mechanical stimuli equally fail to affect the eye of one dead some time.

WHEN THE BODY HAS GROWN COLD.

4. *Changes in the Temperature of the body.*—Gradual cooling or loss of heat is the most common changes after death. In some diseases, however, the temperature of the body actually rises after death. Instances are seen in yellow fever, cholera, rheumatic fever, tetanus and other injuries to the nervous system, small-pox and some abdominal diseases, when a rise amounting to 9 degrees Fahrenheit has been noted after death. But within a few hours after death the body cools more or less rapidly, according to the external temperature, the amount of clothing and other accidental circumstances.

From the experiments of Drs. Wilks, Taylor, Durand and Linas we deduce the facts that in from eighteen to twenty-four hours the body cools down to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. The cooling is most rapid in the few hours after death. In Summer on hot days a temperature of 77 degrees Fahrenheit is not uncommon, while an instance is recorded of a frozen woman restored to life by warmth, whose temperature was on 68 degrees Fahrenheit. Laborde states that in five to eight hours the temperature of the deeper tissues in the dead body falls to 80 degrees to 82 degrees Fahrenheit. But Niderkorn shows that in six cases, taken indifferently six to eight hours after death, the rectal temperature averaged 90.6 degrees Fahrenheit, and nine cases, twelve to

fourteen hours after death, gave a rectal temperature of 89.2 degrees Fahrenheit.

The practical conclusions from the foregoing seem to be: First, that the human body takes generally several hours to cool down to the temperature of the surrounding air; second, the external temperature, the amount and kind of clothing, and the position of the body all modify the rate of cooling; third, age and sex appear to modify this but little, if at all, *per se*, although the new-born foetus probably cools more rapidly than older infants; fourth, the mode of death has far more to do with it. Large losses of blood are said to cause rapid cooling. Dr. Taylor has shown that this is not invariably true. Observations on temperature should be taken by a thermometer and repeated hourly. It is the progressive, continuous cooling, not the absolute temperature which indicates death.

Several minor phenomena or so-called tests of death have been observed and may be conveniently grouped as follows:

(1.) If sarificators and cupping-glasses be applied to any part the blood will not flow freely, shortly after death.

(2.) Bright steel needles inserted anywhere in the skin will be found free from rust, even after some hours. This is untrustworthy, as it depends upon the amount of cooling and moisture.

(3.) Wires attached to these needles no longer affect a galvanometer.

(4.) It is stated that fire or heat no longer produces vesication. This is to be taken with caution, as it will in the young subject for the first day or in some cases longer.

(5.) The fingers and hands are translucent in life, but become opaque after death.

(6.) A string tied tightly around the finger of the supposed corpse will, if life be not extinct, shortly cause the finger to become bluish-red.

(7.) As the arteries are well known to be usually pale and empty after death, Dr. Davis has proposed to cut down on some superficial artery in doubtful cases to ascertain the color and contents. There are exceptions to this rule.

(8.) It has been proposed to inject liquor ammonia subcutaneously. In the living body, or in one just dead, a sort of port-wine congestion is immediately produced. In a body dead some hours or days scarcely any change is produced. The limbs and joints of the body become stiff. In other words, post-mortem rigidity sets in at a variable time after death. This rigidity or stiffness is a phenomenon belonging to the voluntary muscles, and, although much attention has been given to it, the subject is still involved in much obscurity.

There is a point to be mentioned here which is not generally remembered. In the death rigor, if the limb is forcibly bent, rigor is destroyed. In cataleptic states and in tetanic rigidity or the rigidity produced by poisons this is not true; the stiffness will reappear.

Putrefaction, although usually a late, is perhaps the most certain sign of death we possess. But even this must be examined with caution. Because in a living body a portion may die, as in the case of gangrene of the limbs, or on the face, trunk, etc., after severe local injuries, or in certain feeble states of the health.

The spontaneous changes of color undergone by extravasated blood, popularly known as "a bruise," simulate the coloration due to putrefaction. It is pretty obvious that such an appearance might be artificially produced by pigments. The odor of decomposition, so far from being exclusively a post-mortem phenomenon, is met with in certain diseases. However it must be admitted that general and advanced decomposition of the tissues is one of the safest signs of death.

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.

The public as a mass attribute all sudden deaths to heart disease or apoplexy. This is quite untrue. Among the common causes of sudden death, excluding violence and poison, we may mention:

Diseases of the heart, fatty degeneration, angina pectoris, aortic regurgitation, interstitial abscess, rupture of the heart or its valves, and some diseases of pericardium, heart failure, diseases of the blood vessels, aneurism, and thrombosis (the aneurisms most likely to end thus suddenly are intracranial, intrapericardial, abdominal, and pulmonary; effusion of blood in the brain or its membranes; pulmonary apoplexy and hemathorax; the sudden bursting of visceral abscesses, as in the liver, brain, kidneys, etc.; ulcers of the stomach, duodenum or other parts of the alimentary canal; extra-uterine gestation, peritonitis uterine; hematomas, apoplexy of the ovary, rupture of the uterus, flooding; rupture of the gall-bladder, or of some other viscus, from accidental violence; cholera and some other zymotic diseases, kill very rapidly; large draughts of cold water, when heated, or large quantities of spirits; mental emotions, fear, grief, joy, nervous prostration; foreign bodies accidentally swallowed, as a piece of meat blocking the pharynx and obstructing the gullet; some of the poisons, such as prussic acid, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, sulphuretted hydrogen, etc.

It is therefore easy to see that "signs of death" as popularly regarded, may be shown by a human body which still possesses full life.—John W. Greene in the *New York World*.

The Shah of Persia can have a lively time in England if he cares to. Sixteen years have passed since he visited Great Britain, and he has improved in his manners since then. The Prince of Wales is inclined to give the Shah a jolly time, and other influential Englishmen are disposed to follow their future sovereign's lead.

Michael Saltykoff, the Russian poet who puzzled his admirers once by publishing a peculiarly stupid article, and afterward explained that it was to illustrate the only class of literary productions that the Russian censorship would permit him to publish, died recently at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Michael Hines of Waynesburg, O., fell dead from joy at receiving an unexpected visit from her daughter, whom she had not seen for several years. The daughter was so shocked that she was made seriously ill, and her recovery is doubtful.

Israel Putnam, a great-grandson of the Revolutionary patriot, died in Atlanta aged 57. Mr. Putnam was born in Georgia, and was a man of high character and splendid business qualifications.

Co-operation in order to be effective must take in all industries. One branch of industries uniting all the strength of its members to rob all other branches is queer co-operation.—*National View*.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor committed suicide Sunday in a New York tenement house because of extreme poverty. Her husband is a cigarmaker and a cousin of the millionaire Astors.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

WOMAN IN JOURNALISM.

Women were a long time in getting into journalism as a regular profession, but they have now won their way, in despite of all opposition, to an acknowledged position therein, and have already given indisputable evidence as to the good work they can do, and the need that existed for them in that department of literature. And this in spite of the fact that according to the theories of some of our pseudo-scientists, woman is the one creature endowed with life in the universe whose nature and characteristics are set in unchangeable grooves. No evolution or adaptation for her! Men and animals may improve or change their physical and intellectual characteristics by force of new conditions or environments, but woman, like Tennyson's brook, must "go on forever" in the same old, weak, inferior way, whatever changes take place in the world, man, or civilization.

So these taunting, worried scientists, Hammond, Mandley, Delaney, Cope, Allen and Co., keep on protesting, proclaiming and growling—while unheeding, woman goes calmly on in the new paths open to her. In no other line of work recently entered upon by women do they show more strongly their adaptability to new conditions as in that of journalism. Horace Greeley, in his autobiography, relates that when Margaret Fuller was employed on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and a member of his family, she worried him greatly, because in spite of all he could do or say, she could never be brought to write any thing however urgent the occasion, unless in the "mood" to do so; and he argued from that fact that women would never make good journalists, especially on daily papers which cannot wait for copy supplied by "moods."

But as ever, "new occasions teach new duties," and the grand army of women journalists of to-day have already given proof that business habits and methods—promptness, persistence, punctuality, order, accuracy, reliability, drill—are no more foreign to the nature of women than of men. All women journalists, or those who have women journalists among their friends, can recall to mind many instances when such business qualities have been severely tested in them, and such tests have resulted in triumphant assurance of the possession of these qualities by women. Among the incidents of the kind which immediately recur to my own mind, are those of a young lady reporter of a city daily paper, who went out on the horse cars one evening to a suburban town to take notes of an important meeting or reception which held until an hour so late that the cars ceased running between the places, yet late as it was she unhesitatingly walked alone the miles which lay between her and home, part of the way leading through low and dangerous localities, hanging in her report in time for the paper; and how one Sunday morning in Boston, after the heaviest snowstorm of the season, the horse cars between Dorchester and Boston were blocked, yet one little journalist who had undertaken to stenographically report all of M. J. Savage's sermons, did not let the snow, piled several feet deep as it was, hinder her from her business. No vehicles could easily get through the drifts, so she bravely walked the intervening three or four miles, and got to the church in season to report the sermon which was preached to pews mainly empty. And I would like to relate in the same graphic way in which she told it, the story of a Western girl, educated, sensitive, refined, who determined to, and did, win her way to a responsible position on a leading eastern daily, though at first she was the one woman editorially employed, and how she endured without protest or fault-finding the tobacco smoke and rough manners of some of her male associates, to neither of which had she ever before been accustomed. But she won their respect and good-will, as well as an honorable position in journalism. These are but a few of hundreds of like instances which go to show that women journalists at least can scarcely be held to be of the weaker sex.

Woman's possibilities in journalism are not limited to the easier or less complicated departments of that profession. We find women to-day in every position from publishers and business managers like Mrs. Frank Leslie and Madame Demorest, leading editors such as the late Mary L. Booth of *Harpers' Bazar*, Martha J. Lamb of the *Magazine of History*, Mary E. Bryan of *Monroe's Magazine of Fashion*, and Madame Juliet Adam of the *French Nouvelle Revue*, to department editors, editorial writers, reviewers, reporters, printers, forewomen, and proof-readers. And many women well known to fame in different departments of literature, first began their literary career as journalists; while others are widely known because of their journalistic work and for no other reason. Like male leaders in journalism, they have won a proud position through the excellence of their work in that line. As instances, I may here cite, in addition to those previously mentioned, the names of Mary Clemmer Ames, "Jenny June" Croly, Jeannette Gilder of *The Critic*, Eliza Youmans of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Lydia Becker of *England*, Lucy Hooper, Olive Logan, Kate Field, Lillian Whiting, Sallie Joy White, and many others which will readily occur to the mind of the reader. The long list of Chicago women journalists would alone stamp woman's position in journalism as successful and fitting. To mention names would be invidious, but there is probably no leading newspaper of the city which does not employ women journalists in various departments of its work; while Chicago women are editors of journals devoted to law, temperance, education, etc., many of these have won a wide-spread fame for their good work in their own special phase of journalism. There is no notable gathering where they are not represented, and the Illinois Woman's Press Club is one of the most vigorous of the many wide-awake women's institutions of this great city.

What a power in journalism women have become within the last quarter of a century is, perhaps, best shown by that large and growing organization, the Woman's National Press Association. This beginning with a little company of six ladies, newspaper correspondents, who met in the parlor of the Riggs House in Washington, D. C., on the 10th of July, 1882, and organized themselves into a "Press Association," has now many affiliated societies, yearly increasing in numbers, influence and strength in the South, East and West.

Among the earlier women journalists of this country, we recall the names of Frances Wright who, in 1838, edited the *New Harmony Gazette*, and later *The Free Enquirer*; Mrs. Elizabeth Oakley Smith, who assisted her husband, Saba Smith ("Major Jack Downing") in editing various papers; Margaret Fuller, employed by Greeley on the *New York*

Tribune; Ann S. Stephens, editor *Peterson's Magazine*; Jane Grey Swisshelm, ("Grace Greenwood," Mrs. Mary Lippincott), ("Fanny Fern," Sarah Willis Park), who helped build up the fortunes of the Boston *True Flag*, and Bonner's *New York Ledger*; and Lydia Maria Child, whose ability as a newspaper correspondent is shown by the unfading charm of her garnered volume of "Letters from New York."

The work done by women journalists tends not only to educate and elevate themselves personally, but it broadens, deepens, and strengthens the womanly nature and character every where, and raises higher the moral standard of the profession they have chosen. May our women journalists whose thoughts enrich our current daily literature, and whose influence grows every year stronger and more wide-spread, continue to increase their ranks, and reflect grace and glory on their sex and profession by their work, in which all women are bound to wish them success.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

PROFIT SHARING: BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE. A Study in the Evolution of the Wage System. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.75.

This is a careful and apparently conscientious compilation of probably all of the obtainable facts of the subject of "Profit Sharing." The author has evidently spared no labor to bring to bear upon this interesting subject all the light which past history or present experience can afford. The result is that Mr. Gilman has produced a book which will be of considerable value to all students of the labor problem, especially to those who look to co-operation or association as the ultimate solution. Profit sharing may be defined as a form of involuntary co-operation on the part of laborers; the wages system having been modified by the employer so as to permit the former to receive a certain percentage of the profits of the business in addition to their regular wages. It is thus seen to be a reform which originates with, and depends upon, the employing class. The most notable instances given where profit sharing has been instituted, are those of M. Leclaire of Paris and M. Godin of Guise, France, where the principle has been operated with marked success. A great number of other cases are cited in Europe and America where it has been and is being tried, with varying degrees of success. It may be safely said that the experiments thus far made have proven that the system tends to heal the antagonism between employer and employee, and promote peace and harmony instead of the usual state of labor war. It is a reform as "visionary" and "impracticable," it presents an inviting field for experiment at once safe and inexpensive. To the workmen who have been so favored by fortune as to have this scheme presented to them, it has undoubtedly been a great instructing lesson, and a strong inducement to the adoption of the principle of co-operation. In the instance of the employees of M. Leclaire and Godin, especially in the latter, where the immense iron industry of M. Godin is gradually passing into the form of a magnificent co-operative institution. It is this phase of profit sharing which seems to the writer most hopeful.

The author of Profit Sharing wisely admits that there may be other problems to be met after this reform has been accomplished. As he has not said what he believes these problems will be, and as it may be well to consider some of the possible weaknesses of the profit sharing system, I will briefly point out some of the difficulties of the labor problem, which this reform, if universally adopted, would fail to meet. Profit sharing, as thus far practiced by a few benevolent and far-sighted employers, has made labor so much more productive in those particular establishments as to give a decided advantage over the outside, non-participating world; but in the same way as the possession of some new labor-saving machinery enabled those particular employers to increase the wages of their employees in the form of bonus, etc. But if this beneficent scheme were universally adopted, and labor everywhere and in all the departments of industry were rewarded in the same way, would not the fierce competition among the "captains of industry" inevitably absorb the bonus formerly paid, or force down the nominal wages of the laborers and thus place the whole body of workers on the same level as before, with the added difficulty of a vast addition to the already large body of unemployed labor? The great and burning question is what to do about the labor problem, and one which makes it to some minds well nigh hopeless, is to see men vainly seeking employment, and sinking at last out of the ranks of labor only to recruit that of "tramps," and finally criminals? Is it not true that all, or nearly all, labor difficulties have been caused by the unemployed who, underbid the working and underpaid the others who, in their turn, must underbid again—or strike?

Any reform, then, which does not take account of this tendency of the competitive form of industry while it may represent a great and true principle, must certainly fail as a remedy for existing evils. The great and burning question is what to do about our constantly over-stocked labor market; how to open up new avenues of employment without displacing others; how to provide the laborer with an alternative when underbid by his competing fellow laborer.

Adoption of this problem should be seriously sought as the initial step in the improvement of labor, and all propositions that have a bearing upon it should, it seems to the writer, be well considered, no matter from whence they come.

The most hopeful, and, at the same time, most practical remedy, is the single tax on land values, which alone of the various schemes now proposed, thereby removes the bar to natural opportunities to labor.

Without entering upon a discussion of this, it only remains to say that when this or some other outlet shall have been provided for the constantly increasing labor surplus, what more natural than such modification of the wage system as the general application of "profit sharing?"

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM. A Course of Lectures through the Trance Mediumship of J. J. Morse. San Francisco: Carrier Dove Publishing House; England: H. A. Keresey. Pp. 160. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Morse's book introduces the book with a luminous preface in which those who are attempting to cloud the fair face of Spiritualism with names and doctrines get a full measure of criticism. Mr. Morse has been before the public for more than twenty years, and for scientific accuracy, and plain speech, free from mystical rant, he is unequalled. He has one of the extraneous and puerile ideas so common to trance mediums. If we were to criticize, it would be on the use of the word occultism, which seems out of place and misleading. In the sense the term is used by Theosophical writers, it is assuredly, for Mr. Morse, or his inspiration, is far removed from the mysticism which makes "occultism" necessary. The subjects of the lectures embrace the most profound in the range of Spiritualism, and embody the essential parts of its philosophy: The Trance; Mediumship; Magic; Witchcraft; Sorcery; the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State; the Soul World, its Hells, Heavens, and Evolutions; Life, Development and Death in Spirit Land, with answers to questions, are the leading subjects.

The author is sound to the core on the agitated questions of re-incarnation, pre-existence and the mysticism of Theosophy. What is wanted to-day is not the play on words of scholasticism, and endless twisting of meanings, making obscurity profundity, but clear thoughts, clearly and incisely expressed. In the latter method, Mr. Morse excels, and it is an excellence above all praise. Max Muller has advanced the theory that language came before thought, and without words there could be no ideas; i. e., that we cannot think without words to think with. Yet the metaphysicians from immemorial time, and the Theosophists of the present, show that there have been vocabularies of words, and not the vestige of an idea. There may be endless talk and books without number, and no one be the wiser except in his own conceit.

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Psychics.

One of the most beautiful myths of the ancient world was that of Psyche, where in the garb of a lovely maiden the human spirit was represented, divine and pure in its origin, yet subjected in the body to the trials and temptations from the earthly side, and drawn upward on the celestial to gain at last a victory which would give it a place with the gods in the fields Elysian. All the wealth of imagination was lavished on the ideal of the immortal part, imprisoned for a brief day, but whose destiny was to be the companion of celestial beings. Read understandingly, the myth has meaning in every word, expressing its significance with the vivid imagery of poetry.

From the same Greek root comes the English word psychics. It has lain dormant in the dictionaries, limited in the scope of its meaning and a stranger to all but a few, until the conditions necessary to enlarge its significance and broaden its field should come. Within the past few years it has asserted itself, and, against the opposition of sectarian bigots in theology and Spiritualism has, with its kindred, taken a prominent place in literature. We have good reason for keen remembrance of the sarcasm and contempt heaped upon us by some of our esteemed contemporaries, and by partisan Spiritualists when, some years ago, we began to use this word and its family as better fitted for the scientific exposition of matters covered under the broad term of Spiritualism than the bastard terminology so long current. And it amuses us to see our critics now glibly mouthing and deftly manipulating for their use the identical words, for using which we were so severely handled and charged with being heretical and disloyal to Spiritualism a few years ago. Psychics is a most expressive word, and one which will retain its newly acquired importance, for none other can be coined in every manner answering the requirements. It is independent of all "ologies" and "isms." It is of itself grandly suggestive of possibilities beyond the range of what is called matter. It is not a newly coined word, but new in the field it now covers. This field, vast as it is in extent, is like some unknown region in the heart of the "Dark Continent," along the borders of which a few venturesome investigators have traveled, learning just enough of its geography and typography to show its undefined extent and surpassing attractiveness, as well as some of its dangers. In the minds of most readers on the subject there rests the haze which invests the travels of Stanley, crossing forests, rivers; camping by lakes, and dealing with peoples whose strange names are unpronounceable.

An expressive name is desirable, one that does not carry with it a theory or conclusion, but will be permanent, however much views may in the future be modified. The old term psychology, although derived from the same source, will not answer the purpose, for it is limited to the manifestations of the mind, and by usage, to the metaphysical method of dealing with that subject. Aristotle was the founder of the method which makes the study an introversion of the mind within itself, and instead of observing mental phenomena, evolves conclusions from the interior consciousness. It is the mind looking within itself and observing what transpires. Understanding the processes within one's own mind, enables one to judge of others.

It will be seen that such a method was consonant with Greek thought, for that imaginative race had no science, in the sense the

word is to-day understood. The Hellenes had not the patience to observe the processes of nature and await in drawing conclusions for remote facts to be determined. Their fancy could not bide the sober restraint of research, and free from such restraint it indulged in speculation. The authority of Aristotle in the study of mind has been the bondage of a succession of great thinkers for more than twenty centuries. Psychology then would not be broad enough for the present purpose, as it embraces only the introverted study of the organization of the mind, as though that were all of the spiritual side. Pneumatology, in that definition given it by Stilling, is a better term, but with the common meaning of that word as a discourse on gases, or what at the time of their discovery were supposed to be spiritual essences, the student is confused when he uses it in a higher sense as applied to spiritual substance. Even when well defined it is obscure, and does not include the science of mind.

Psychic science has for its object the correlation of all facts beyond the border of physical science, and the demonstration of man's immortality. It here blends with religion, and is the assurance of faith, and the philosophy of morality. In the study of this science not one patient toiler is to be neglected. They may not have arrived at correct conclusions but their work is done, and with a corner broken off here, or a change there, is ready for the builder.

The difficulties the seeker meets are not from the narrowness of the field, but from its breadth and the fading of its outlines into the physical realm. It must also be borne in mind that as at present understood the threshold of its mysteries has been scarcely crossed. While physics has received undivided attention of the best thinkers since Aristotle's time, and come to stand for everything, psychic phenomena were considered supernatural, matters of belief, a faith, and relegated beyond the limits of research. Not until the formation of the London Society for Psychical Research was any concerted, methodical and persistent effort begun towards a scientific investigation. That society numbers among its members men and women prominent in the walks of their respective scientific specialties, but it must be said that they have brought the old methods to the new task, and remind one of a microscopist dissecting an almost invisible monad, with the cleaver of a butcher.

The training of physical science is not that required for success in the new field. Because a savant has given his life to the dissection of a caterpillar and can tell the number of muscles, their form, and the changes made in their modification to the uses of a butterfly, the form of a spot on the latter's wings, it does not follow that he is qualified for research in psychic science. He may give two score of years to the counting of stars unseen by the unaided eye, and yet be incapable of comprehending the conditions of psychic phenomena. The various scientific committees that have essayed the task, show not only the incompetency of the members, but the antagonisms of their favorite methods. They would carve their way to the mind by means of a hand saw to open the skull, and a dissecting knife to cleave the fibres of the brain. Before even they have broken the bars, the bird has escaped. They would weigh the living and the dead man, and because no pounds avoirdupois are lost, conclude nothing has passed away, and the mysterious phenomena of death are the result of the stopping of the machine!

After the autopsy of Cunitan, it was painfully amusing to read how astonished the physicians were that they did not find any remarkable changes, or differences from the standard type of brain. Nothing, only a slight protuberance, the size of a small shot, which was abnormal, and by inference the cause of the crime. The "mind reader," Bishop, fell into a trance, and the scientific doctors thinking that they had before them the opportunity to make themselves famous by discovering how he performed his wonderful feats, hewed through the skull, and with bloody knife cut into the secret recesses of the brain. What did they find? What did they expect to find? One would infer that they regarded the brain as a machine grinding out mind, and that their victim had some extra wheel, or pinion, some re-acting gearing or leverage not possessed by others. From the ghastly sacrifice they arose no better informed than when they began. They promised themselves the most perfect examination ever made, one which would solve the mystery of thought transference, and be a revelation to physicians for all time. What they did discover was a somewhat congested state of the brain! They found that the bone-saw and knife are not the keys wherewith the sanctuary of the spirit is unlocked. They got no response to their fiendish questioning.

Psychic research societies have accomplished something and are doing better work than the physicists, although as yet blindly groping their way as they necessarily must do. In the voluminous transactions of the British and American societies already published, the action of mind on mind in the normal and hypnotic states, the wonders of thought transference, dreams, haunted houses, etc., have received more or less attention, and a great number of relevant attested facts are recorded; but distinctive spiritual phenomena have received little attention, and it must be said regretfully, the slight attention given has been wrongly directed. Really it is this class of phenomena which are of paramount value, and toward which all others in this field tend. If they are not pointed with this significance they ve little mean-

ing or value. The distinctively spiritual furnish the key whereby the mystery of all others is unfolded and made comprehensible.

How is one to observe? It is constantly asserted that only trained scientists are qualified to investigate psychic phenomena, and that an ordinary person is sure to go astray. There are instances of too easy credulity, but it is through mistakes the truth is gained. Investigators are forcibly taught that they must be vigilant; and, as we have always declared, that each observation stands for and by itself; all-rejecting skepticism is as weak as all-receiving credulity.

Immortality, if established by scientific methods, becomes the grandest fact in human life. Everything sinks and fades into insignificance in comparison. That the dear ones who left us at the brink of the grave, live in realms of light, live and love us; that our destiny is measured in its years by the birth and death of solar systems, is worth all else the world contains. Men may be conscious of this grand destiny; men are conscious of it, but evidence is demanded. Admit immortality and the endless phenomena gathering around this central fact become explicable, and weave themselves into a system of philosophy.

Honor to a Noble Martyr.

On the 9th ultimo, with imposing ceremonies, the statue of Giordano Bruno was unveiled in Rome. Marching in procession to the public square, thirty thousand people including students and deputations from various portions of Italy, came to do him honor who was burned at the stake in the Papal city nearly three centuries ago. Truly,

"The demons of our aires become
The saints whom we adore."

And why such an ovation to the memory of a humble Dominican priest? What noble works were accomplished that, in sight of the Vatican arises a statue of one who for seven years lingered in the pitiless dungeon of the Roman Inquisition, who after degradation and excommunication was burned at the stake by the officials of the Holy Mother Church?

It is because Giordano Bruno is really one of the Saviors of the race. Brilliant, persuasive, enthusiastic, earnest, persistent, he saw a greater measure of truth than others about him and dared teach what he saw. A priest of the Dominican order at the age of twenty-eight, publishing tracts upon the times, lecturing, teaching, traveling to Venice, Geneva, Paris and England, the Italian monk became a light shining brightly amidst the intense darkness of the Middle Ages. Hated by narrow bigotry he was, for such minds always incur the enmity of those whom they would gladly make free. So it has always been and so it will continue to be.

A few years before the birth of Bruno, Copernicus put forth his theory of the solar system for which afterward Galileo fell under the ban of the church. To our hero it seemed self-evident. He went farther than Copernicus; that grand soul looked out on not one solar system but on many. He saw sun beyond sun, system beyond system; and so the Infinite Spirit containing and comprehending all, was he perceived, law, order and harmony. Leaping time and space he so far outstripped his contemporaries that they hated him because of it, for hatred and fear are the children of darkness. He was a light in the dim twilight, and eyes used only to murkiness shrank from the full glare of the day.

What seed he sowed in his journeyings history cannot disclose. He has been likened to Socrates, but the Grecian philosopher, far happier in his environment, found pupils sufficiently developed and appreciative to note every word of their beloved master. Bruno published several books concerning "The Infinite Universe and Worlds," from which the student of the 19th century recognizes the priest of the 16th century as his peer, both in science and in morals. That any who heard him speak or read his writings understood the inspired philosopher, is doubtful. Galileo had accepted the Copernican system, but that astronomer had none of the moral courage and little of the grasp of thought of Bruno, and a few years after the martyrdom of the Dominican monk, Galileo was tortured until he recanted. In all the land the wisest and most learned were as children compared with Bruno. In all the Dark Ages there was none so inspired with grandeur of thought or love of truth. Like a solitary beacon set in midnight blackness, he saw no light answering unto his own. Yet how brave he was, how strong with the strength of the spirit! Barbarously burned at the stake at the end of seven years' incarceration, Bruno perished as he had really lived, alone and uncomprehended.

"His system," says Hallam, "may be said to contain a sort of double pantheism. The world is animated by an omnipresent, intelligent soul, the first cause of every form that matter can assume but not matter itself. In his own work, 'Del Infinito Universo,' he asserts the infinity of the universe and the plurality of worlds. That the stars are suns shining by their own light, that each has its revolving planets, were among the enormous and capital offences of Bruno." Hegel says of him, "The leading characteristic of Bruno's writings is, at bottom a wonderful inspiration, the inspiration of a self-consciousness which feels the spirit dwelling in it and knows that its essence is one with all essence."

So it is that to-day the radical thinker is not so very far in advance of Bruno nor does he much differ with his conceptions. But the strangest circumstance of all connected with this prophet-martyr is that in the oration made at the unveiling of the statue of

Bruno, Deputy Buio declared that "to-day there is born a new religion of free thought and liberty of conscience which would be worse for the Papacy than the loss of temporal power." And this occurred in the very shadow of the Vatican; perhaps on the very spot where the philosopher and scientist was burned "for heresy and apostasy." It cannot be denied that the world does move.

The ceremonies of the unveiling were witnessed by the Syndic of Rome, the Government officials and a large number of Senators and Deputies. The celebration took place amidst great enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that 400 telegrams arrived at the Vatican deploring the unveiling of the statue and the great depression of the Pope. But it stands there all the same, and of the one thousand who attended the banquet which closed the festivities, there must have been a few who truly comprehend the lofty and noble character.

George Washington Again.

Shades of the departed, come to our rescue! With the commercial world organizing into trusts; the Presbyterian Church coming together with eternal damnation left out; with the venerable editor of the Chicago Tribune "congratulating" the union, and with all the other changes going on—this land-mark and the other passing away—the "piety" of George Washington has to go with the rest! It is now claimed that he was more "moral than pious." We don't know what this means. Was it because he swore at Brandywine? Well! He swore to some purpose at any rate. The next thing we expect to hear will be that the story of the "hatchet," like the story of Pocahontas, is a "myth." Then our faith in human veracity will be extinguished. But our fears are relieved. Unity lifts the burden from the JOURNAL's throbbing heart. Its depression is gone. It swells again in adoration of the old faith in the father of his country. We don't believe he ever told a lie; we accept the hatchet story with all which that implies. Listen to what the "ethical" Unity has to say:

And though he was baptized in the Episcopal church and afterwards served as a vestryman, and usually attended the worship of that church when he went at all, yet Dr. Abercrombie, rector of the Episcopal church in Philadelphia, said "Washington was a deist," and Jefferson said the same.

Once he is reported to have taken bread and wine in a Presbyterian meeting house. But he is not known to have partaken of the Lord's Supper more than once in the last twenty years of his life. "Ministers have taken revenge for this omission, and have denied or doubted his religious character."

Charged with deism, guilty of deliberate nonconformity, what religious sect can with any consistency exonerate his character from the stain of irreligion? No church can do this which is not founded upon some broader basis than that of the creeds. Yet no Unitarian can for a moment doubt the profoundly religious nature and principles of a man like Washington. Only they are not seen in his belonging or not belonging to the Episcopal church; in his partaking or not partaking of the Lord's Supper; in his believing or not believing in a miraculous revelation; in his having or not having prayers in camp. But they are seen in that courage and confidence in a righteous cause, which never faltered in the midst of faithlessness and treachery, disaster and desertion. They are seen in that sacred fidelity which never betrayed a trust. They are seen in that integrity of character, that sense of justice, that modesty of personal claims, that ready sacrifice of self for the common good, that reverence for, and reliance on, the supreme and universal Providence, which in all ages have made men strong, have made men loved, have made men immortal in the annals of history.

Joshua and the Sun Myth.

If science has accomplished nothing else it has driven to the wall the absurdities of biblical interpretation. The sagacious improvements of modern divines cannot save the old book to their failing cause. A more spiritual faith—mostly the result of Modern Spiritualism—is giving to all disputed passages a broader and more occult meaning. No one at all conversant with the deeper meanings of the Bible pretends that it can have relations to externality. It is a matter of the sublimest indifference, therefore, whether the sun stood still for Joshua or not, or whether it so seemed under the law of refraction. As showing the trend of religious teaching, we reproduce the following from the Kansas City Times:

At Christ Church Bishop Usher, rector, elect for his subject the so-called mistake of the "Sun Standing Still," taking his text from Joshua x, 12-14. He showed that the error in understanding the passage grew out of the Masoretic interference with the original Hebrew in the year A. D. 500, when the vowel points were introduced. He gave the translation of the unpunctuated Hebrew by Dr. Pratt, an eminent Hebrew scholar, as follows: "Then spake Joshua to Jehovah, on the occasion of Jehovah delivering up the Amorites before the children of Israel, let the sun be obscured over Gibeon, and the moon over the valley of Ajalon, and the sun was obscured and the moon also, while the people rose up against its enemies. Is not this written in the Book of Joshua, and the sun remained in the clouds of heaven and shone, not rising like an ordinary day, and there has not been such an event as this before or after it, as to the hearkening of Jehovah unto the voice of man, for Jehovah fought for Israel."

This translation does away with all the built-up difficulties regarding the arrest of planetary motion. The preacher, while stating distinctly that he in no sense limited divine thought or power for a moment, that anything in the created universe was outside of the limit of the fullest divine control, showed by scientific facts that the condition of the sun, seeming to stand still, could be produced by refraction, and by his clear way of putting facts left no ground for the skeptic to stand upon.

All this is begging the question. Neither Joshua nor his sun would long "stand still" under the infliction of such irrelevant nonsense.

Lou Allen Sprint, a Baltimore child of 3½ years, is assisting at church entertainments and astonishing people by her proficiency on the piano.

While orthodox ministers frequently refer to the death of infidels by lightning and other casualties as a direct visitation of Divine Providence, to what particular supernatural agency will they ascribe the shock received by the Rev. J. C. Myers of State Line, Ind., who, at the request of Rev. Steele of the New Liberty Christian Church, Fountain co., Ind., filled the pulpit in that church, May 26th? During the evening services, about eight o'clock, a small cloud was noticed to overcast the sky. Immediately afterward a blinding bolt of lightning descended, struck and destroyed the church chimney. Following along the stovepipe, which ran around the room, it crushed the two stoves into fragments and tore up the floor. After leaving the chimney the bolt separated and a portion of it ran down the chandelier, over the pulpit, striking Mr. Myers in the back of the head. He turned a somersault, fell heavily to the floor and was thought to be dead. He laid in an unconscious condition for more than half an hour. Several persons in the large congregation were shocked into insensibility, but soon recovered. On the back of Mr. Myers' head where the lightning struck him, is a bruised place about the size of a silver dollar. His face appears burnt and his sight is nearly destroyed. He was brought to Danville, Ill., for treatment, and Dr. Poland, who is attending, fears that the loss of vision will be permanent and complete.

It is the custom among the members of the Society of Christian Endeavor, for the young men and young women to take turns equally in leading their meetings, and it is required of each member to take some part in each meeting, if it be only in repeating a verse of Scripture. At a church we know of in Newark, N. J., the programme for the year was printed, with the subjects and the names of those who should preside. When the programme happened to come under the eye of the elders they informed the members of the society that young women could not be allowed in that church to conduct a meeting or to rise and speak or pray. The utmost that would be allowed was for them to sing, to call for a hymn, or to repeat a verse of Scripture; but even so it must be done from the seat and not standing. There was a certain amount of pious indignation among the young folks, but they had to submit. In twenty years some of them will be elders and perhaps eldersesses (if the solecism may be pardoned for the sake of the idea), and they will do these things better then. One needs now and then to see a concrete case of such archaicism to understand what was common in the times of our fathers. And it would be curious to get at the explanation why it is proper for a woman to repeat a verse sitting down, while she must not stand up and do it; or why she can stand up and sing a solo prayer and cannot say it; or why, any how, she is to be treated as an inferior, uneducated nonentity, not fit to give inspiration or instruction to her brothers. So far as we observe the young women in our Christian Endeavor societies, or in any other religious or social gatherings are, on the average, quite as well educated and intelligent, as fit to give help as the young men. Perhaps it is feared that they may find it out.—*The Independent.*

"The doctrine of re-incarnation," says W. Kingsland in *Lucifer* for May, "may be said to be the key note of Theosophical teachings." It may be the "key note" of the mongrel metaphysical muddle which is adding the brains of some illy-balanced minds and helping to increase the tomfoolery of the age; it may do for ex-circus riders, blasé men and women, people who have squeezed the lemon dry and have only the bitter rind of life left, and desire to come back again in another embodiment, re-invigorated and able to go the giddy rounds once more; it may meet the wants of some transcendental individuals who love to roam at will through the psychical phantasmagoria evolved by mystics in the moonlight of human history. Let all such hug the doctrine if it is a satisfaction. The JOURNAL has no space for extended discussions of the topic.—This in reply to several correspondents who are dying to air their views at our expense.

A writer in *Medium and Daybreak* says: "There seems to be much dissatisfaction in regard to materialization. The conditions under which manifestations take place, are not likely to place them above suspicion. There is also great confusion and an utter inability to distinguish the difference between personation, transfiguration, and materialization. The controlling spirits of cabinets do not inform the sitters as to which form of manifestation is taking place. If this could be done it would save misunderstanding." Like too many other writers this one is swift to put the blame on spirits. Let him and all other investigators look to mortals and hold them responsible for crookedness, and there will soon be an end—either of cabinet shows or of deception, or both.

M. Tarry, one of the engineers on the Sahara Railroad now being constructed by France, reports a curious discovery of great archaeological value. Coming upon a mound of sand he had it dug into, and found a dome which proved to be the top of a tower; and, digging deeper, the tower proved to belong to a mosque entirely embedded in the sand. Continuing his researches, he has already uncovered nine houses and a water course. The water course is of great value, and will be used for irrigation. This discovery confirms the impression that the Sahara was once a populous land, by no means a waste or desert. The restoration of the vast tract will be pushed with renewed courage.

EMMA TUTTLE.

When all the towns were warned the little band
Ceased its last work to save. The precious head—
God circle it with lilies in Heaven's lan!—
Swept down the river with the drowned dead.
Berlin Heights, O.

LEROY L. CALDWELL

Disgrace. I went to Johnstown when I left your house, and expected to stay a week or so, but I was disappointed. I was in the city the first night in my hotel to go to Wheeling; that it would save me trouble. You cannot call it what you like, spirits or ghosts, but I know now that it was my mother who came to me. I am safe now, but I have not been able to get on my feet since. I was a butchman. I had all my goods there, and had my money bag engaged for a week at the Merchants' Hotel, but my mother came to my bed and told me to go. How do you account for it? Is it Spiritualism, or what? I know you will all say "No," but I am certain that the spirit will always follow my steps. I am, A. W. P., in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

NUMBER TWO.

8001 MASON.

Two boys who live in a small town near Piedmont, W. Va., had a banana race the other day, in which one ate forty and the other thirty-eight in twenty minutes. Both were awfully sick after the race, and don't want to see any more bananas.

•NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

There were eight, and I heard that night were the most painful, I believe, that human beings were ever called upon to endure. In the darkness we could distinguish human beings floating by the town on house-tops and rafts. Some were crying for help, others were praying. I saw one man, a Jew, with a beard and a turban, who kept up the courage. About 9 o'clock a big raft swept by the village within 100 yards of the shore. There was an entire family on it, and they were singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." In the midst of their song the raft struck a large tree and went to splinters. There were one or two women and children, and the horror of the time was with me day and night. It would have driven a weak-minded person crazy."

The following resolutions were lately adopted by the National Eclectic Medical Association:

**It Saved a Traveler from Death in the
Ashtabula Horror.**

Leaflets for Lyceums.

of class instruction from the infant to adult groups. Again I write you urging the necessity of an orderly, progressive course of instruction. More I cannot say. It would be started if we had a general foundation of class instruction. Many teachers would offer their own ideas. As it is now, each teacher is independent of the whole Iycum, whereas a certain amount of uniform action should be secured, which would leave a margin for individual thought, and yet be in harmony with the whole. This lack of working together in the classes is a fruitful cause of the partial or total failure of so many of our Iycums, many preferring to send their children elsewhere.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects

In Bangor, Me., under a prohibitory law, there is
saloon to every 120 inhabitants and in Boston unde

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A new and unique case of absent-mindedness is reported from Boston. The subject is a business man, and he usually dines at the absurd Boston hour 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The other day, quite absorbed in his business, he worked steadily until 4 o'clock, and then began to feel a very natural "gone-ness" in his stomach. "Dear me," he said, patting very tenderly, "dear me, I wonder what I ate for dinner that disagrees with me."

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sation and be productive of lasting results. It will in-
crease the knowledge, sympathies and all sympathies of
Occults under whatever name they may be pursuing
researches.

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selling work should arrange to take hold of this.'
Apply to the Publishers and for any number will now be
sent by the Publishers.

RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Jottings from Willow Springs, Nev.

(Continued from First Page.)

deal to the incoming president to issue a proclamation calling upon all the citizens of the Republic to observe the 30th of April, 1899, as a day of National Thanksgiving? This is the spirit of Romanism without the exact form thereof. Romanism under the guise of Protestantism is much to be feared. It is being wounded in the house of our friend. Ecclesiastical Despotism, whether it be embodied in a Roman Pontiff, or in an organized church, or in any body of men, for which we have no name, it is equally the enemy of our country's weal, to be watched, fought and defeated.

Appropos to this same question is the move to have God and Jesus engrafted into the constitution. The *Christian Register* says: "It would be well for many of the devoted women of the W. C. T. U., who are anxious to have God and Jesus engrafted into the U. S. Constitution to first settle the sex of their Deity and the number of persons in their Godhead." I have the greatest reverence for that "Nameless One" whom we call "God," and also for the name of "Jesus of Nazareth," and no word of mine has ever been uttered, and I trust never will be uttered, that could be fairly construed to mean disrespect to either of these, to me, sacred names; but I confess I can see nothing that deserves the name of "blasphemy" in addressing the Deity as "Our Mother God," either from a scientific or Biblical standpoint. As to the scientific aspect of the matter I would simply remark that scientists and philosophers are pretty well agreed in stating that there are two genders, or principles, or forces, or powers, that seem to dominate the universe, so far as we know it, and to which they have given the name for lack of a better, "negative and positive," or in other words, "male and female." Now it is believed by the most orthodox of Christians that God is in all, through all, and in a certain sense may be said to be all that exists; indeed the only real existence. He is the noumenon, all else is but the phenomena of that noumenon. I cannot, therefore, see any approach even to blasphemy from this aspect of the subject in saying, "Our Father and Our Mother God;" nor to address the Deity in these terms does it seem any more blasphemous, either from an Old or New Testament standpoint, for they both appear to perpetuate an old tradition of the "androgynous" nature of the Deity. "Let us make man in our image," and so he did. "And God created man in his image," "male and female created he them—called their name Adam." That man at one time of his existence is believed to have been androgynous is clear from another tradition perpetuated in the same book, that woman was taken from man. Of course were I skeptical on this point, the fact of its being recorded ever so plainly in the Bible would not of itself necessarily induce my belief.

Here I can not forbear to mention a little circumstance that transpired many years ago that had a considerable influence in making me what is called a "Free Thinker," and shows my present position with regard to all so-called "Revelations" and all kinds of books in general. The first time I ever saw that grand old man, now gone to glory, Henry C. Wright, I was then toiling in the ecclesiastical harness. In course of our conversation some dispositive theological question came up. I do not now recall what it was. I pelted Henry hard with many and diverse texts of scripture, to all which he for some moments listened very patiently. At last looking at me kindly enough, he said: "Young man, one thing I would have you remember in your after life; that is, that not any one thing is either true or false simply because it is written in a book." This for the time being silenced my scriptural gable, although it did not make the impression on my mind then that it did in after years. I could not forget it.

Now a few words more on this curious question of the sex of the Deity. I think the influence of the same tradition may be found in the New Testament, both in the language of Jesus and St. Paul, and perpetuated somewhat indirectly in the doctrine and teaching of the church of Rome. It is well known to every Latin and Greek scholar, that there are two words in the former language by which man is designated, namely, *vir* and *homo*. The former means a man as opposed to a woman. The latter may mean either a man or woman, or both combined, namely a human being. Answering to these two words in Latin, we have two in Greek: *aner*, a man as opposed to a woman; *anthropos*, a human being either a man or a woman, or both combined, as in the former case. Now Jesus makes use of the expression many times: "I am the son of man." "The son of man," etc. Now, it is somewhat remarkable, at least a little curious, he never uses the word *aner*, but invariably uses the more comprehensive word, *anthropos*, human being. Nor do I this moment recall any instance in which when the expression, "Son of man," is used of him, is the word *aner* ever used. The whole phrase then is: *Emi ho huios tou anthropou*, which seems to have been exclusively and constantly appropriated by Jesus to himself.

Now, granting this to be true, and that there is any special significance in it, what inference may we draw from it? That Jesus believed himself to be a perfect type of what humanity once was and of what God is respecting this combination, in one person, of the male and female elements. And observe how this seems to be manifested in the life of Jesus, so far as we have any record of it. He plays the woman with Mary as she tells him of the death of her brother Lazarus, and mingles his tears with hers. Before Pilate he plays the man, the *aner*, the hero, and sets him and his authority at a dignified defiance. Women are his most constant companions from the cradle to the cross. There was something in the nature, as well as in the word and works of Jesus, that drew to him magnetically, as it were, both men and women. Saint Paul says Adam was a type of Jesus, and both were made in the similitude of God. "In Jesus there is neither male nor female; neither Jew nor gentile, bond or free; all are one in him." All the ancient religions taught the doctrine of the double sex of the Deity, and hinting "just as the Bible does," at a time when it was believed that man originally was androgynous. Nor is this so very absurd an idea, and without analogy in nature. Are not some flowers double sexed? and some animals, too, for that matter? Are not the drones in the hive the product of the queen-bee before connection with the male? What mean those atrophied remnants of the feminine nature that still cling to man? If they mean anything that we can understand, they all point to the possibility, I shall not say probability, of the androgynous nature of humanity—at one period of his existence. The Romish Church is the only Christian Church, with the exception, perhaps, of the Greek Church, that indirectly teaches the twofold nature of the deity. The Virgin Mary makes up the female of the Deity. There was a felt

need for this belief of a feminine element in God, and that church thus supplied it; and that is one of the strongest bonds that binds women to that church, and, in some measure, men, too, for that matter. A Catholic woman will suffer you frequently enough to speak against some of the most sacred doctrines of her church, but you venture to say anything disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin, and it will be safer for you to leave than remain. I speak from experience.

Romanism is essentially feminine; Protestantism is essentially masculine. The latter cast aside at the reformation the worship of the Virgin Mary, and put no other feminine element of worship in its place. I have no objection to pray, "Our Father and Our Mother God." It is probably philosophically true. If the testimony of the Bible be worth anything on the point, it is probably Scripturally true also. And in this sense, *inter alia*, I can understand how Jesus might be called par excellence, the "Son of God." Had the complete nature of Jesus been fully recognized and taught by the early church, the Virgin Mary had probably never occupied the position in the Romish system that she does to-day. But I must not draw my remarks to a conclusion, that I may not too much try the patience of the reader. This whole subject in question is to me interesting, but not vitally important. If the theory of the double sex of Deity, and of Jesus of Nazareth, was knocked, as we say, into a "cocked hat," I should feel neither grieved nor angry. The truth will ultimately prevail. But I do not wish, Mr. Editor, any Deity, male or female, or both, put into the constitution. I think it is too small a place for one. By the by, if Deity has been out of the constitution all these many years, who has been filling his place, I wonder? The Devil? If so I vote he still keeps his position, for he has done remarkably well for the last hundred years. So much has this godless country, and our godless schools, prospered, that all the God-fearing nations of the earth are flocking to our shores, and calling us blessed, and are envious of our prosperity, notwithstanding we have kept him out of the constitution.

WM. L. THOMPSON.

SHE.

A Piquant and Picturesque Portraiture of the Russian Sphinx—From the Pencil of a Sister Theosophist.

Teaching Abstinence From Meat, She Devours Liver Without the Aid of Knife or Fork—Advocating Altruism and Brotherhood She Interferes with Domestic Harmony, and Plays the Old Harry Generally.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have for several years been deeply interested in the underlying philosophical principles of so called Theosophy. These principles have made plain to me much which neither science explains nor revelation reveals. Much which has come through this channel has appealed not only to my reason, but also to my experience. Because this is so, I have used every means in my power to ascertain the real truth in regard to the movement as inaugurated by H. P. Blavatsky, and not without a fair measure of success. I feel sure that many honest seekers after truth will find the following facts of significant interest.

I will say at once that I have been willing, nay, anxious to believe the best that could be demonstrated of Mme. Blavatsky, and although I have persistently held myself in reserve in regard to her, it would have given me most sincere pleasure to have found her as honest and worthy as she is talented. It so happened that, after hearing much which convinced me that while she possessed remarkable powers, she by no means possessed the powers she claimed, I became intimately acquainted with a person who lived in the house with her when she was in New York. This lady, for personal reasons, was and is very friendly toward Mme. Blavatsky, and is a person of well-known probity. From her I learned that Mme. Blavatsky, while teaching the faithful to abstain from meat diet, was in the habit of devouring huge plates of flesh and of liver in the most primitive fashion, without fork or knife, but only with her fingers and her bad, unsteady, fang-like teeth; that her personal habits were filthy and her language vile. Also that it was her wont to play "occult" tricks—she was quite an expert at legerdemain—on Col. Olcott, and to constantly call him a d—d fool, and to quarrel with him in the fiercest manner. Furthermore, that she deliberately broke up several families by professing to have some occult knowledge which must lead to that result.

One day my acquaintance, who was at that time Mme. Blavatsky's neighbor, expressed an ardent desire to see one of the mahatma brothers; soon after, when she was in the madame's apartments, she requested her, as she was passing, to look into a room in which there was no window. There, remarkably garbed, sat a Mahatma. Presto! if Mme. Blavatsky could really show a Mahatma to this honest, though certainly credulous person, why could she not show one to Mable Collins and convince her that from him she derived the inspiration which enabled her to write "Light on the Path"?

While, what I have mentioned, and a great deal more in the same line, I learned from this lady who knew Mme. Blavatsky in an every day fashion, for many months, I on the other hand became convinced from what she told me, that Mme. Blavatsky was a woman of extraordinary acquirements, of splendid ability and unusual resources. I found that she derived a part of her income from newspaper work. She was a regular correspondent of several famous foreign journals. She has two sisters, one of whom is very wealthy.

Later I was told by a famous medium, with whom Mme. Blavatsky lived in London, that she constantly consulted mediums and that she derived much information and direction from this source. This statement was substantiated by several reliable, trustworthy people who knew that Mme. Blavatsky consulted mediums, both in London and New York.

From a lady of culture and high social position, who was a friend of the late Frederick Hockley Esq. of England, than whom there has been no more profound occult student, I learned that Mr. Hockley refused to call upon Mme. Blavatsky, and declared himself as considering her beneath the attention of a true occultist. Moreover, I was informed by a doctor of divinity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was for some years a resident missionary in India, that during the time he was there he knew an aged Fundit who had stated to him, and since put the statement in writing, that Mme. Blavatsky had come to him for instruction, which he had refused to give her, on the ground that she was wrong in motive from the very beginning, and was not a fit person

to be intrusted with the knowledge she sought to obtain. The Rev. Doctor who imparted this information spoke of the ancient Fundit, who gave this testimony in regard to Mme. Blavatsky, as a man of the most wonderfully amiable and charming character; of marvelous and subtle wisdom and of deep spirituality.

However, more significant than all of these facts is the solicitation sent out last fall to Theosophists requesting them to sign a paper pledging themselves to sustain and obey Mme. Blavatsky in all matters pertaining to Theosophy, and also the later manifesto urging all good disciples of the cause to wage war on certain critical editors. Were she sustained by mahatma power certainly she would not be reduced to so belittling measures as these. Surely any one who is not predestined by a bigoted desire to be deceived, may see the trend of this short-sighted, word-vallant woman's effort and the source of such power as she possesses. And most surely all who seek the truth at any cost and the highest and best that can be attained at all hazard, may see how she, in her self-serving, is being made the instrument in the hands of an all-powerful good by which the attention of very many true and earnest men and women is being called to the grand revealing truths of "The Wisdom Religion."

I will say that I am ready to substantiate all I have written and much more, that my name and address is in the hands of the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and that I am in good standing.

F. T. S.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF LOST LIMBS.

A Remarkable Story.

DEFIANCE, O., May 26th, 1899.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dear Sir: I had occasion some time since to try a case at Fort Wayne, Ind., and came across a curious incident of psychological phenomena which brought to my recollection the case of George Dedlow in the *Atlantic Monthly*, published some time in '67, I think. The "victim" of these experiences is a sober-minded deputy clerk or assistant in the office of the clerk of Superior Court in Allen County, and is thoroughly honest and reliable and he has no tendency to superstition as it is ordinarily defined.

There are, I presume, a large class of such phenomena, which, if carefully collated, would make something like a strong body of evidence to establish some one of the theories of a triple or septuple body.

Yours,

BENJ. B. KINGSBURY.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Oct. 9th, 1898.

MR. BENJ. B. KINGSBURY, Sir: Yours of the 7th inst. came to hand in due time. I should have answered sooner but time would not permit. In reply to your inquiry I will not attempt to explain what to me is a profound mystery in regard to the peculiar sensation as to my feet; but it will afford me great pleasure to give you my experiences in the matter, and leave the burden of an explanation with you.

On the morning of the 10th day of October, 1876, I met with a sad accident by being run over by a railroad train, which necessitated the amputation of both my feet, one about four inches above the ankle; the other at the instep, allowing the heel to remain. The next day my father called to see me at the hospital, and asked the privilege of preserving my feet, which request I granted. From that time I experienced severe cramps in my feet, sometimes almost beyond endurance. My father remained but a few days and then returned to his home in Ohio. About three weeks later my mother visited me. I told her the circumstances; told her I could scarcely endure it; that I believed father had the feet doubled up (as they were badly crushed), and asked that he would straighten them. She told me the feet were in the possession of a friend in this city, preserved in alcohol; but as the jar was too small the feet had to be doubled. She agreed to send for a larger jar and have them transferred and placed in their proper position. In a few days thereafter she returned home.

About ten days later I felt some one take hold of my left foot, as perceptibly as though it were real, and straighten it; press the toes to their proper place and position, and then the same operation was performed with the right foot. I was somewhat alarmed and surprised, and, as it were, involuntarily reached down as if to take hold of my feet, but it was but an aching void. During all this time, and for several hours I suffered the most intense pain. After it had died away, I experienced no more cramps, and my feet felt more comfortable and natural.

Two evenings later my friend called on me, and I thanked him for the favor. He at first denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of my feet, or that he had done anything with them; but when I gave him the exact day and hour that the matter occurred, and which foot he had taken first, and how he did it, he acknowledged that the whole transaction was as I had stated. He also stated to me that he was alone at the time, the rest of the family having all retired, and that he had told no one, but could not understand how I could know. He became superstitious, and said he would never touch them again.

After I recovered I procured a pair of artificial limbs, and about eighteen months after the accident a friend of mine volunteered to go with me and carry the jar containing the feet to my own house. In doing so I was walking, or endeavoring to walk, by his side on a smooth walk. I soon found that it was almost impossible for me to walk at all. I can not explain the sensation in my feet. I had no control over them. Sometimes my toes were in front; sometimes the feet were turned around and the toes were behind. I sickened me, and I was forced to ask my friend to support me. Soon after this I moved with my family to another house. During the transportation of my feet the same experience was had as above stated. I then ordered them to be placed in the rear of a deep closet, and forbade their being moved under penalty of severe punishment. They then remained undisturbed until about two years ago, when I again moved to where I now live. At this time in removing them the sensation was much reduced; all that I experienced was like the pricking of needles, or as though my shoes were full of chestnut burrs. For the last year it has required considerable disturbance on their part before I can notice any peculiar sensation. I can, however, feel them, and move my toes and ankle as well as ever, except that they feel very stiff. About all the pain that I have had on account of the amputation, was and is in the feet, and not at the point where the amputation was made. After the amputation, when suffering severe pain in the feet, by putting my hands over the end of the stump or wound, the pain would pass away, leave the foot and locate itself in the wound caused by the amputation, and upon remov-

ing my hand the pain would immediately return to my foot.

In about six or seven weeks after the first amputation, it became necessary to amputate the right limb the second time. Having been amputated at the instep the first time it was now taken off about four inches above the ankle. The place thus amputated was purloined by a young medical student, who enriched his knowledge in the anatomy of the human frame by dissecting it. In doing so I could distinctly feel the operation, and a very painful one it was, especially when he removed the marrow from the bone. Not knowing who it was that had committed the outrage upon me, I accused several, but all denied having done it, except one who told me it was as I had said, but refused to give me the name of the perpetrator. Since then I have frequently suffered severely with rheumatism in this ankle and heel, and where or how to apply a remedy was a mystery to me.

In very cold weather I suffer much with cold feet.

These curious sensations are a deep mystery to me. Some, however, can be easily explained. I have endeavored to avoid all imaginations, but have given you the facts. I have frequently told these experiences to others, but was looked upon as one telling a falsehood. It has been a pleasure to me to grant your request, hoping that the mystery may in some way be solved. Any further information you may desire, will be cheerfully given. Hoping to hear from you again, and that you, or some one, may be able to throw some light on this subject, I am,

Your humble servant,

D. W. SOUDER.

FORT WAYNE, IND., May 23, 1899.

MR. B. B. KINGSBURY, Sir: Yours of the 14th inst. came to hand in due time. Pardon my delay. In answer as to the names, I would say that my father is Geo. Souder, living at Shelby, Richland Co., Ohio. My mother is dead. Israel Lee, now deceased, was the person who straightened my feet. Harrison DeHaven is the one who carried my feet from Mr. Lee's residence to my own. He is now living in this city on Holman Street; cannot give the number of residence. Dr. W. H. Myers of this city amputated my limbs, but I was afterwards attended by Dr. Frezlius, who soon after left here, and the last I heard from him he was in the Missouri State Prison for stealing a span of mules.

A Mr. Loser, son of Christian Loser, of Shelby, Ohio, had his arm caught in a clover huller. After amputation it was buried. He complained of worms in it. His father took it up and found it as the boy had said. He then put it in alcohol, and whenever it was disturbed the boy knew it. This, I understand, was frequently tested, unknown, however, to the boy. He invariably complained at the exact time that his arm was being tampered with. Others have come to my knowledge but I made no particular note of them, hence cannot give names or dates correctly.

Should you receive any light on the mystery, please let me hear from you. I shall be at your service at any time.

With kind regards I am, yours,

D. W. SOUDER.

COMMENTS ON THE CASE BY PROF. WM. JAMES OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

DEAR COL. BUNDY:—I enclose you the interesting narrative of Mr. Souder, on which you ask my opinion. In number 3 of the proceedings of the American Society of Psychological Research, I published a paper on the Consciousness of Lost Limbs, based on accounts of 185 cases which I had collected. Amongst them were about a dozen which told of pains, due to events happening to the buried or preserved extremity. These were, however, so vaguely told (with one exception of which the account unfortunately got lost), and were evidently so unreflected that I had to say that I could draw no positive conclusions to so many sorts of painful hallucinations that it would be strange if some of the neuralgias and feelings of cramp, formication and twitching in the lost parts did not occasionally coincide in time with actual experiences of the cut-off parts.

Mr. Souder's case is by far the most striking one which has come to my knowledge. I can only regret that after such an experience as he relates, he did not deliberately experiment with the preserved parts by causing some friend to manipulate them, whilst he, in an adjoining room, noted his sensations at the time. Apparently it would now be too late for such an experiment.

I have nothing more to add, except that if there be anywhere a fitting sort of object for telepathy it might be expected to be one's own cut off feet. Very truly yours,

WM. JAMES.

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MACHINERY OF THE BODY

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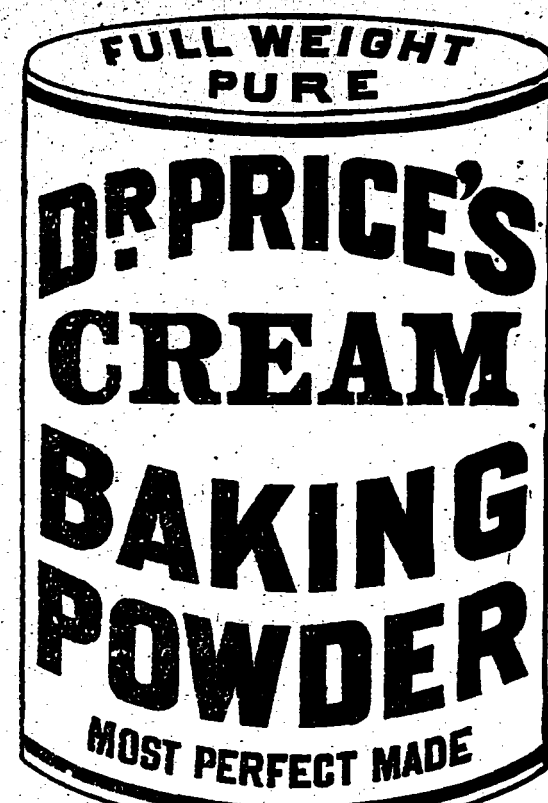
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For further particulars address William Hill, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago and Eastern Illinois R.R., Chicago.



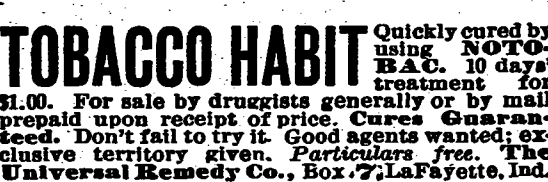
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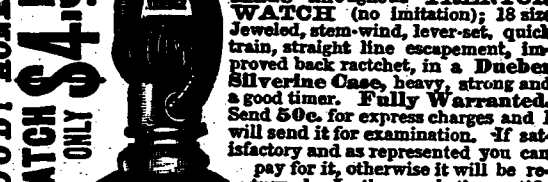
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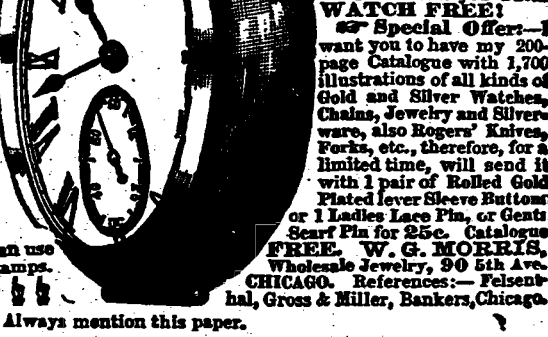
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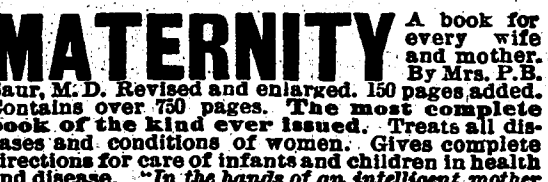


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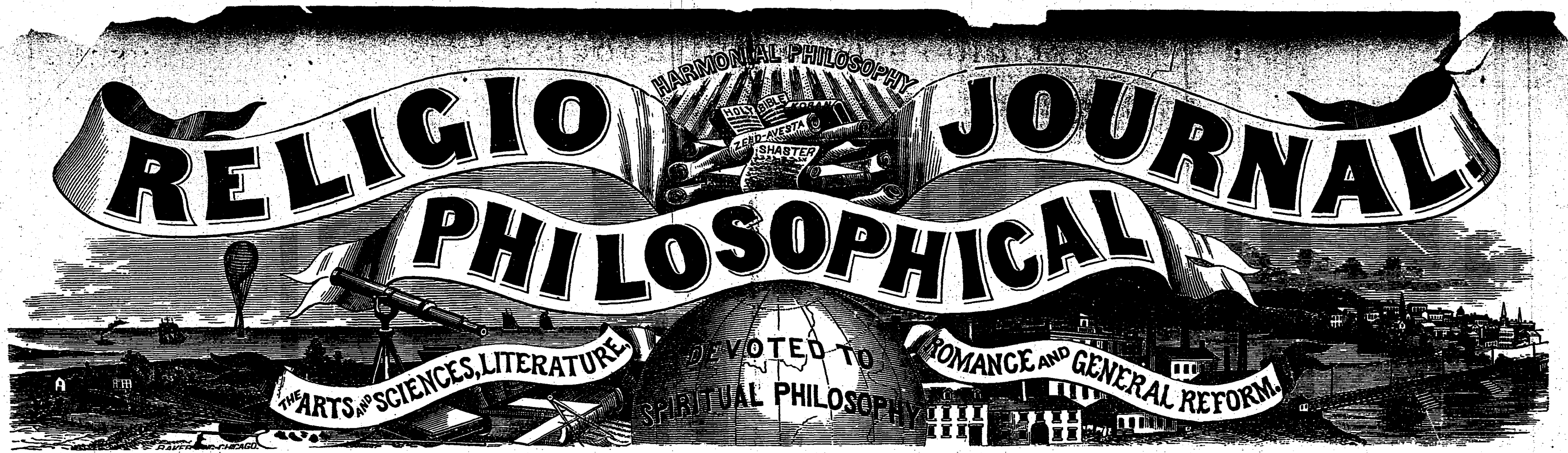
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CHICAGO, JUNE 29, 1889.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. Philbrook.—Mediumship and Epilepsy Contrasted.—Where is Dr. Hamilton?
W. H. CHANEY.

Judging from the scores of letters which I have received from entire strangers, since my communications in the JOURNAL of April 14th and May 20th, there are at least a few persons who were interested in the subjects which I discussed, and so many questions have been asked, one question by at least a dozen persons, that I must petition for a brief space in which to reply. The prevailing query is thus stated by Fisher Doherty, of Crawfordville, Indiana:

"We who are living in the valley, look to you on the mountain for light. I want your opinion on the merits of H. B. Philbrook's revelations. Are the views advanced by him in harmony with the facts in astronomy, chemistry, physiology, etc.?"

My thought has been to answer "no," to each querist, and let the matter end there, but that would be dogmatizing, and Spiritualists are the last people in the world to respect a dogmatist. Therefore I will try to be logical and philosophical.

I know nothing of Mr. Philbrook's private history, but will venture to suggest that he has inherited epilepsy, a disease of the brain. This is one of the most deceptive and insidious of all cerebral diseases, seeming to be equally allied to sanity and insanity. No person can claim immunity from its attacks. I have symptoms of it myself, but in a mild form, unaccompanied by the least physical pain. Excessive anxiety, nervous prostration, mental exhaustion, etc., in my own case, are superinduced causes of the attacks. I am not in the least unconscious, yet what I see and hear seems perfectly real to me, while at the same time I am conscious of the hallucination.

Emmanuel Swedenborg inherited epilepsy of the brain from both father and grandfather. Edgar A. Poe was a victim of the same disease. Swedenborg, during his attacks, had visions of God, heaven, the devil, hell, spirits, etc., all of which were remembered after the attack had passed and seemed perfectly real to him. He fancied that God had called him to explain the meaning of the Scriptures, just as Esdras (see Apocrapha) fancied that God had called him to write up the Old Testament, which was lost, and he dictated it in forty days to five scribes, only a short time before Christ, and that is how we came by the old Bible. Swedenborg was just as much inspired as Esdras, and wrote in language far less filthy. The father and grandfather of Swedenborg were clergymen; how natural, then, that he should inherit a mania for expounding the Bible.

In Edgar A. Poe we look in vain for symptoms of a tendency to either pound or expound the imaginings of the epileptics which had preceded him. His mania was intensely dramatic and poetic. When the fit was on him his visions were most weird and startling. These were remembered in his normal state and afforded plots for his writing the most strange and thrilling prose sketches as well as poems.

I cannot truthfully rank H. B. Philbrook as the intellectual equal of either Poe or Swedenborg, yet he was naturally endowed with a fine quality of brain, and if not large, intensely active. In his youth he acquired a fair education and subsequently studied law. He possessed a brain power superior to the average of lawyers, but it was by no means adapted to the practice of law. His clients knew this, if he did not. Hence, his failure to gain a good practice, and hence his struggle

along the ragged edge of poverty. No doubt his privations and anxiety hastened the development of his cerebral ailment. Then came the vision of a great work which he was called to perform.

I have examined many cases of incipient insanity and in every instance found this unerring symptom—a great work to do! Furthermore, I have never yet found a case where the patient was not more or less a medium. Educated, but idiotic physicians, have read from books that one possessed of the idea of a mission to fulfill is on the verge of insanity; also, that epilepsy produces visions of airy nothingness, which to the victim seem a reality, and putting the two facts together proclaim that mediumship is nothing but a cerebral disease or derangement.

Mr. Philbrook's visions did not take the form of those of Swedenborg, or Poe, or Joan of Arc; nevertheless he felt sure that he had received a "call." Among his earlier writings are so many evidences of sanity, especially his "Cause and Cure of Disease," that on reading it, before I had seen him, I did not suspect the least cerebral derangement. This shows how insidious and deceiving are the workings of this mysterious disease.

The cause of an epileptic fit is the rapid and involuntary demission of nerve energy from the centers to the surface, producing a wild action of the muscles, convulsions, convulsions, etc. This action is general, the whole man being affected, and hence unconscious. Mind is an effect, the cause of which is the action of the brain. When the brain action is involuntary, the mind is uncontrolled by the will and hence the strange involuntary thoughts; the sounds which are heard; visions that are presented, etc. These phenomena are mere chimeras of the brain, yet they seem as real as reality itself. In the case of spirit control a force is projected upon the brain by a spirit, producing an involuntary demission of nerve energy, when there will appear what is termed clairvoyance, clairaudience, and so forth. It is a contradiction of terms to talk about "independent clairvoyance." There can be no clear seeing, or hearing, unless some power outside of the individual's will acts upon the brain; a boat, when rowed, might as well boast of its independent power to move.

The reader may now conclude that the phenomena of epilepsy of the brain and spirit control, are so nearly the same that it is impossible to distinguish between them. This is the position of physicians who deny spirit manifestation, and the position seems so logical that the uneducated in nervous diseases accept of their *ipse dixit* as unreservedly as the ignorant believers in orthodox accept of all priestly assertions. But even if there is no difference, it is logical to accept of an assertion because Dr. Hamilton, Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, and a specialist in all nervous diseases, has said so? I think not. I hate authorities for anything, and whenever one quotes the opinion of some great man in proof of an asserted fact, that circumstance alone excites my suspicion. Truth needs no support. It is capable of standing on its own merits.

An epileptic vision may be compared to the normal, ordinary dream, when the action of the brain is not under the direction of the will, but "running wild," as a railroad man might say. The dream, with all its absurdities, is remembered. But there is another sort of dream, of which I will speak hereafter, which takes rank with spirit manifestations. Poe's epileptic visions must have been of the very wildest, and yet in his written sketches, of which they constitute the plot, there is a vein of reason, logic and philosophy which continually surprises the reader. But his visions were not all epileptic, and herein Dr. Hamilton errs, because he prejudices the case, putting what he don't know with the vast amount of what he does know. Whoever studies "The Raven," free from all prejudice, will find many pointers showing its spiritual and intellectual origin, such as are never found in the visions of an epileptic. But it is time that I describe how to distinguish between an epileptic vision and a spiritual impression.

In the normal dream we fall over precipices uninjured, witness the metamorphosis of a goat into a wolf, a beautiful child into a lily, etc., etc., without experiencing any astonishment at the absurdities. This is because the engineer, Reason, and the conductor, Will, are not at their posts and the brain is "running wild." Thus it is with the vision epilepsy. Hence the absurd fancies which are conjured up. Of the same type are the fancies of the victim of the delirium tremens. Let us summarize:

1. The healthy dream which is pleasant and agreeable.
2. The unhealthy dream, engendered by illness, nervous exhaustion, overloading the stomach, etc.
3. The epileptic vision.
4. Delirium tremens.

These differ in degree rather than in quality, being nearly of the same type. They run the gamut something like hydrogen gas, vapor, water, ice. In all are found a lack of intelligence and surplus of absurdity.

I have dreamed thousands of dreams, yet all were of the common sort until I was 38 years old. Then, while writing a serial story which ran thirteen weeks in *The Spiritual Age*, entitled "Minnie the Medium; or Spiritualism in Germany," I had two dreams—they seemed like dreams—wherein I saw and talked with my father, who passed away when I was nine years old. He told me of a certain mortgage for \$500 which the mortgagee intended to make our firm pay, and assured me that we were not liable for it. At

the time I had never had a doubt but what we were liable, but the sequel proved that the supposed dream was true. This happened in Gardiner, Maine, in 1859, and since then I have had but one other dream of the kind. In these dreams was manifested a high degree of intelligence, not my own, for I never had such a thought, and on awakening after the first dream, laughed at its seeming absurdity and would not investigate until the dream was repeated. I will not presume upon the ignorance of the reader by attempting to point out the difference between these dreams and the normal dream.

Action of the brain produces consciousness, or a manifestation of the five senses. But if alcohol, mince pie, or disease causes that action, there will be a lack of reason and intelligence in the manifestation. This may be laid down as a rule without any exceptions. The reader need not accept this on my assertion, and if he is in doubt I hope he will investigate for himself. It is an axiom that the effect cannot be greater than the cause; neither alcohol, mince pie, nor disease, possess intelligence; ergo, neither, nor all of them can cause intelligence.

I was once told by a medium that a friend, of whom she could not have had the slightest knowledge, had just passed to spirit-life. I did not believe it, for the last I knew of that friend he was in perfect health and it was unreasonable to suppose that he had sickened and died within a week. Nevertheless the information was correct. My friend had died suddenly of heart disease, three hundred miles away, not more than an hour before. I might cite scores of similar cases. History, in the past and present, is filled with accounts of information being thus communicated and subsequently verified.

Dr. Hamilton! Come into court. Clerk, swear the witness.

"Now, doctor, tell us what you know about a spiritual impression."

"Nothing at all, simply because there can be no such thing."

"Then how do you account for the phenomenon of the alleged trance, when the medium communicates information unknown to all the parties and which is afterwards verified as correct?"

"On the hypothesis that one-tenth of the communication is coincidence and nine-tenths deception."

"Mr. Clerk, read to the doctor a few well-authenticated cases where mediums have given intelligent communications under such circumstances that deception was impossible."

[Clerk reads.]

"What have you to say to these cases, doctor?"

"Simply this: That I have made nervous diseases a special study all my life; that I have examined more than one hundred alleged mediums and that in every instance I found either the symptoms of incipient insanity or epilepsy of the brain. Therefore I have concluded that so-called mediumship is nothing but a manifestation of a diseased condition of the brain, resulting in hallucination, optical illusion, etc."

"Doctor, what do you think of dreams?"

"They are mere mental pictures, absurd, chaotic and immature, produced by only a portion of the faculties, while the remainder are resting."

"Do you make no exceptions?"

"None whatever."

"Do you consider the intelligence manifested in a dream, as superior to the intelligence when one is awake?"

"On the contrary it is vastly inferior, because only a portion of the mental faculties are exercised."

"Doctor, the man who discovered the method of making shot had toiled at it for years, had beggared himself and wife, and was on the verge of committing suicide, when one night he awoke and remembered a dream wherein he saw just how the shot could be made. He awoke his wife, started the fire, melted the lead, and the experiment, just as he had dreamed it was done, when, lo, each shot was found to be a perfect sphere. Now, doctor, I will thank you to explain how it was that when this man began his experiments, wide awake, in full strength and vigor, he was unable to discover the process, yet when worn out and despairing, his reason and will fast asleep, his inferior mental faculties were able to work out the problem?"

"I deny that such was the case. Every scientist knows the folly of trusting to dreams. It is a relic of ignorance and superstition."

"I will call your attention to another case. Dr. W. W. Sanger was resident physician at Blackwell's Island for fourteen years; also author of 'The History of Prostitution,' for the publication of which the city of New York appropriated twenty thousand dollars. I knew him well for more than thirty years, and know that he was born when the sign Leo, the lion, was rising. He was intensely positive and all that the lion typifies. He had no belief in clairvoyance, mediumship, psychometry, etc., but looked upon them in the same light that you do. In the winter of 1887-8 he had a severe attack of typhoid fever and his life was despaired of by physicians. While in this condition, and unconscious, he became so clairvoyant that he could describe persons passing along the street, tell just when his physician was coming, when he reached the door and the moment when he touched the bell knob. I had this from Mrs. Sanger herself, who was a Miss Atkinson, and whom I knew as a young lady in Wheeling, W. Va., in 1844-5-6, corroborated by several witnesses. I was living in New York at the time. Now, doctor, please explain how it was that Dr. Sanger was able to manifest

this intelligence when so completely prostrated, physically and mentally, yet in the glory and strength of his magnificent manhood could do nothing of the kind?"

"I don't believe he ever manifested any such power as you have described, and consider it a waste of time to listen to the ravings of one who believes such nonsense."

Of course, the foregoing dialogue is purely imaginary, yet the facts set forth in my interrogatories are true in every particular, and it fairly illustrates the treatment we receive from the educated noodles who deny the manifestations of the sixth sense. Trusting that the readers will be able to clearly comprehend my comments concerning Mr. Philbrook, I will now return to that unfortunate gentleman.

That H. B. Philbrook is a medium, I feel well assured, not only from reading his works, but from personal acquaintance. In his early writings are numerous evidences of spirit control, sandwiched between the faint glimmerings of epileptic visions. As he proceeds the spirit power steadily weakens while the power of the visions increase in proportion.

Coming to his work on "What and Where is God," the evidences of spirit control are exceedingly rare. He remembers his hallucinations as he would a dream, or a spirit communication, and sincerely believes that he derived his impressions from the Spirit-world. He has a vision of God, a spirit that pervades all space, at once the most subtle and most powerful of all things. This is a fair description of electricity; ergo, God is electricity. He has a vision of crocodiles on the banks of a river in China, and straightway the crocodiles are metamorphosed into Chinamen, just as metamorphoses occur in our dreams. He remembers, after the fit has passed, and believes it a divine revelation just as much as the epileptic John, on the Isle of Patmos, believed that he saw a "beast with seven heads and ten horns," which is just as absurd as to suppose that man was made of dust, woman of a rib and a Chinaman of a crocodile.

As he progresses in his work, "What and Where is God," the epilepsy increases in its power. At last, from having been a chosen servant of God, he imagines that he is God, just as the epileptic Schweinfurth, of Rockford, Ill., imagines that he is Jesus Christ. Wonder if Philbrook would be willing to acknowledge this Dutchman as his illegitimate and "only-begotten son?"

As God, Philbrook left Chicago for the East, the whole continent shook beneath the weight of this God as he was borne along in the cars. There was a smoke in the air and the very elements held their breath to do him obeisance. Wherever he went there were following in his wake, cyclones and terrific clams, the reaction of the awful silence which greeted his approach. All these things, and probably much more, were real to him. In like manner his interpretations of science, whether declaring that God was electricity, or that a stalk of the blackberry bush grew into a black snake, was real to him. But we must not accept them as true any more than if he declared that the moon was made of green cheese.

Yet men like Philbrook and the Dutch Jesus always find followers. The rods of Moses and Aaron were turned into serpents; so were the blackberry vines of Philbrook. The coincidence is very striking. How can we believe one and disbelieve the other? One is scientifically true as well as the other. But is either in accord with science? First, let us inquire the definition of that much abused word: Science is a collection of facts which have been systematized and verified. No one can complain of that definition, yet we are constantly hearing things called "science" which have never been verified any more than the scientific (?) facts that dust was turned into lice, or that Jonah lived three days in the stomach of a fish where he had no oxygen.

I think I must have made the matter plain to even children that the imaginings of Philbrook have no more relation to science than the tales of Munchausen have to standard history, or Ezekiel's cake, [See Ezekiel IV, 12] to the best style of French cooking.

In conclusion, I desire to again call attention to the conditions of mediumship, as differing from epilepsy.

Individuals possess psychic powers as diversified as the mental powers. Manifestation of the sixth sense seems to be the normal condition of some, while it is only abnormal in others. I have always found the former able to become passive, while the latter are positive. My friend, Dr. Sanger, of whom I have made mention, was intensely positive. When in health and strength it was simply impossible for spirit force to produce a motion of his brain so as to give him an idea outside of his will. But when worn to a skeleton, when reason had vacated her throne, when will lay dormant, spirits caused a motion of the brain, knew what was passing outside the house, and exercising his vocal organs, it seemed as though it was Sanger who spoke. But it was not. Apply the battery to a corpse; see the eyes open; see the arm raised. No one supposes that the corpse makes these movements, for it is spirit acting upon matter. So it was with my friend as he lay there perfectly helpless. He was not dreaming; it was not epilepsy of the brain; there was no cerebral disease, for he was too low for any of these manifestations. If it was not spirit force outside of the man, then what was it? Where is the learned Dr. Hamilton?

I have admitted that epilepsy and mediumship are often present in the same

individual. But this does not prove them identical any more than that bronchitis and diphtheria are identical because both attack the same person. The passivity of a healthy brain results in mediumship, the manifestations of which are characterized by intelligence. Epilepsy of course is a diseased condition, resulting in an involuntary demission of nerve energy, the manifestations of which are characterized by a lack of intelligence and an excess of absurdity. It seems to me that the difference between the two is far greater than the difference between bronchitis and diphtheria. But suppose some non-professional person should tell Dr. Hamilton that both diseases were the same, how disgusted he would be at the man's ignorance. Yet the great physician is as ignorant of science spiritual, as the man would be of science medical.

The old school doctors have dogmatized from time immemorial. Dr. Harvey discovered and demonstrated the circulation of the blood. The old doctors ridiculed the idea, and not one who had attained the age of forty years ever acknowledged that Harvey was right. They had postulated that the function of an artery was to admit air through the system, and hence the name "artery," which means windpipe. They scoffed at the idea of blood circulating through these windpipes, for they had dissected many a subject and never found blood in the arteries. Therefore it was absurd and preposterous.

In our enlightened age we laugh at these dogmatic old fogies, yet the position of Dr. Hamilton, when he declares that epilepsy of the brain accounts for what we call "spirit impression," is just as ridiculous as was that of the opponents of Harvey, and the time is not distant when medical students will wonder at the dogmatic stupidity of Dr. Hamilton.

St. Louis, Mo.

LIGHT OF EGYPT.

Herewith are extracts from the "Light of Egypt." The reader will observe that only hints are given from chapters which are exhaustive on the subjects treated. No one can fully appreciate this work without careful study. As stated in a late review the author discusses questions from a new standpoint. He will interest, if he does not convince, the most skeptical.

No allusion was made in the review, nor is there in these extracts, to the "second part" of this work, it being astrologic. As the gleaner knows but little in this direction he prefers that the reader may judge for himself as to the value of this section.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

THE REALM OF SPIRIT.

"Being, Uncreated, Eternal, Alone," says Dr. John Young, when speaking of "the Creator and the creation," and certainly no inspired writer ever penned a more sublime truth than is contained in the above words.

Pure spirit, *per se*, is diffusive, non-atomic, uncreated, formless, self-existent being. Silent, motionless, unconscious, Divinity; possessing in its sublime purity the one sole Deific attribute expressible in human language as absolute and unconditional potentiality.

CREATION BY INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION. The processes of creation are dual, and consist of Involution and Evolution. The one is inseparable from the other. Paradoxical as it may appear to the uninitiated, it is, nevertheless, a divine truth that the Evolution and ultimatum of spiritual life is accomplished by a strict process of Involution; from the without to the within, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small.

MATTER.

Matter *per se* is the polar opposite of manifested spirit. It is the reaction of spiritual action. It is energy in a state of rest. It is force and motion in an exact state of equilibrium; in short, matter simply means solidified spirit. When two imponderable forces equal each other, both powers become polarized, force is resolved into inertia, motion is transformed into rest; in other words, spirit becomes matter, its refinement or its density depending upon its degree of etherialization.

SEX.

Briefly stated, there is but one law, one principle, one agent and one word. This sacred law is SEX, a term wherein may be summed up the grand totalities of the Infinite Universe. Sex is dual, and finds expression in the yin and yang, and phases of animating nature. This same sexual law operating throughout nature limits the sources from which our knowledge of nature can be obtained; in other words, there are but two sources from which knowledge of any kind is received: one is subjective, the other objective; the former gives us knowledge of the spiritual or causal side of the cosmos, the latter the material side, which is the world of effects, on account of its being evolved out of the former, as the poet hath said:

"The outward doth from the inward roll,
And the inward dwells in the inward soul."

MAN, THE MICROCOSM.

Man, in his physical body, is a perfect epitome of the planet upon which he lives, while the celestial worlds and their perfect expression in his soul, and these worlds, in turn, are but the higher and more interior

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE TO QUESTIONS SIX AND SEVEN BY
S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

6. The greatest need of Spiritualism to-day is spiritualism among its adherents. "A tree is known by its fruit." Spiritualists want a better understanding of their situation. They should ask themselves, "What am I?" "Where am I?" and "Why am I here?" All religions have taught that eternity for each soul begins at death. Spiritualism corrects this mistake of the ages, by teaching its followers that each soul is launched into eternity at its birth, and that what men call death is only the changing of the soul's apparel and mode of expression. We are in eternity now. It lies all about us with its myriads of inhabitants.

Spiritualism teaches that the home of the soul is not far away; that our dear ones have not gone to any "bourn from which no traveler returns," but are ever with us, can see or know all we do, say or think. Spiritualists must recognize this as a fact, not as a beautiful theory, as the Christians do. They must realize that they are never alone; that though spiritually blind, they are at all times and in all places surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses," to whom the night shrouds as the day; that no act can be performed, good or bad, but is observed—not by the watchful eyes of an awful God, but by those of our own household: an indulgent father, a devoted mother, a loved brother, sister, wife or child, or an adored sweetheart who has passed from mortal ken, but who knows all we do or say, rejoicing at the good and mourning over the evil.

Suppose that each Spiritualist, or all who claim to be such, for many, alas, are only such in name, could become perfectly clairvoyant for one hour, and could be shown the pictures of their own past lives in all their startling reality, what a change it would make in their future conduct. We will cite such an instance:

A young man who had been well raised, living in one of the Eastern States (he shall be nameless here) had at the time we write a good old father and mother, a lovely sister, and a very near and dear friend—in fact an affianced wife in the spirit land. To this young lady, a lovely girl of seventeen, he had promised eternal fidelity, but two years after her death he fell into bad company, visited saloons, gambled, and, eventually, one time when among a lot of boon companions and under the influence of liquor, he was induced to still further overstep the bounds of decency and enter one of those gilded dens of vice and prostitution with which our great cities abound. In the dim light of the following morning he left the house of "her whose steps take hold on hell," and his conscience upbraiding him for his evil conduct (this being his first sin of that kind) he sought the saloon again, thinking to drown the "still, small voice" in drink. There, meeting his companions of the previous evening who had preceded him, the brandy and sugar soon put shame to flight, and he with the others were laughing and jesting over their "lark," as they lightly termed it, and planning for its repetition.

An hour later he was walking along the plank space beneath the shedding of the Union Depot, so close to the rail that the locomotive attached to a freight train coming up from behind, almost touched his elbow as it passed. "Look out! Look out!" was dinning into his ears, but his brandy-muddled brain acted too slowly, and in a moment more the corner of the first freight car struck him, hurling him to the ground. Kind hands took him up and placing him tenderly on a mattress in an express wagon, he was borne to the hospital, where his wounds were dressed. His head was badly cut, but the skull was not fractured. His left arm and three ribs were broken.

He lay for hours as if dead, and when at last consciousness returned, fever and delirium followed, and for days he raved at most incessantly. We were obliged to fasten him in such a manner that he could scarcely move on account of his broken bones. In all his ravings, the burden of his grief seemed to be a picture. "That picture," he would cry, "Oh! that dreadful, dreadful picture!" Then he would struggle to tear some imaginary picture from the wall until he became exhausted; then he would lie and cry like a child until the opiate given at the commencement of the paroxysm caused him to fall asleep.

Thus he continued for weeks. At last my morning round found him free of fever. He looked at me sadly and said in a faint voice, "I've been pretty bad, haven't I?"

"Yes," I answered, "but you are better now, and will be about again soon. Be quiet now and sleep."

When I made my evening call I found him sleeping nicely, and the nurse said he had slept most of the day. The next morning he was much better and talked quite freely. "To your skill and care," he said, "I owe my life. I knew you were with me every day, and I have something I want to tell you. It is about that dreadful picture."

I saw his rising agitation, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder I said: "Not now, not now. You are not strong enough yet." A week later he left the hospital. About a month after, as I was sitting alone one evening in my private office, my attendant ushered into my presence, a tall, pale young man with a very sad countenance, whom I immediately recognized as my former hospital patient. I placed a chair for him and he sat down. He then related to me the history of his life up to the day of the accident that sent him to the hospital.

Now comes the strangest part of this "o'er true tale." He drew his chair up close to me and spoke hurriedly and with considerable emotion. He said:

"When the car struck me down I seemed to jump up immediately, and entirely unhurt, but was surprised to see my body lying still and bleeding on the ground. I went with it to the hospital and saw you and the other physicians dress my wounds, but was unable to make my presence outside of the body known. After the physicians were through with their work and my body seemed to be made comfortable, I heard you tell the nurse what to do when I 'came to.'"

"Then a hand was laid on my shoulder and I turned and beheld an uncle of mine, who had died when I was about ten or twelve years of age. I knew him at a glance, though he looked younger and better than I ever saw him in life. He said, 'Come with me and I will show you some pictures.'"

"We then seemed to pass rapidly through space, and a moment after we were in a gallery filled with pictures. These pictures in some way seemed strangely familiar. Most of them were bright and beautiful, but now and then a dark, ugly one appeared. The room or gallery seemed to be a long hall, and we had entered at one end. The pictures began with my birth, and as we passed along I began to recognize one occasionally, or rather, to remember the circumstance it represented."

"Every act, good or bad, was there portrayed; even my thoughts seemed to have a place, or to serve as a shading. I noticed, too, that there were hundreds, yes, thousands of people, looking at these pictures—some attentively scrutinizing them."

"I was represented as a babe, a child, a boy, just as my photographs represented me. Then manhood's picture came. Oh! how familiar the scenes were growing; the deathbeds of my parents, of a dear sister, interspersed with other incidents of a more cheerful character. Then came an impressive scene, the death of my dear Ellie. She was lying on the bed, and, oh! so pale. Her large blue eyes seemed to be searching my very soul as I stood by the bedside and held her frail hand in mine. Her every word seemed to be repeated to me. She was saying: 'Now, Herbert, I must leave you. Promise me you will always keep your life pure for my sake.'"

"Oh! how hollow my own words sounded in my ears as I stood before that sad picture. 'Ellie, for your sake I will.'"

"Again we moved rapidly on. Scene after scene flashed upon my vision as we sped past: saloon bars with their drinking crowds, gambling tables with their eager excited occupants—I being always the central figure—passed swiftly by. Oh! how those scenes pained and shamed me, yet my eyes were riveted to them with a strange fascination. I could not have turned away from them if I would—would not if I could."

"Finally we came to the last picture—a large one. It at first seemed all dark, black as night, but gradually my eyes got used to the shadows. The faintest outline of a room appeared with its paraphernalia of dressing-case, wash stand, with bowl and pitcher, two or three chairs and a bed. When my eyes grew stronger or became more used to the darkness I saw a group of sad faced figures, with tear-stained cheeks, standing around the bed and gazing mournfully at it. I tried to look at the object which seemed to rivet their attention, but could not. 'Soon I recognized my father and mother in the sad-faced group; then, my sister, and then my own dear lost love, Ellie. But what a world of sorrow her beautiful countenance expressed, as she gazed intently at that bed,—just as one might suppose a fond mother might gaze at her infant child, were it burning to ashes before her eyes and she powerless to save it. Oh! the helpless, hopeless agony, of that look and attitude, can I ever forget?"

"Again I tried to look, but a cloud intervened, and I could see nothing. I glanced around the room, and saw a vast throng all about me, among whom I recognized many of my friends who had passed the bourn; dear friends, ladies I had respected and relatives I had loved were in that throng."

"Once more I bent my eyes on the bed, the sight of which seemed to sadden the faces of all present. The cloud was gone. Now I could not help seeing. Oh! God of love and mercy blot it out! But it out!"

"Seeing that he was becoming terribly agitated, I begged him to be calm and continue his story. Thinking this description he was trying to narrate, must be the death-bed scene of some very near friend, I was anxious for his sake to have it over."

By a great effort, he mastered his feelings, and with a deep groan he said: "Oh! that picture, that dreadful, dreadful picture, will it never be effaced from my memory?" Then he spoke hurriedly: "I looked," he faltered, "and recognized on one pillow two passion-bloated faces. One was that of the vile inmate of a brothel, and the other was—my own and, oh! to realize that she, my Ellie, was there, and saw it all!"

He sprang up and with clinched hands, and streaming eyes turned heavenward, he cried: "Oh, shame! Oh, degradation! Oh, misery! Oh, despair! The poor, blind children of earth, will never know what foul drears their bitter cup contains, until they see their life-pictures on the walls of their eternal home."

Overcome with emotion, he sank to the floor insensible. I raised him gently, and placing him on a lounge, bathed his face and brought him a cordial, which when he received, I induced him to drink. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he staggered to his feet, grasped my hand and pressed it. Then without a word he passed out and was gone.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch; it is every word true—true, that, should you enter a saloon, a gambling house, or even a brothel, though in the dead of the darkest night, you are not alone. Your guardian spirits go with you. It is their "still, small voice" that admonishes with you all the way. It is their presence—although you see them not—that makes you feel so uncomfortable when doing wrong, and when they find they can not impress you to forsake it, even then they do not desert you, but stand aside and weep.

Oh! if every Spiritualist would realize this fact, what a reformation it would make in life and conduct. Spiritualism would not long be considered the unholy thing it is today accused of being. Men would approach it as the Pharisee approached the Christ and ask: "Good Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?"

We as Spiritualists must cast the beam out of our own eyes before we attempt to pluck the mote from the eyes of others. We must purify if we would proselyte. We need not an increase of Spiritualists so much as an increase of spirituality. Don't invite our friends to the feast while we ourselves are starving. Let us first partake so that all may see how full we are of the good things Spiritualism has brought us, and then we will not need to go into the highways and by-ways and force them to come in; they will smell our breath, as it were, and the savor of our virtues will induce them to enter in of their own accord and partake.

Spiritualists must make their own lives so exemplary, so pure, that none can find occasion to call our beautiful philosophy an unholy thing. Then the world will come and knock at our doors and clamor for admittance.

Jefferson Davis received numerous telegrams of congratulation from European countries on the occasion of his birthday, all of which have been replied to by letter by Miss Winnie Davis.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"FATUOUS FAKES."

J. D. BUCK, M. D.

The motto that every week heads the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL deserves to be written in letters of gold, and set with jewels; and yet in its simple garb of German text, for him who looks and listens it would not so adorned be more expressive or more beautiful. "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing." That truth therein named is the same truth I referred to last week when in "Personalities" I said, "truth is truth." I did not say "a truth"; and therefore in a personal sense, that one truth is as good as another. I referred to that truth which no man comprehends save in part; to that sum of all perfection and all knowledge which for man, is, and ever will be, an ideal. That ideal truth is not a "fatuous fake." It is not what Heine would call a "warmed-over joke of that ancient Aristophanes," the Jewish tribal deity, Jehovah; nor do I believe for one moment, Mr. Editor, you so regard it, or intend to make it so. If any one were to speak of that motto in such terms, and declare that both it and your whole life work under that motto is a "fatuous fake," you—well, you would not like it, nor would I blame you for resenting it; and I suppose you would have to resent it in your own way in your own words. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I think you have made mistakes; since both in public and in private you have frankly admitted such a possibility; and I have a strong fellow feeling with you at that point; neither do I assume the prerogative of correcting your mistakes for two good reasons. First, I have quite enough of that sort of corrections to do for myself; and second, you have expressed a willingness to correct your own errors whenever they appear to you in that garb. Again we are in accord.

The motto of the present Theosophical Society reads thus: "There is no religion higher than Truth." The Truth here referred to is the same ideal truth referred to in your own motto. By any fair construction this motto means the same as that of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and again I say it is not a "fatuous fake." Every one who reads the papers is aware, whether a member of the T. S. or not, that the society is organized under this motto, and that every one admitted into the society is required to give his consent to the principle of the universal brotherhood of man, unqualified; and promise to exercise that principle to the best of his ability and understanding. From this point individual responsibility begins. If every member of the T. S. were straightway to repudiate truth and brotherhood, that would not make truth a lie, nor brotherhood an everlasting sham. These two principles, Truth and Brotherhood, are not identical with, or the exclusive property of the T. S., nor have I ever known a single member of the T. S. to claim that they are. I never heard of any member in joining the society being required to declare his belief in Col. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky or in any Mahatma, or in the possible existence of such beings, for the simple reason, that freedom to think and act is considered both brotherly and essential to the individual in finding and serving the truth. The same may be said of the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation; they are not "dogmas" in the T. S.; every one is free to accept or reject them as he pleases; and allow me to say in passing, that I have read a good deal on these doctrines or theories during the past twelve years that I have been a member of the T. S., and I have never seen an attack upon them that was better than a caricature; not one of these attacks states or shows capability of stating, the theory that most Theosophists accept in lieu of actual knowledge or a better theory. These writers simply create a caricature of their own, and proceed to ridicule or denounce their own creation; and of course these caricatures are damned as they deserve to be.

Now, Mr. Editor, I frankly admit that any outsider looking at the T. S. as above outlined, has as much right to ridicule it as anything else. He may be perfectly honest in so doing; he may even think in so doing "he doeth God service," and I have no more quarrel with the whole than he has sympathy with the T. S. The whole thing to him may be a roaring farce, and I know several just such individuals. "There is no money in it," they say, "you are only ridiculed, and pelted with mud, what the d— is it good for?" I have neither sorrow nor contempt for such people. I am sorry for them, that is all.

Again one may join the T. S. and be finally convinced that the leaders and a good many of the members are playing a big farce, a "fatuous fake," to use classical Sanskrit. I can conceive that possible. This would either locate the individual among the aforesaid utilitarians, or it would very seriously impeach the integrity of the leaders and members who thus played "fake," and in that case resignation from the T. S. would be in order for any honest individual. But suppose an individual joins the society, giving full assent to the obligations of loyalty to truth and universal brotherhood; pledges himself to refrain from everything that should bring discredit on himself or the society; professes himself a member and a leader of the society, and yet believes the whole thing a roaring farce, and does his best to make it a "fatuous fake." Truth a lie, brotherhood a sham, while loudly professing loyalty to both. Which would bring the T. S. soonest into disrepute? and every member thereof into ridicule and contempt? the honest though undeserved ridicule of an outsider, or this obligated Theosophist masquerading under false colors?

Let us be just, truthful, exact and charitable. None of us are perfect. Some of us may not clearly see duty and propriety; let us dispassionately seek to know them.

I am not the authorized representative of Madame Blavatsky, nor do I think her conduct needs any defense. It needs to be understood; when that is done, those who have misrepresented her will doubtless change their minds and "rise to explain." For every honest man and woman among these, we can afford to wait. But, Mr. Editor, I am a member of the obnoxious "Esoteric Section." One of the "sucking doves," with the cellar around my neck. Had you, Mr. Editor, known the facts from the inside, instead of guessing at them, or judging merely from surface indications, you would have seen a different picture. I believe we agree on many subjects even nearer than you suppose; and pardon me if I add, that I think I understand your position better than you do mine. Let us see. I know you do not question my right to take any obligation I choose, though you would bluntly add, "I would not be such a fool." Wait a little. When I joined the society twelve years ago I received a printed prospectus, setting forth the plans and objects of the society. The society consists of

three degrees, something like the "blue lodge" in ancient Free Masonry. The first, or lowest degree comprises students; those in sympathy with the general objects above described, and obligated in the way already indicated. The second degree was to be comprised of those who desired to pass from general students into more active work and more direct instruction. These were designated as "lay chelas" or "probationary chelas," chela meaning student, or candidate for initiation. The third degree comprised those who, satisfied as to progress, and loyal to teachers thus far, and free from other obligations, being also "accepted" as both competent to learn and loyal to serve—not Madame Blavatsky, but Truth and Brotherhood—were ready to give up all else and devote themselves entirely to the service of humanity. So far from accepting anything on mere authority, no matter whether of Blavatsky or Mahatma, every one is continually admonished to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." He who is willing to accept on hearsay is reminded that he can make no real progress in that way. Please bear in mind that I am not advocating these degrees, but simply explaining them in outline. Those who foresee danger had better keep away. There is not a freer country on earth than the real realm of occultism, yet not every one can distinguish between that realm and superstition. Blind obedience belongs solely to the latter; real knowledge and intelligence to the former. Now Mr. Editor, you are quite familiar with occult phenomena; amidst no end of frauds, like myself you have seen some that are genuine. Do you understand fully that power called "mediumistic"? Can you, not only understand, but at will command all the forces and powers grouped under that name? Let us suppose that you could evoke these powers at will, in yourself or others through a complete understanding of the laws that govern them. Let us suppose that you know them to be immense powers for good in the hands of the good and true; of evil, in the hands of the evil and debased. Upon what terms would you impart that knowledge, with the distinct understanding, also governed by no fear or favor, but by occult law, inflexible and just,—that if you imparted your knowledge to the ignorant and unworthy, you yourself would be deemed the guilty party, and suffer accordingly for all mischief following your indiscretion? If you question this danger, find a good medium for physical manifestations and when your séance is at its height place on a table in the center of your circle a saucer of freshly drawn human blood. Let me suppose you the proprietor of a dynamite or powder factory. Allow me to take your arm some fine day and with a lighted cigar in my mouth and a hammer in my hand let us walk through your factory. I am not unmindful that this dynamite idea is a nice chance for ridicule, but leave ridicule to those who say that every medium on earth is a fraud, and nothing exists beyond the plane of gross matter. You and I fly no such banner from our masthead. Both Spiritualism and Theosophy may count no end of "fakirs" in their ranks. You have been trying to eliminate those from Spiritualism; you have found it difficult, often nasty work, and a thankless job. Yet, my brother, you must do this, or tear down that motto at your masthead. Did you but know it, every intelligent Theosophist in the land is your natural ally, and if you will give them a chance they will prove so. We know that Madame H. P. B. is loyal and true; we do not worship her, or follow her blindly, she would be the first to despise us if we did. We are loyal to her, because she is loyal to truth. A pauper, yet she neither begs nor accepts alms. A sick woman with an incurable disease, yet she works on and never complains. Insulted, reviled, and hated by priestcraft and oppression all over the world, she works on; protesting only when those who should be her friends and natural allies join the rabble to put her down. Can you, my friend, find a motive in all this as a "fatuous fake"? Can you not find a better and more rational motive in the motto of our society, and the love of humanity? If you can not, others can, and posterity will. How many martyrs has this idea led to the stake and the faggot in all ages? He who loves comfort and the applause of men will call martyrdom a "fake"; but you and I, my brother, can not afford to so designate the love of man and the forgetting of self. When our hands are tied and all our efforts annulled by misrepresentation, we will be either less or more than human, if we do not protest in any way we can. Read the courageous appeal to your generosity and sense of justice in the May *Liberator*. I do not ask you either to repent or to confess; I ask you to reconsider, weigh more carefully; and if you feel that you are right, and if you will be both just and generous. You have it in your power to lead that great movement called "Modern Spiritualism" to still higher ground. It is time to construct. With the veterans who have seen the crude beginnings, you can muster around you and under your banner such witnesses as will indeed give truth a hearing; and the world will bear, in spite of its materialism, and all the "fatuous fakes" of ignorance, and superstition.

"They are slaves, who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak:
They are slaves, who will not choose
Honor, suffering, and abuse.
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think:
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

HAS HE THE SIXTH SENSE?

John H. Royal's Strange Intuition About the Mill River Horror in 1874.

John H. Royal, of No. 544 Bergen Street, is a remarkable man, and the Johnstown disaster has set some of his acquaintances talking about it. But Mr. Royal is a modest man as well as that. Had it not been for the talk in connection with the Pennsylvania horror probably no one outside the immediate circle of his friends would ever have known what singular powers and faculties are his. The awful overthrow which in May of 1874 came upon the dwellings and the great factories in the Mill River Valley, and which lived in memory only to be eclipsed by this new horror, brought strange tokens of the powers of intuition or second sight which John Royal was born with. Some of the experiences of his life would be a valuable addition to the data which psychologists are gathering towards the solution of these, the mind's great problems. Mr. Royal is a widower, and with his two daughters lives in peace and quiet in the house in Bergen street, surrounded by books, music and all the evidence of refined taste. "At the time of the Mill River disaster," he said to a *World* reporter yesterday, "I was living in Flatbush and was employed as confidential bookkeeper for Haydon & Gere Manufacturing Company. They had a huge brick factory on Mill River, but my business, of course, was in New York. On the Monday night which preceded that fatal 16th of May, I was oppressed with a sense that there was

a great misfortune impending. What its nature was, of course, I did not know, but there was clearly impressed and defined in my mind the idea that the trouble, whatever it was, would affect me, not immediately, but ultimately. Such premonitory feelings were by no means a new experience to me. I have known them ever since my earliest boyhood, and could, were I not entirely averse to publicity in the matter rehearse a thousand instances to you. At that time I was still suffering under the shadow of bereavement, my wife having died only a year before, and when the sense of this impending trouble came I thought at first it was something appertaining to my children. Of course I felt very miserable about it, and went right home that night and told them. On the following night, Tuesday, they met me when I came home, and asked if my premonition had come true yet. I told them no. It was still weighing upon me, and I was miserably despondent. Again Wednesday and Thursday they inquired. Still there had nothing occurred to make good my fears, and I was still gloomy about it. Friday night we had some company and the girls forgot to mention the matter, but on Saturday night I brought home the miserable news to them. These facts my daughters would make affidavits to were it required. Well, the dam at Mill River had broken away, and in the general destruction the great mills of Haydon, Gere & Co. were wiped out of existence, as if they had been so much brown sugar. The strange part of my premonition—that the injury to me would be ultimate—was verified. They rebuilt the mill, but afterwards became involved in financial difficulties, of which that flood was the beginning, and eventually went to the wall."

When asked how he accounted for his strange forewarning, Mr. Royal smiled and said: "It is something I do not try to account for. It is a power or a force, a quality, if you please, that I am in no way responsible for. I used, as a boy, to astonish my mother with instances of that delicacy of sense and intuition. If I should tell of them a great many people would pooh-pooh them, and I do not care to enter into any argument upon the matter. One man may appreciate Beethoven; another, equally intelligent in every other respect, will not be able to tell the 'Dead March in Saul' from 'Tanquerai Doodle.' One man has artistic sense, the other is color-blind. I believe some minds have the faculty of reaching out of themselves, out of the mere concrete. Others have it not, but in evolution, which I believe in that sense will be recognized, and there is no limit to its development; but a man who propounds such a theory now is set down as a crank. Hamlet, when he said: 'There are things in heaven and earth, Horatio, that are not dreamed of in your philosophy,' was philosophy altogether. If I should write my experiences, I should be called, as I was in the abolition days, a *Tribune* fanatic. But for any one to laugh at my credence in the evolution and existence of this sense is as absurd to me as to laugh at Beethoven."

"What do you consider the origin of this sense in you?"

"Perhaps hereditary in a degree. But though my mother possessed it, it was in no such strong measure as in me. A single instance illustrates her possession of it. My father was long a member of the old Volunteer Fire Department in New York. One Fourth of July morning he went to a fire in Delancey street. While sitting at the table at home there flashed upon my mother's mind the conviction that father had been hurt. He had been to a hundred fires before, and she never had thought of it. So firmly was it impressed on her mind that she put on her things and hurried to the fire. Passing her sister's house on the way, she told them father had been hurt. They laughed at her, but she went on."

"Drawing near the scene of the fire she met two firemen, one of whom said as he passed, 'They've got them all out.' The wall had fallen in, and when she reached the place they were taking my father into an adjoining yard. He was terribly bruised about the body and arms, and suffered from the effects for years."

"What are the physical sensations which accompany these phenomena of foresense? How do you feel when your mind is reaching out into what is generally thought to be the unknown?" Mr. Royal did not seem to want to discuss that part of the subject. He moved in an embarrassed way, colored and, when the question was persisted in, said politely, "You will really have to excuse me. If I answer that question it will lead to matters that I do not wish to talk about."

"You are not a Spiritualist?"

"No, indeed. All the force of my nature is set against Spiritualism—or spiritism. I believe in Spirit-world, and spiritual communion, but not as the spiritists teach it. I was a member of Dr. Beecher's church—joined it thirty-six years ago. The New Church, I suppose, really embodies my views, though my father was a Restorationist and my mother a Baptist."

Mr. Royal who is a voracious reader, especially in the science of the mind, is very chary of telling the weird experiences he says he has known. In the eyes of the ordinary person, he says, they would be ridiculous. He has succeeded in bringing his daughters to see psychological questions in the same light he does, though it was with some difficulty. His most recent premonition was, when the news of the Johnstown disaster came, that he would be visited by a reporter. "There was no reason to suppose it," he said. "What do you suppose caused it? In the same way, there flash into my mind answers to questions which are agitated in public talk and in the newspapers, and invariably those answers are right. I do not profess any sort of power in this. It is just the way I am constituted. No credit is due me for it. It is outside of me altogether."

Mr. Royal is fifty-seven years old, with a benevolent, calm, intellectual face, hair combed in scholarly fashion, and long sandy whiskers. He dresses in quiet black.—*N. Y. World.*

Ex-Surgeon-General Hammond declares that the opium habit has been largely increased in Maine and Massachusetts by reason of the unwise prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Peter Anderson of Rushford, Minn., is undoubtedly the typical "wild and woolly Westerner" of whom we have heard so much and seen so little. He was born in Wisconsin, and is a handsome young man of 26. His hair is about ten inches long, of an ashy brown color, and each particular hair stands on end, not like a quill but like wool on a sheep. He also has a woolly look and feeling. Mr. Anderson can wear neither hat nor cap, but instead a silk turban with light elastic band drawn over and down to the scalp, above which it bulges out about fifteen inches in diameter.—*Tribune.*

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 29, 1889.

The New Socialism.

Every cycle of intellectual and social thought crystallizes itself into some dream which sums itself up into the reality of some world representative man's forecasting. Plato's Republic was ancient experience filtered through Grecian culture. St. Augustine's Celestial City was the focus of Christian aspiration. Moore's Utopia was the fulfillment of Dante's *De Monarchia*, and the forecasting of modern fact. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" epitomizes the social longing of today. It has created such an impression as to make enthusiasts and highly sensitive natures commence the work in full expectation of the millennium in the "Twentieth Century." About fifty years ago Fourier announced the social and industrial reform of the world. Several kind hearted men attempted to realize his dream. Brook Farm was the outcome of this ferment. Father Dana, of the New York Sun, spent the exuberance of his young life and manhood at that social retreat. He had the Channings, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Ripley and other New England reformers as his associates. It was a noble inspiration, but a terrible fallacy, that bewildered these generous-hearted devotees. The new movement, called the "Nationalist," reminds us of these early efforts. Mr. Bellamy has found hearty supporters among such men as Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. E. E. Hale, Howells the novelist, and others. A daily paper speaks thus of the movement:

"This socialistic movement is the latest Boston 'fad.' It has attained to such proportions in and around that city that two monthly organs have been established to promote its principles. Mr. Bellamy gave an abstract of what those principles are at the reception given to the Free Religions Association of America by the social reformers at Boston a few days ago. Mr. Bellamy declared that the scheme of nationalism was the only method of social salvation. The trustee, he thought, had brought on a welcome crisis such as a dozen presidential elections rolled into one could not have precipitated. In fifteen years the business of the country would be consolidated into a few trusts, and the social system would then consist of a few families of enormous wealth, a middle class of lackeys and a great lower class of degraded laboring people. To prevent the creation of such an oligarchy the government must step in and assume charge of all business itself.

"According to the abstract of his address, as given in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* and as explanatory of the scheme as amplified in his book, 'he would have the government not only assume control of all industry, but organize the population into an industrial army graded according to the kind of labor to be performed and the capacity or tastes of the workers. All under 21 years of age to be kept in the schools of the State, receiving a thorough industrial and educational training. From 21 to 45 the man or woman works for the State, not for money or wages, but labor tickets of equal value, entitling the holder to a certain share in the combined product of industry. No man is to be better than his neighbor. All who are able to work are to have suitable work provided for them, and the profits arising from the products of his combined labor are to be so divided that here shall practically be equality of income. The sick, the halt, the blind, the aged and infirm are to be cared for by the government. All competition, as we understand it, is to be abolished; individualism is to be discounted and put down, and every man, whatever his talents, his energy, his ambition, his aspirations, is to be reduced to the dead level of the common place. Whether Mr. Bellamy and his followers really mean this or not, such would be the inevitable result of the assumption by the government of all the industries and the drilling of men into a vast army of workers 'graded according to the kind of labor to be performed and their capacity and tastes.'

Such manifestations of sentiment are creditable to human nature. Those, however, who have worked in the every-day world of hard

granite fact from forty years ago, with the same young dream in their hearts,—costing cash, hand and brain work—in shadow and in sunshine; in poverty and riches, have no such dream now. At least if they have the dream, they have learned that its realization must come through other means than that proposed by these sincere Socialists. Let us of a younger generation learn by their experience! We have no faith in any movement, though sweetened to the taste by rose-water, that does not naturally evolve out of the forces of the hour.

The trouble with all such men as Bellamy is that they work outside of the present and hypothecate a future whose roots are not in the now. They fail because out of connection with the law of causation which operates effects in the present moment. The "Twentieth Century," where Bellamy's optimistic plans find fruition, may, for aught we know, be a hell and not the heaven of these world-savers. It certainly will find no improvement from such theorizers. If Bellamy and his followers would go into Wall Street instead of to the historic play-ground—Boston Common—they would see the forces and actors who rule the world. Our hope is in the practical hard-headed business men who are managing the great manufacturing activities; conducting the huge commercial enterprises; developing new industries; stimulating invention; annihilating distance; and, day by day, bringing the world into more intimate and inter-dependent conditions, lessening the cost of production and bringing within reach of the poor, innumerable accessories of health and comfort which hardly more than a generation ago were not even procurable by the wealthy. These pivotal, representative, business men hold in their coffers the cash and in their heads the solid sense which is now relieving and providing for the great industrial armies of the nation. They are educating the masses by practical methods, in those departments of skill which Bellamy, in the "twentieth century," will find useful in his "New Heaven" on earth. All reform, to be successful, must come from above. Labor is learning this after many sad lessons. Hence the laborer laughs at all such foolish freaks as the Nationalists' postulate.

The Nationalists do harm. They excite hopes which will never be realized. They prevent the true heads of industry from gradually and systematically relieving and educating the toiling masses who have fallen to their charge. The trouble in all this matter is not with the brainy capitalists, but it is with the laborer himself. He has one common human nature and its weaknesses. He is by nature a spendthrift. Give him a chance and he is the worst of tyrants. He has all the pride, ambition and lust of the favored capitalist but without his ability to guard and govern the destiny of others. Many laboring men begin to see this; hence they are looking to the moneyed men who rule the world for their advance, rather than to the sentimental sermonizers who play at reform in gilded halls of fashion—found on Beacon street and the Back Bay, if no where else.

Spiritism, Spiritualism.

After all there are some sensible people in this world. Hear what the editor of the New York *Herald* has to say in summing up the claims of "Spiritism," "Spiritualism," "Theosophy," "Christian Science," and the ethical trend of things generally. "Stick to common sense, don't go up in a balloon, avoid being a crank, and within these limits entertain what opinions you please." In other words, the JOURNAL would say: Exercise your reason and be a man. That it has been saying for the last twenty years, and at the risk of repetition it desires to call the attention of the editor of the *Herald* to some results which have been attained by "Spiritism" as well as "Spiritualism," a distinction which the JOURNAL always makes in its discussion of psychic questions.

To one who had the pleasure of rubbing his eyes and beholding the day-break of Spiritualism, and who has watched its rising sun on toward meridian,—forty years have made a wondrous change. When the "raps" first announced an unknown force, having intelligence, through the Fox girls, the world was buried in the deep sleep of materialism; orthodoxy ruled with an iron rod and despotism the consciences of men,—calling on a God to enforce His decrees with the club of hell and damnation; slavery was His fether—so announced from the pulpits of the land—for four millions of human beings. In this more than midnight darkness, the feeble voice of a Channing, Phillips, Garrison, Ferguson in the South, and a few others kept the altar fires burning until the demonstrated fact of the phenomena of "Spiritism" was heralded throughout the earth—proclaiming a new day for all of God's children, on earth and in the Spirit-world. For fifteen centuries no such important event had touched the pulse of the race. Here and there, along the ages of Catholic Church history a few devout devotees had evidence of the continuity of life, but to the mass of mankind the other life was a myth—a mirage. All were bound "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." God had no reality to nine-tenths of men and women steeped in sensuality, sin or superstition. No joy came to the human heart from loved ones beyond; the spiritual skies were as brazen as brass, and hot with the fumes arising from a sulphurous pit from whose eternal fires no hope or welcome came. Such, in brief, was the world forty years ago. Now all is changed. Millions now living know that life is continuous. One can almost hear the whisper of angel voices; feel the clasp of an-

gel hands. Life, universal life! one and all may share its fruitions.

This wondrous change has come through this condemned, insignificant something called "Spiritism." Its cumulative facts have met the most skeptical. Can we have the good without the evil? Certainly not. After the world had received enough evidence to show the truth of its facts, then came the abuse of heaven's law. "Like seeks like." Man was turned inside out; and he was found to be the same wherever he exists, in heaven, hell or on earth. Both worlds were revealed in hideousness and harmony, lust and love, evil and good. Hell and heaven, sadness and sorrow, darkness and light, reign everywhere; and will only be banished as man rises above his animal instincts into a higher life.

"Spiritism" is of little value, often wicked, unless followed by a higher Spiritualism, "Spiritism," by its scientific demonstrations, places beyond doubt the fact of the continuity of life; and this is a great gain to the skeptical mind. But to rest here and go no further is folly. Better remain in skepticism, than to trifle with the unknown. This has been the warning from the beginning. The abuse of a great principle is bringing its consequences. The *Herald* says, "Spiritism," except for scientific purposes, is passing away. In less than "twenty years it will be no more." That is to say: Commercial "Spiritism" such as is now sold in dark rooms and back streets at prices varying from 25 cents to five dollars a dose, and either wholly counterfeit or so badly adulterated as to often render it more dangerous than its bogus rival, will not be in demand. Disreputable characters will not be fêted, flattered, fattened and enriched by promoters of local societies and camp-meetings desiring to draw a crowd. Good morals will be a *sine qua non*. Rapport with the Spirit-world will be immensely augmented, but the materialistic phases and grosser forms of manifestation will have ceased. Science and religion will crowd out the wonder-mongers, fakirs, and psycho-manics.

This, all true Spiritualists are praying for everywhere; and none more fervently than the supporters of the JOURNAL. It and its readers are advancing to a higher Spiritualism. Among these supporters may be classed Spiritualists proper; Theosophists, at least those who are free; Liberal Christians; men and women of no faith, but who love God by loving man; in a word the "come outers" all over this broad land and other civilized portions of the earth. Ours is a vast constituency. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and the immanence of the Divine Spirit in humanity as the universal teacher is the common bond of union on this higher plane of Spiritualism. Here all are free to open their natures heavenward; here all can feel the glow of God's heart in their hearts, making them one in Him.

The "Devil's" Outing.

As the devil of the JOURNAL office was averse to giving his master a further hearing until he could verify the claims of his rival, we had to call a halt, as we stated at the time, until the differences could be reconciled. We are happy to announce that all difficulties have been adjusted and the work commenced by the "Devil" will proceed without interruption. In the meantime his majesty has been enjoying an outing. He has been to Missouri looking at the strange antics of some of his smaller satellites whom he finds it difficult to control—so full are they of unsubdued pride; not yet having the experience requisite to bring about proper results. The "Devil" now asks the public to bear with his erring associates. Experience is a dear teacher, but in no other way can the smaller devils—especially the politicians—learn wisdom. He smiles at their childish ways. He hopes soon to be able to give through the JOURNAL substantial facts and instruction for the guidance of his precocious children. In the meantime he sends us the following as summing up his view of the situation, and hints some of the results which are likely to follow the recent action of the Missouri Legislature. Here is what the "Devil" has to say:

"Apropos of the subject of trusts and combinations, some late legislation by the State of Missouri is pertinent, as illustrating the wild attacks of lawmakers on existing commercial conditions in response to apparent popular clamor. Briefly, the Missouri law provides that any corporation, partnership or individual combining with another for the purpose of regulating or fixing the price of any commodity shall be adjudged guilty of a conspiracy to defraud.

"Other sections impose penalties, including fines and imprisonment, and stimulate prosecutors to activity by awarding them percentages of fines, ranging from one-fourth to one-fifth. St. Louis is the center of a very considerable plug-tobacco manufacturing industry. Whether the different firms and corporations engaged in this business have an association, is not stated; but their business methods have been substantially the same. Their practice has been to enter into separate contracts with each of the wholesale dealers to whom they sell in all parts of the country, fixing the price at which purchases could be made by the wholesale dealers from the manufacturers, and dictating the prices at which such purchases should be sold by the wholesale dealer to the retailer. The wholesale dealer could not charge more; he must not sell for less. The margin preserved was about 15 per cent.

"Under these conditions the trade has been conserved, manufacturers have sought to stimulate consumption by improved goods, wholesale dealers have been assured of fixed

prices common to all, and the retailer has known that he was buying as low as his neighbor. Following swiftly on the passage of this law, all is changed. The manufacturers have issued circulars announcing the abrogation of all contracts, the local associations of dealers all over the country are concocting for the vain purpose of devising some scheme whereby 50,000 active competitors with 250,000 salesmen chasing each other for trade, can mutually agree to do what it has taken a hide-bound contract to accomplish. What must follow? The wholesale dealers will commence to cut each other's throats. The manufacturers will degrade their output, and reduce the price of labor; the consumer will accept necessarily a less desirable and pure article, and pay just the same price. Who finally pays the fiddler? The poor laborer who does the work and the poor consumer who takes at the same price an inferior product.

"Who reaps the advantage? Most of it is dissipated in the increased cost of reaching the consumer by unorganized methods, and the moiety left goes to the retailer who fears all the time that his neighbor has bought more advantageously. The whole tendency is toward commercial anarchy."

The above from his Satanic majesty should have appeared several weeks ago, but he called it in for the purpose of seeing if he could not make some suggestions by which the mistakes of his underlings could be remedied; and also to see if he could defeat the legislation proposed in the Illinois Legislature. The latter he accomplished by tabling the bill and getting an adjournment until his adjutants could be better drilled and disciplined. To prevent disaster to the tobacco trade, he has suggested a temporary makeshift: That the tobacco people "consolidate" and put their stock into one company, so as to come under the control of corporate law; this is embraced within the law of evolution. It is infinitely better than the so-called "Trusts," and its success will result in placing all the "Trusts" of the country under the same form. It will not work permanently, but it will arrest improper legislation, and will give the "Devil" time to educate the masses, and the holders of Trusts, into a proper appreciation of the great principle evolved by the Standard Oil Company.

The "Devil" advises the people to be patient. He wants no revolution. He has had enough of that in his past experience in the world. He has learned to go slow, and to trust to the evolutionary forces to bring about proper results.

The Phonograph.

"I say, Mr. Editor, you wanted to know what I was buying that lot of phonographs for when we were in New York, and I would not tell you—but now I'll explain," exclaimed Curtis one morning last week, as he broke into our sanctum, having eluded the faithful guard at the door. Throwing a roll of manuscript upon our desk and himself upon the lounge the irrepressible continued: "You see I thought I would cheapen, improve and increase your facilities for gathering esoteric knowledge. With prophetic vision I beheld the Indian cataclysm gathering over your devoted head. Realizing that you would require unusually effective accessories in fighting Russian craft, invisible hoodlums, elementaries, etc., I secured those phonographs, covered them with occult paint to render them invisible, and then with the assistance of a few astral auxiliaries I planted these reliable detectives where they would do the most good. For prudential reasons I shall not disclose even to you the exact locations of these instruments. You must be satisfied if you get their reports. The one before you ought to satisfy you of the effectiveness of the scheme." Having thus delivered himself, Curtis turned his face to the wall and slept. Whereupon, we turned the manuscript and found the following:

AN EXPERIMENT IN PSYCHOPHONY.

"Hello, central!"
"Hello!"
"Give me the Religio-Philosophical office cat."
"O. K."
"Is that you, King-Cat?"
"Meow—you bet!"
"Can you hook on to the Himalayas by psychophone and give me Koot Hoomi?"
"Aum!"
[Connection made in 10 seconds as shown by the photo-chromometer.]
"Is that you, Koot?"
"O, orientaphos!—what's the row over there in the American Esoteric Section?"
"O, nothing—but I want a list of the names of every member of the Esoteric T. S., without distinction of race, sex, creed, or color."
"Um—er—what for?"
"To form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood?"
"All right—look in the hole in the wall in the shrine at Adyar that Hodgson found. But don't give it to that Chicago editor. Any thing else?"
"Yes—is there anybody over here that knows too much about that shrine business for H. P. B. to be able to throw him over if she wanted to?"
"Give it up! Leastwise I won't tell yet."
"Any Mahatmic documents lying around loose over here?"
"Can't say—Try 1726 N. street, W. D. C."
"Aum."
"O. K."

D. B. Edwards of Orient, N. Y., writes: "Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham has been our guest and given an excellent lecture on Thursday evening, June 13th. She is doing a grand work on the east shore of Long Island."

Another Bitten Hulk Sinking.

In the current history of Spiritualism nothing is so common as the announcement that another piratical craft which has been bowling along with full sail and fair wind has unexpectedly struck the critical torpedoes planted by the JOURNAL, and is rapidly sinking. The Minnie E. Williams of New York is the last one to get her deserts. Chartered by Henry J. Newton to help tow his barnacle eaten and moribund First Society out of the mud, she made a fine show—for herself, but didn't budge the Newton craft an inch. Indeed, the more sail she put on, the more paint she used in renovating her bows, the more rope she paid out, the deeper settled the Newton hulk. Captain Newton sailed her "for all she was worth," he stood at the helm, and as the storm increased to a gale ordered every stitch of sail set, and to encourage the squad on his own foundering craft, every rag of bunting flung to the winds. He doggedly stood watch after watch while Jayne and Powell and Merritt and Borschneck and the rest of the crew relieved one another by turns. But all to no purpose. He might have cut the tow-line and let her go but he isn't that kind of a captain; once he has made fast, he'd rather sink than let go the hawser. At last, in tacking ship, the Minnie E. Williams ran afoul of a torpedo filled with JOURNAL dynamite; *The World* was on watch with finger on the electric button. Bang! Boom! Away into the air flies huge chunks of the worm-eaten old hulk. Down come the sails by the run, flying jib, foretop sail, foresky sail, main-top-sail, main-royal studding sail, mizzen sky-sail, mizzen-sparker and all. She still floats, but will soon sink. Captain Newton's patent main-top-gallant-stay sail, main-stay, and mizzen-stay, can't float her.... *The Beacon Light* has expired! Captain Newton paces the deck of his foundered craft, peering now and then into his "fraud-proof" cabinet for relief and refreshment.

Dr. Dight gives an account in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of his examination of a collection of human skulls which are stored away in an old monastery in the Kedron Valley, midway between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. The doctor, who is a professor of anatomy in the American College of Beirut, Syria, has made a careful comparison of these skulls with those of the same race at the present day. The measurements show some significant differences. The Caucasian skull has, during the last thirteen centuries, increased in circumference nearly two inches, and has gained in cranial capacity three and a half cubic inches. There has been no increase in width. The brain has gained in height and length—that is to say, there has been a development of the upper and anterior parts of the brain, the parts which we should expect to increase by education and civilization, as they preside over the moral and intellectual functions. The lower portions of the brain, in which the lower or more selfish propensities are centered, and which give breadth to the head, have, in the march of the centuries, failed to grow as rapidly as the higher brain centres, hence the non-increase in the width of our skulls.

In Pittsburg, Pa., St. Anthony's day was celebrated at the church of Father Mollinger, the faith cure priest, June 13th. Thousands of cripples and diseased persons were present from all parts of the county. At six o'clock in the morning the church was crowded with the lame, the halt, and the blind, and by noon it was almost impossible to pass along the street in front of the church. The results attained by Father Mollinger in several cases were said to be almost miraculous. His method is different with the various cases. Sometimes he uses no medicine, but rubs the deformed limb; in other cases he uses medicine alone, and in some cases both. He pretends to do no miracles; he simply finds out the malady and, having wonderful knowledge of medicine and human ills, prescribes and invokes God's and the Saint's all healing power to aid him. He will treat none who have not faith and does not pretend to make a complete cure without a reasonable time; in some cases months must elapse and in others the cures are almost instantaneous.

Light of London says: "And are not cases of catalepsy, suspended animation, and trance very decidedly on the increase? Is the psychical development of the race so increasing that our friends do not even know when our bodies are dead? Irving Bishop's case has brought out a whole crop of cases in America averaging, it is said in the newspapers, one a week. Several of these are very gruesome readings; some have a comic side; all suggest that we are undergoing a very remarkable psychical development without being aware of it. Our children will be so hypersensitive that it is a tangled problem what they will do with their offspring, and what in turn a third generation will be a bewildering consideration."

Dr. Cones has a notice of a new book which ought to be good reading from his account of it. Heaven Revised: A Narrative of Personal Experiences after the Change called Death (by Mrs. Daffey) is apparently on the lines of the Gates Ajar, Old Lady Mary, and other little narratives that have done a good deal to revise the popular conception of Heaven, and, we may add, of hell too. Both sadly needed revision, and Dr. Cones thinks well of the revised version. The book is written under "guidance," "inspiration," or by what ever name we may choose to call the influence which moulds our best thoughts.—*Light, London.*

Moses Hull—The Free-Love Tramp.

The JOURNAL has of late received a number of inquiries concerning an ex-preacher who has cursed Spiritualism for some twenty years and is still dragging out a miserable and precarious existence. Moses Hull is the name of this moral leper, who has in years past been repeatedly shown up and driven into temporary obscurity by the JOURNAL, and who persists in crawling out of his hole every now and then to belittle the community with his virus. His salacious record was familiar to the public some fifteen years ago, when he was a devoted follower of Victoria Woodhull, but many now there are who seem never to have known of his infamy, or, knowing it, suppose he has repented and grown a better man. The JOURNAL does not hesitate to declare him unfit to be recognized or associated with by people claiming to be decent. The JOURNAL further asserts that any individual, or society, or campmeeting, who or which associates with or employs him, knowing of his doctrines and practices, is either openly or secretly in sympathy with his immoral teachings and practices and justly entitled to be looked upon as disreputable and to be shunned by all good people. The JOURNAL shrinks from soiling its pages with the name and mention of this libidinous old wreck, and does so now only because impelled by stern sense of duty.

As is well known, this man Moses Hull, seemingly thinking to divert from her to himself some of the shameful notoriety Victoria Woodhull was gathering, and, apparently, by advertising himself as an advocate and practitioner of sexual promiscuity to widen the field and lessen the difficulty of his search for prey, published his views and a confession of his practices in Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly, of August 23, 1873. The villain mistook public sentiment and found when too late that this open boast of his criminality, and his clearly expressed defiance of and contempt for the moral sentiment of the world and the laws of the land, had shocked and alarmed the public from which he hoped to draw his subsistence, and caused it to throw him over. For years he strove like a mad bull, or an obstinate donkey, or an enraged goat to ride down public sentiment and overslaugh the opposition. With his consort in infamy, one Mattie Sawyer, he made a stiff fight, but had at last to succumb to the inevitable. Mattie dropped the name of Sawyer and, legally or otherwise, assumed that of Hull. Later on when Victoria Woodhull had by shrewd manipulations got rid of her husband Col. Blood and ensconced herself in England as the wife of some English idiot with money, and wanted to whitewash her American record, she came out with a statement repudiating her old free love doctrine. She had the audacity to declare she had never advocated such a doctrine, but had been cruelly slandered by Col. Blood and Stephen Pearl Andrews, who in her absence on lecture tours had filled her Weekly with editorials and statements purporting to be hers, but which were not, nor did they expound her beliefs. Steeped in salacity the old Vineland goat's intellect would never have evolved this plan of restoring lost caste; but once his old rival in the business had shown him how, Moses Hull made haste to declare that the letter published over his name in Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly did him gross injustice, that it had been garbled and twisted by the editors of the paper before publication. That he did not advocate and never held such sentiments as the letter proclaimed. He actually made some people believe he was telling the truth, and that he had suffered monstrously from the libels heaped upon him by the JOURNAL and from the false views entertained of him by the public.

But he found little profit in this subterfuge and continued to be a wanderer, ostracized and held at a distance by all except those whose morbid sentimentality or affinity with free loveism made them take kindly to the bipedal goat. The late free love performance of Mrs. Plunkett, and the notoriety she has acquired thereby seems to have fired ex-Adventist Moses with the old thirst and new courage. If only he can have a woman in the advance he seems to be temporarily inspired with a substitute for courage. He publishes—when he can raise the money to get out an edition, an alleged weekly newspaper. In the issue of his "New Thought," (?) dated June 10, 1889, Hull exhibits his Woodhullan-Plunkettian audacity in an editorial paragraph which reads thus: "Victoria C. Woodhull did happen to 'come to the front with certain truths we had believed and preached as occasion required, for ten years before we knew that such a person as Victoria C. Woodhull existed. Circumstances placed her, for a time, in 'the front of that battle, and we, well, we did our duty, we followed and did our part of the work just as we should again under similar circumstances. We still hold 'the same opinions.'"

It would be hard to convince those familiar with the record of Moses that this is anything else than notice to Plunkett-Worthington that he holds the age, by priority of practice and preaching, in the free love game; that "circumstances" gave Victoria Woodhull "for a time" the notoriety which justly belonged to him, and that he is now ready to form an alliance with the pseudo Christian scientist for an aggressive free love campaign. The JOURNAL can supply copies of Moses Hull's letter as published in Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly to those who may, in the interests of good morals and society, desire to know what the opinions are which Hull "still holds."

Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion.

The meeting of the Directors of the Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion, held at the residence of Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth, Thursday evening, June 13, closed the first year's work. The following is a summary of the season's work, and plans for next year.

There were nineteen lectures given, and ten lessons on the Book of Job, by Messrs. Hirsch, Johnson and Fiske.

The expenses were \$487.86 including rent of halls, printing, advertising, etc. These were met by the door receipts with the exception of \$7.36 which was donated from the Board. The names of Prof. and Mrs. Bastion were added to the Board and to the Programme Committee at this meeting.

It was resolved to re-lease the C. A. S. Club Room, in the Art Institute Building, on the same terms as before. It is hoped to arrange in the fall, for a second series of lectures by Rabbi Hirsch on "Islam and the Koran," and possibly to organize a class on German Philosophy, to be led by him. Prof. Bastion was instructed to conduct a preliminary correspondence, with a view of arranging for a popular course of lectures on "The Testimony of the Sciences to Evolution" to be given by eminent specialists, such as Prof. Cope of the Pennsylvania University; Prof. Goodale of Harvard; Prof. Marsh of Yale.

If these are to be procured the members of the Board will be asked early in September to co-operate in securing a list of patrons to the lectures sufficient to guarantee against loss. This course is to be preparatory to a Herbert Spencer school of one or two weeks' duration, to be conducted in the spring of 1891 by John Fiske, he himself to be the leading lecturer. Mr. Fiske has already consented to take such a part.

During next year such classes will be formed for the study of morals and religion, and the practical advancement of the same, as may be called for.

At the first meeting in the autumn such vacancies as occur in the Board will be filled, and such other names be added as may prove to be desirable workers.

The Tempest.

The Tempest has reached town. Not the Blavatskite tempest—that is confined to New York, London, Omaha, Cincinnati and other tributaries of Chicago—not the Dakota brand, nor yet that of the Presbyterian convention, but Shakespeare's weird and fascinating materialization. After many months of laborious preparation and lavish expenditure, the bard of Avon's enchanting play has been put upon the boards at McVicker's Theatre, for the first time in the west. That it will have a long and successful run is certain. By the way, Mr. McVicker was the first theatrical manager to respond to the cry for help from Johnstown. With the co-operation of Mrs. Langtry he gave the gross receipts of an evening to the relief fund, amounting to nearly one thousand dollars.

The Sign of a "Sucking Dove."

On another page we make an exception to our lately established rule of declining space to any one sworn to obey Blavatsky "without cavil or delay," when such an one desires room to defend his mistress. Dr. Buck in his "Fatuous Fakes" sighs with all the softness to be expected from a "sucking dove." His words come to us like the solemn sigh of a south wind when cloying a Russian ruin. We gladly credit Dr. Buck with honesty and good intentions, but regret that he allows sentimentalism to blind his eyes to facts and belaud his judgment. The time will come when he will no longer take pride in calling himself a "sucking dove."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. U. D. Thomas of Milwaukee, Wis., has arranged to have a volume of poems by himself published in this city.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York City, who has driven a successful trade in commercial spiritism and pseudo-spirit phenomena for some years, and who is an officer of Mr. H. J. Newton's "First Society," has at last come to grief; and it seems likely that, like Ann Eliza Wells, she will be obliged hereafter to garner her fool crop in rural districts.

Hon. R. A. Dague, for many years editor of influential papers in Iowa and a member of the State Senate, and latterly editor of the Phillipsburg, Kansas, Herald, has just purchased an interest in a weekly and a monthly paper at Denver, Colorado. He will remove at once to Denver and assume editorial charge. We have known Mr. Dague for years and take pleasure in commending him as an able editor and a gentleman; he will prove an acquisition to the editorial profession in Denver. His unblemished character both private and public and his progressive ideas will enable him to make his mark in his new field.

Incidents of a Collector's Rambles in Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea, by Sherman F. Denton, artist of the U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C., and son of William Denton, the well known geologist and naturalist, has lately come from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book is a large 12mo., cloth, of 272 pages, with illustrations by the author, and will interest the naturalist and the general reader by its variety of research, and Spiritualists will be doubly drawn to it by the pleasant acquaintance with Prof. Denton either personally or through his writings. The Rambles were mostly gathered while on a trip through these

countries with Prof. Denton. The work is for sale by Mrs. E. M. F. Denton, Wellesley, Mass., price \$2.50, where orders should be sent direct. We trust there will be a large call for it.

Rev. E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," will bring out a new work in the fall from the enterprising publishing house of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. The work is made up of discourses on Life and Liberty, and it is fair to assume it will be received with eclat by the reading public in general.

Robins and worms are seldom to be observed for any length of time in close proximity; very soon only the robins are visible to the eye. In Chicago the harmonial state has reached such perfection that Robins & Worms form a business partnership for conducting a livery and boarding stable, at 66 Wendell St., over on the north side. This is an improvement on that promised state when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, for Robins & Worms together lie that they may wax rich as well as peaceful.

The editor of the JOURNAL is again obliged to ask those awaiting his personal replies to letters to have patience. He is not opposed to doing the work of three men the year round, but confesses to limitations of strength to compass the work constantly crowding upon him. Five thousand dollars a year would not pay for the labor of himself, stenographers and typewriters, which is given to work in no way beneficial to the JOURNAL or within his duty as a journalist. He does not complain, but does desire his constituents to realize somewhat the burdens he bears.

The third thousand of Ursula N. Geste-feld's *Statement of Christian Science* has been sold since first publication, less than a year ago. This for a three-dollar text-book is remarkable, showing both a wide interest in the subject and, seemingly, much merit in Mrs. Geste-feld's treatment of it. In the early fall Mrs. G. will publish a supplementary volume, in which she undertakes to more clearly demonstrate that "Christian Science" is in fact a science and entitled to be recognized as such. Already much interest in this later effort is manifested among the disciples of the cult.

"Tony" Higgins still lives, it seems, a striking example of the vast amount of licentiousness and whiskey it takes to kill some people. Anthony is part of the wreckage which Victoria Woodhull deserted for her English prize. He turns up now and then to give the public an awful warning of the degradation to which a man of brilliant intellect can sink himself if he only persists in it for a score or two of years. Just now he is posing as an ardent Theosophist, and the other evening assisted Messrs. Judge and Keightley in a raid on Washington for the purpose of disfiguring Prof. Coues. It is dollars to cents that Judge had to take Anthony to a Turkish bath and boil the poison out of him and then buy him clean linen before the eventful meeting. Query: Was it all done at the expense of the "Esoteric Section?"

The jesting suggestion that telephones might be used for churches and the people stay at home, or for concerts, and only the singers be actually in the building, is coming true. In a Congregational church in Tunbridge Wells, England, wires have been placed connecting it with sick people and the aged, and with doctor's shop and clerks' offices whose engagements will not permit them to be at the church. Wires are even being stretched to neighboring towns, and, of course, subscriptions are taken in place of pew rentals. There are many advantages in this plan. If the sermon is dull the subscriber can doze off without offense to the proprietors. He can sit down when he pleases or stand up, and otherwise be at liberty. Besides, he can read or write during the preliminaries that are generally so tedious. Bellamy in "Looking Backward" fixed the date for this improvement in the twentieth century; but, behold! before the book is two years old the thing is of the now.

Mrs. C. E. Eddy, the well known medium of 666 Fulton St., will take a much needed rest in Lake Mills, Wis., from July 3rd to 15th.

Spiritist and Spiritualist International Congress of 1889, at Paris.

On the 24th of April, 1889, eighty delegates, representing over thirty-four groups or societies, (Spiritist, Theosophist, Kabbalist, Philosophic, Swedenborgian, Theophilanthropist, Magnetist, Spiritualist) met together to constitute an Executive Commission to organize the Spiritist and Spiritualist Congress, which will take place in Paris the 9th of September, 1889, and end on the 15th.

Forteen Spiritist and Spiritualist reviews and papers have already lent their adhesion to the Executive Commission.

The Congress will affirm the two following fundamental points:

1st. The persistence of the conscient individual after death, or the immortality of the soul.
2nd. The rapports between the living and the dead.
All questions that divide us will be set aside.

We wish to prove in the said Congress that we are progressive, friends of truth, of free research, who recognize in man an immortal element, absolutely contrary to the annihilation doctrines.

That element is the fundamental basis on which to establish the union of all Spiritualists, Philosophers, Theosophists, Spiritists, Swedenborgians, Theophilanthropists, etc.
We make an urgent call to all Spiritists and Spiritualists, to all organizations, groups or societies, papers, reviews, devoted to our cause, to give the greatest publicity to this address, asking them to send us as soon as possible their adhesion, addressed to the office of the Commission, No. 1 Rue Chabanas, Paris, France.

We pray them also to transmit to the Executive Commission all documents and remarks relative to the questions which may interest

the Congress, at a date prior to the 15th August next, the final date for receiving.
All managers and editors of papers, Spiritist or Spiritualist, belong to the Executive Commission by right; also delegates from all groups who will have given their names prior to 15th of August.

The Board named by the Commission: Doctor Chazarin, president; Messrs. P. G. Leymarie and Arnould, vice-presidents; Messrs. Delanne, Papus and Caminade, secretaries; M. Mongio, recording secretary; M. C. Chaigneau, treasurer; Messrs. Baisac, Warschawsky, J. Smyth and Henry Lacroix, translators and interpreters.

The above is published at the request of Vice-President Leymarie. The promoters of this congress are to be commended for their motives, and we sincerely hope some good may come of the effort. We must confess however, that from a Chicago point of view it were easier to mix oil and water, or to find an honest alderman, than to "set aside all questions that divide us."

GENERAL NEWS.

Minister Lincoln attended service in Dr. Newman Hall's church, last Sunday, in London. Dr. Hall, however, did not preach, Dr. Theodore Cuyler of Brooklyn occupying the pulpit. A number of American friends greeted Mr. Lincoln and his daughter, and showed them over the building.—The marriage of Prince Frederick Leopold and Princess Alice of Schleswig was solemnized at Berlin, last Monday. The Emperor and Empress and many royalties were present at both the civil and religious ceremonies.—In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury denied that any of the great powers contemplated the annexation of the Island of Crete.—Rusia proposes to raise a new loan, the money to be used in the building of strategic railways and fortresses. The semi-official press daily attacks Italy, while the Czar snubs Baron de Marochetti, the Italian Ambassador.—The speech made by Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of his receiving the delegations had a depressing influence on the Vienna and Berlin bourses.—The Very Rev. A. van Vyver, administrator of the Diocese of Richmond, Va., has been nominated Bishop of the see in succession to Bishop Keane, now rector of the American Catholic University.—Princess Augusta of Hesse, sister of the Queen of Denmark, is dying.—It is reported in London that the North German Lloyd steamers will not call at Southampton in future.—The railway employees charged with causing the recent disaster at Armagh, Ireland, have been committed for trial.—The Senate at Paris adopted the bill for the improvement of the harbors of Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon. The Chamber of Deputies passed the war budget.—The Belgium ministry is about to present to the Chambers a vote of 10,000,000 francs as the subscription of the Belgian State toward the construction of the Congo Railway.

Canker in the mouth can be cured only by expelling the poisonous humor from the system. To do this effectually requires the persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, together with a good, generous diet. One dollar a bottle. Six bottles for \$5. Begin at once.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, that Buckingham's Dye always colors an even brown or black at will.

Lake Minnetonka—Hotel Lafayette, the largest summer hotel west of Saratoga, has accommodations for nine hundred guests, and is beautifully situated on a peninsula overlooking the lake on both sides. This celebrated Milwaukee orchestra will give afternoon and evening concerts, and the season of 1889 promises to be the most brilliant in the history of the house. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing, and a healthful, invigorating climate. Terms, etc., on application to Eugene Mehl, Minnetonka Beach, Minn.

John William Fletcher lectures in Saratoga, N. Y., in August; in Brooklyn, N. Y., September, October and November; in Philadelphia in December, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the first two Sundays in January, 1890; in Bridgeport, Conn., last two Sundays of January; in Springfield, Mass., April. Address 6 Beacon Street, Boston.

Statuolem, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Farneswick, M. D., contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the explanation of the same by the French medium Mesnors. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Tracts, embracing the following important subjects: The Summerland; The True Spiritualist; The Responsibility of Mediums; Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity? Etc. A vast amount of reading for ten cents. Three copies sent to one address for 25 cents.

Heaphy's Ghost—A Startling Story! The London artist's own version of an extraordinary affair, together with the correspondence between Charles Dickens and Mr. Heaphy. Only five cents each, three copies for ten cents. A good tract to circulate. Send in your orders.

Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists A good reference pamphlet, being short sketches of such prominent men as Dr. J. B. Buchanan, Robert Hare, Rev. S. Watson, Hudson Tuttle, Elias B. Stebbins, Rev. John Pierpont, etc., etc. Price reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents. For sale at this office.

Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

A new edition of Dr. J. B. Dewey's, The Way The Truth and Life is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, twelve weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

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A Phantom Photograph.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. B. Cash, master of the Shirehall Hotel, School, Ipswich, and Mr. E. R. Pringle, solicitor, were taking photographs of the Gipping at the spot where the Old Mills once stood, and still known by that name. In the evening, however, while developing this particular plate in the dark room at his own house, Mr. Pringle being still in his company, he was perfectly astounded by an appearance which he had never seen when taking the photograph, and for which he could in no way account. On completing the development there was plainly revealed, in the foreground of the picture, the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright in the water, as it is declared that drowned bodies sometimes will appear after immersion for a length of time. "I cannot in the least explain how it got there," said Mr. Cash, when interviewed on Monday, "but here is the negative, and you can see for yourself." And it can only be said that the woman is unmistakably shown. It is no shadowy likeness, difficult to detect, nor does it require pointing out before the lines can be traced, as with the puzzle pictures so commonly seen. The face and head are clearly outlined; the arms are hanging straight by the side of the body, which is clad in ordinary female attire and is visible to the waist; and the portrait generally appears to be that of a tall and comely young woman. There is nothing repulsive in the photograph, although it looks weird and ghost-like. The first idea naturally suggested was that the photographic plate had really detected a body which was invisible to the naked eye. Unable to account for the apparition, Mr. Cash communicated with the borough police, one of whom was so struck by the reality of the picture that he at first imagined it to resemble some woman in the town, and inquired whether she had lately been heard of. Next morning, and very properly so, the river was dragged at this particular spot, but no body was found, and so far, therefore, the climax of the narrative is happily left wanting. It is a perplexing mystery.—*The Two Worlds*.

Collins vs. Blavatsky.

As the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, in the interest of truth permit me to call attention to some error of statement in the controversy that has arisen concerning the Theosophical Society, "Light on the Path," its author, etc. Dr. Collins made a mistake in saying that it was four years ago that he wrote to inquire about the authorship of "Light on the Path." The unsigned response from Madame Blavatsky which he subsequently printed in your columns showed that the book called "Through the Gates of Gold" was what he actually inquired about. That was published a little over two years ago, so that his letter of inquiry must have been written then, and not four years ago. At that time Madame Blavatsky was in England, therefore the statement that she was not there four years ago and so could not have dictated that letter, is not admissible as evidence in her favor. THOMAS F. ADAMS, Boston, June 12.

Planetary Evolution or a New Cosmogony, being an explanation of Planetary (growth and life Energy, upon the basis of Chemical and Physical relations of the elements of nature. There is a great demand to illustrate the process of Evolution and this work may assist the reader to a better knowledge of Natural Laws. Price, cloth, \$1.00, paper 50 cents. For sale here.

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What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will not doubt what they saw there have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents. For sale here.

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PREFACE.

The reasons which have induced the writer to undertake the responsibility of presenting a purely occult treatise to the world, are briefly as follows:

For nearly twenty years the writer has been deeply engaged in investigating the hidden realms of occult force, and the results of these mystical labors were considered to be great value and real worth by a few personal acquaintances who were also seeking light, he was finally induced to consider, as far as practicable, the general results of these researches into a series of lessons for private occult study. This idea was ultimately carried out and put into external form; the whole, when completed, presenting the dual aspects of occult lore as seen and realized in the soul and the stars, corresponding to the microcosm and the macrocosm of ancient Egypt and Chaldea, and thus giving a brief epitome of Hermetic philosophy. (The term Hermetic is here used in its true sense of sealed or secret.)

Having served their original purpose, external circumstances have compelled the preparation for a much wider circle of minds. The chief reason why to this day the strenuous efforts now being systematically put forth to poison the budding spirituality of the western mind, and to fasten upon its mediumistic mentality, the subtle, delusive dogmas of Karma and Re-incarnation, as taught by the sacerdotalisms of the decaying Orient.

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that this work is issued with a definite purpose, namely, to explain the true spiritual connection between God and man, the soul and the stars, and to reveal the real truths of both Karma and Re-incarnation as they actually exist in nature, stripped of all priestly interpretation. The definite statement made in regard to these subjects are absolute facts, in so far as embodied man can understand them through the symbolism of human language, and the writer defies contradiction by any living authority who possesses the spiritual right to say, "I know."

During these twenty years of personal intercourse with the exalted minds of those who constitute the brethren of light, the fact was revealed that long ago the Orient had lost the use of the true spiritual compass of the soul, as well as the real secrets of its own theosophy. As a race, they have been, and still are, travelling the descending arc of their racial cycle, whereas the western race, by slowly working their way upward through matter upon the ascending arc, already it has reached the equator of its mental and spiritual development. Therefore the writer does not fear the ultimate results of the occult knowledge put forth in the present work, during this, the great mental crisis of the race.

Having explained the actual causes which impelled the writer to undertake this responsibility, it is also necessary to state most emphatically that does not wish to convey the impression to the reader's mind that the Orient is destitute of spiritual truth. On the contrary, the genuine student of occult lore is justly proud of the snow white locks of old Hindustan, and thoroughly appreciates the wondrous stores of mystical knowledge concealed within the astral volumes of the Hindu branch of the Aryan race. In India, probably more than in any other country, are the latent forces and mysteries of nature the subject of thought and study. But alas! it is not a progressive study. The descending arc of their spiritual force keeps them bound to the dogmas, traditions and externalisms of the decaying past, whose real secrets they can not now penetrate.

The ever living truth concealed beneath the symbols of astral light are hidden from their view by the setting sun of their spiritual cycle. Therefore, the writer only desires to impress upon the reader's candid mind, the fact that his earnest effort is to expose that particular section of Buddhist Theosophy (esoteric so called), that would fasten the cramping shackles of theological dogma upon the rising genius of the western race. It is the elusive Oriental systems against which his efforts are directed, and not the race nor the mediumistic individuals who uphold and support them; for "omnia vincit veritas" is the life motto of the

THE AUTHOR.

This remarkable work is sure to create A PROFOUND SENSATION and

Light of Egypt.

(Continued from First Page.)

expression not only of man's physical organism, but of the planet which gave it birth. We see, therefore, how beautifully harmonious mother nature is, even in her most secret parts. She has made every known "thing" dependent upon a something else, and all things, therefore, are mutually dependent upon each other. Evolution is dependent upon involution; the objective upon the subjective, and man dependent upon the planet. All contain the same eternal seven principles; the subjective, in its imponderable essences; the objective, in its solids, fluids and gases; and man, as the spirit-natural medium and meeting point between the two great worlds, treasures up the seven mineral qualities in his body and their magnetic counterparts in the ethereal sphere of his soul. In this recondite sense alone can we fully understand the occult axiom of the ancients: "Man is a microcosm—a universe within himself."

INCARNATION AND RE-INCARNATION.

Probably no truth has been more completely inverted by the ignorant and concealed by the learned than that of re-incarnation. In every age it has been thought necessary by the priesthood to over-awe the uneducated masses by some species of pious jugglery, and the popular theory of re-incarnation, as understood and taught at the present day, is a typical example of truth thus perverted.

By re-incarnation we mean, as now currently understood, the doctrine of the re-birth of the human soul in various human forms and personalities, in different ages, upon the same planet.

In every bundle of theological chaff there is, undoubtedly, concealed a grain of genuine truth. This is particularly the case with this doctrine. Up to a given point its teachings are those of truth itself, but beyond this point the doctrine of re-birth into physical conditions becomes one of the greatest delusions with which the mystical student has to deal.

We repeat what we have so often said to those who have studied under our care, that re-incarnation, as taught by modern writers, is nothing but a theory of the physical intellect. In other words, it is the metaphysical outcome of intellectual force destitute of spiritual intuition. It is an attempt of the external mind to harmonize good and evil, and nothing more. It contains nothing approaching to the pure intuitions of the spirit in its composition. It was formulated to deceive, by cunning priestly minds, in the first instance, and afterwards accepted as a divine truth by those who possess nothing but their intellectuality to guide them in their gropings for truth. And knowing as we do the Why and Wherefore of its present rapid diffusion, we challenge these esoteric Buddhists to produce one single individual who is not an irresponsible medium, and who possesses the ability to consciously penetrate the realms of spirit for himself, who can truthfully say that the theory agrees with the actual results of his own personal investigations. From the beginning to the end this re-incarnation and Karma doctrine of Buddhism is a purely external theory which tries to explain the apparent contradictions of physical nature—hence it is destitute of spiritual proof, or of the possibility of spiritual proof, and it is palmed off upon the mental currents of western thought as emanating from supposed holy (?) mahatmas. But we deny in toto that such a theory is taught or ever has been taught by any real adept, as a true theory, apart from the magical hierophants of the Inverse Magi, and these beings we do not consider worthy of the name of Adept, seeing that they are the legionaries of the Dark Satellite, and as such are only adepts so far as the mysteries of practical magic are concerned. They cannot penetrate beyond the astral zones of the cosmic and magnetic elements, hence they know absolutely nothing of the higher states of the soul world, or of the mysteries of angelic life. They deny their very existence, and substitute a delusive Devalachan, and dreamy Nirvana of nothingness in their place.

KARMA.

"If we are ever to know anything clearly we must be released from the body, that the soul by itself may see things by themselves as they really are."—Socrates.

We need scarce say that we fully agree with the above remarks of Plato's teacher. While in the body we are completely fenced in by delusive appearances, and had the Greek sage been alive to-day those prominent individuals who so loudly and glibly speak and write upon the subject of Karma would have been very greatly inconvenienced by the Athenian's terrible logic.

"Karma is the law of consequences—of merit and demerit," say the Buddhists. "It is that force which moulds our physical destiny in this world, and regulates our period of misery or happiness in the world to come." We are also further informed that "Karma is the cold, inflexible justice which metes out to each individual the exact same measure of good and evil at his next physical rebirth that he measured to his fellow men in this."

MEDIUMSHIP—ITS NATURE AND MYSTERIES.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole—Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

"What is mediumship, and who are the mediums?" was the question we once asked of the initiated masters of Occult sciences. The answer received was as broad in its application as the universe itself. "Everything is mediumistic, and every atom is a medium for the expression of spiritual force. God alone is the great central controlling spirit," said the master. Long years of spiritual research have not only verified the truth of the answer received, but have established in the mind of the writer the certainty that every word is an absolute fact.

I. That the universe is one mighty, inconceivable medium, and Deity the controlling and omnipotent spirit.

II. That Love becomes the medium of Wisdom, or, in other words, the passive becomes the medium of the active state; consequently matter is and must be the absolute medium of mind.

III. That the passive nature of the divine soul is the only means whereby the active spirit of Divinity can manifest itself, and upon this basis rests all the mysteries of the cosmos.

IV. In view of these facts we find that the universal will, utilized by the imperial soul of man, is alone the true center of all magical and spiritual power manifested upon earth. Man is the great pivot around which revolves every phase of magical, magnetic and mental phenomena embraced within the realms of mundane psychology.

ADEPTSHIP.

The adept is born a king of his kind. He

*The reader must bear in mind that the doctrine of human re-incarnation is not, strictly speaking, a doctrine of Occultism. It is a theological doctrine of oriental ecclesiastical systems, formulated by the priesthood either to conceal the real truth, or to account for what themselves could not comprehend.

is a spiritual and mental giant of his race, and can not be made without possessing these royal qualities in a very highly developed state from his birth. External life is too short and antagonistic forces too overcome too great, during the present cycle, for the adept to be manufactured out of the rudimentary forces and embryonic soul qualities of the average mortal. It has been asserted by one who claims the honor of adeptship, that "the adept is the rare efflorescence of an age." This is, however, only figuratively correct, as in real truth there are several such flowers in each race during the course of a single generation. Each family plant of mankind ultimately produces the rare flower of its line, and then becomes exhausted for that cycle. "It has run to seed."

Not all of these rare flowers of the royal line may attain adeptship, since they often exhaust their forces in other directions for the good of humanity, but such souls alone possess the possibilities, or, in other words, the primary conditions.

COINCIDENCES

[The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 483 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincidence may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

The following is sent by Prof. Elliott Cones who says: "You may like to use this for your 'Coincidences,'—only suppress the lady's name. I have no idea who she is, but she tells a straight and evidently honest story."

Somnambulism was the bane of my childhood. As I grew into womanhood, I ceased wandering in my sleep, but became clairvoyant in my dreams; as the cares of life with their attendant duties increased, these dreams discontinued, and I became subject to an entirely new experience. This was a peculiar sensation which I am not able to intelligently describe, as I know of nothing to which I can compare it. I called it a sick feeling, and yet it was not attended with any physical symptoms; but was a mental or psychical condition. I soon found that the sensation came as a premonition or warning of some impending danger, misfortune or disappointment. Sometimes with the sensation comes the consciousness of what it portends, but not often, and so frequent is this condition, that if I knew each time to what the warning related I could, perhaps, avoid all the ills to which we are subject.

A few years ago, while spending a summer with my sister, I arranged to spend a few weeks with some relatives at a distance. My sister accompanied me to the landing where I was to take the steamer, and then returned home. She had scarcely gone from sight when I was seized with a sensation that seemed to impel me to go back. I could offer no reason or excuse for giving up my journey and going back to my sister's, and the fear of being ridiculed if I should do so, decided me to go on my journey, which I did without any accident or unpleasantness, and led me to conclude that my fear or premonition was groundless, but in a week came the news of a disaster to my sister and family, the results of which were most terrible to them, and which might have been avoided had I returned, and my return would certainly have relieved me of much regret and self-reproach.

—99—

A Chicago gentleman sends the following: Sometime during the fifties my brother engaged himself to a young lady who was born on the 17th day of March, 1840. This engagement was broken off, and in a few years he became engaged to another lady, an entire stranger to the first one, and who was also born on the 17th of March 1840. This match was also broken off. Afterward, each of these ladies married widowers by the name of Todd: each of the widowers having a grown son named Henry. Neither of the ladies, nor their husbands are acquainted, or related in any way, or have ever even seen each other.

—100—

Joseph Cook of Boston reports the following:

Two students attending a prayer meeting sat with their heads near each other. One of them arranged a course of thought, and purposed to himself to deliver it to the gathering. Just as he was about to rise, the other student rose and delivered the same course of thought, with illustrations and certain terms of phraseology such as had occurred to the first student. It turned out that the one student had arranged and prepared his remarks before the meeting. To the other the train of thought was entirely new, but came to him as he sat near the other and impressed him so forcibly that he felt impelled to deliver it, although he had not previously intended to speak at the meeting.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The opening days at Onset, Mass., for the season of 1899, were duly observed on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of June. Special railway rates were made from Boston allowing persons to remain at the Grove over Sunday. Dame nature seemed to especially favor the occasion, Sunday being one of the most delightful days the heart could desire. The air was clear and inspiring, being stirred by a beautiful breeze from off the waters of mother ocean, also furnishing one of the prerequisites for the sailing and fishing parties, that are so richly enjoyed in the bay.

Sunday services were held at the grand stand at 10:30 A. M., and 2:30 P. M., President W. D. Crockett presiding. The morning service opened with singing. Remarks were made by A. H. Richardson, H. B. Storer, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock and Frank T. Ripley. Mr. Ripley closing with a few platform descriptive communications.

In the afternoon Mrs. Shelhamer-Longley was introduced by President Crockett, taking as her subject, "Signs of Growth in Liberal Thought." At the conclusion of the lecture,

remarks were made, apropos to the occasion by Mr. Moore, Miss Emma J. Nickerson, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. S. R. Stevens, Mrs. Katie K. Stiles and Frank T. Ripley, with platform test. The afternoon service closed at 5:30 P. M.

"The day has been grand and beautiful and all have seemed to fully appreciate the opportunity afforded for the happy greetings and reunions of friends of former years. If this day is a precursor of the coming season, pleasant hours will be enjoyed at Onset this summer."

Among the mediums present were: Mrs. S. R. Stevens, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Thomas Dean, Mrs. Keyes, A. S. Hayward, A. H. Richardson, Dr. Pratt, David Brown and Frank T. Ripley. Lecturers: Mrs. Shelhamer Longley, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock and H. G. Storer.

The season is nearly a month earlier than last year. The cottagers are here in force and the demand for rentable cottages never was better. The lovers of the funny tribe are having fine sport in taking blue fish, rock cod, bottom fish, while sailing and yachting are highly enjoyed.

The hotels are open and ready to cater for the comfort of their patrons.

The camp-meeting will open on the 14th of July.

We were all pleased to see Mrs. S. R. Stevens back to Onset, from her winter sojourn at Topeka, Kan.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is read at Onset by the friends of truth and justice. W. W. CURRIER.

A Few Thoughts Suggested by an Examination of N. P. Gilman's Work on "Profit Sharing."

To obtain any adequate idea of the "Industrial Problem" of to-day by a perusal of this book is as impossible as it would be to judge of the architectural proportions of a magnificent building by a minute inspection of one of its rooms. Its chief value lies in its being a painstaking collection of facts relative to a rather unimportant phase of industrial development. Facts are always of value, but reasoning based upon a particular set of facts without, seemingly, any perception of their relation to other facts of far greater importance, must necessarily be misleading. It may be seen at a glance that while profit sharing—if universal and perfect in its operation—would eliminate competition between individual workmen, yet it would leave the competitive principle in full sway as between the profit sharing establishments. As the employers have exclusive control of affairs, this would simply mean the survival of those employers who could obtain the best results with the least expense. The ultimate development of profit sharing—if such development were possible—would be the socialism of slavery for the workers—there would no longer be any "problems" for them to solve. They would be housed, fed, and maintained in the most effective working condition possible by their employers in the cheapest manner that could be devised. While their conditions as animals might be better under such a system than under the present, their development as intellectual beings would be permanently arrested. This surely is not the pathway of social progress!

The facts collated by Mr. Gilman in this volume show exclusively that profit sharing has, in all cases where maintained for any time, proved beneficial to employers and employed. From this, doubtless, he argues that its universal application would be beneficial to all. But little thought is needed to show the fallacy of the assumption. The profit sharing establishments prospered by reason of the greater efficiency the system gave to the labor employed by them—more wealth was produced by the same number of laborers working the same number of hours—thus giving them an advantage over establishments pursuing inferior methods. Make the system universal, and what becomes of the advantage? Each establishment would be forced to still farther increase the efficiency of its labor or decrease labor's share of the product. Wages would fall or the share of the profits going to labor would diminish.

Mr. Gilman says: "The 'wages question,' however, is a central point in the labor controversy, and in treating this by itself we are discussing a vital and essential matter. If the way can be found by which the laborer and his employer shall easily agree on the 'fair share' of the products of industry that shall go to each, then other phases of the 'labor question' will lose much of their difficulty. This is undoubtedly true, and if there be a 'way' to accomplish this result, he who points it out will do no small service to humanity. But what reliance can be placed in a 'solution' of any problem that is reached without taking into consideration all the main factors in the problem to be solved? How is capital and labor to come to any agreement as to what portion of the products of their mutual industry will be the 'fair share' of each until they first know what part of these products is to be the fair share of the landowner, who, as landowner, is neither capitalist nor laborer? Mr. Gilman reasons upon the assumption that whatever wealth is at present produced by labor and capital is divided between these two factors in production according to the terms of 'free contract,' and that any increased efficiency in methods of production will accrue to the advantage of both. His error lies in utterly ignoring the land as an element in production separate and distinct from either capital or labor. In the last analysis there is to be found only two primary factors in the production of wealth—land the passive, and labor the active. Labor exerting itself upon land is the only source of all wealth, of all capital. Without land, labor is helpless; without labor, land is useless for the production of wealth; it can only sustain life by its spontaneous products. Together, these two factors can produce capital without limit, and do not require any capital to begin the production of wealth.

Let us, in imagination, consider the world to be controlled by three great syndicates: the land syndicate controlling all the land; the capital syndicate controlling all the capital; the labor syndicate controlling all the labor. Which of these three will be in a position to dictate terms to the others? The labor syndicate could not maintain its labor if not permitted to use the land; the capital syndicate could not preserve its capital from decay except by inducing labor to use it; and both together would be helpless to produce a blade of grass without access to land. The land syndicate could sustain life upon the spontaneous products of the soil without producing anything. Thus we can see that any contest between the three would inevitably result in a victory for the land syndicate; the others would have to come to its terms or perish, while it alone could continue to independently exist. How could there be a 'y

free contract' between labor and capital as to what part of the 'products of industry' should go to each until first ascertained what part of such products would have to be paid for permission to use land? Destroy the land syndicate and the 'wages question' will solve itself. Labor, free to maintain itself and produce its own wages, will only pay to capital an equitable part of the increased production consequent upon its use. Capital, dependent upon labor, will have no power to extort more. Land in this country is not yet entirely monopolized; but it is the progress of land monopoly that is the fundamental cause of all our labor troubles. It has been estimated that the rent paid to land owners in the United States on bare land, leaving out all improvements, amounts in round numbers to \$1,300,000,000 annually. This is the amount now subtracted from the annual earnings of labor and capital before they are permitted to make a division between themselves. While interest, profit and wages stand still or decline, the rent of land steadily increases; and to the owners of land accrue all the benefits of material progress. Labor-saving machinery, inventions of all kinds, increased efficiency in methods of production, profit sharing or co-operation, none of these can ever permanently benefit labor or capital so long as the owners of land are permitted to absorb all their results. I do not regard the abolition of private ownership of land as the ultimate of social progress. On the contrary I consider it only the beginning. Destroy this barrier that has ever turned back the civilizations of the past, and the path lies open to a social condition that has hitherto only been dreamed of by poets and enthusiasts. To me it seems clear that there lies before us only two alternatives: the adoption of what is now known as the Single Tax, or an armed conflict between the classes and the masses. The 'profit sharing' of Mr. Gilman is as adequate to meet the emergency as would be the politicking of a finger to cure a constitutional disease.

Parkersburg, W. Va. C. G. ABRAMSON.

Sturgis, Mich., Yearly Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The thirty-first yearly meeting of the Sturgis Harmonical Society closed its three days' sessions Sunday evening, June 18th, and proved, like all preceding meetings, to be of value and weight as well as of marked interest. The overwhelming numbers who came, in past years, when this was the only Mecca for such truth-seeking pilgrims, have many other places to visit in these days of grove and camp meetings so that fewer come here, yet before the close the pleasant Free Church was well filled with thoughtful people. Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Moulton spoke well. Dr. Spinney being present, he was called out for a good horn. I had my word to say. Mrs. Belle Hamilton and Mrs. Reed interested the audience by their tests, and the eight sessions were well filled. Mrs. Fox from California, formerly a well known resident here, spoke with marked effect in the conferences and met cordial greetings from her friends. The officers and members of the society here are satisfied that another meeting must be held—many more, they trust.

G. B. STEBBINS.

One of Many.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Although out of place in a business letter, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the handsome manner in which you showed up the sham and pretence of the "heads" of the T.S., who, under cover of some very beautiful truths and precepts were seeking personal preferment through thinly disguised blackmail and boycott of editors. Brooklyn, N. Y. N. A. CONKLIN.

Keep Your Blood Pure.

There can be no healthy condition of the body unless the blood is rich in the materials necessary to repair the waste of the system. When the blood is pure, and circulation good, all the functions are equipped to do their allotted duties; but when the blood is thin or impure, some corresponding weakness will surely result, and in this low state the system becomes more susceptible to disease.

We believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is the very best medicine to take to keep the blood pure and to expel the germs of scrofula, salt rheum, and other poisons which cause so much suffering, and sooner or later undermine the general health. By its popular curative power, Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease.

This is the best season to take a good blood purifier and toner like Hood's Sarsaparilla, for at this season the body is especially susceptible to benefit from medicine. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

A Beautiful Picture.

We have received from Mr. O. W. Buggies, General Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central R. R., a very beautiful picture, entitled "A Michigan Central train passing Niagara Falls." It is a remarkably fine reproduction of an original water color by the famous artist Mr. Chas. Graham, New York City.

The tones, effects and coloring of the original are faithfully retained. The publishing of so superior a work of art is a striking proof of Mr. Buggies' genius and energy and of the enterprise of the Michigan Central Company, which does not cease short of the utmost care for the safety and comfort of every passenger. Owing to the limited issue and considerable cost Mr. Buggies will not attempt a widespread gratuitous distribution, but will be happy to supply the public with copies of the picture, for the nominal sum of 50 cents, until the edition is exhausted. But no more than two copies can be spared for one address. Those ordering should address O. W. Buggies, G. P. A. Michigan Central Railroad Co., Chicago, Ill.

National Educational Association Meeting.

will be held at Nashville, July 16th to 19th. Go via the Evansville Route. It is fifty miles the shortest, eight hours the quickest, and is the only line running through cars between Chicago and Nashville. Its facilities are unequalled, and the finest and most luxurious Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars and elegant Day Coaches run through without change.

For this occasion a very low excursion rate will be made, which includes a side trip to Mammoth Cave, either going or returning. Also, those who desire to vary their trip by going or returning via Louisville will have an opportunity given them of doing so. Tickets will be on sale from all points July 1st to 15th, good until Sept. 5th returning.

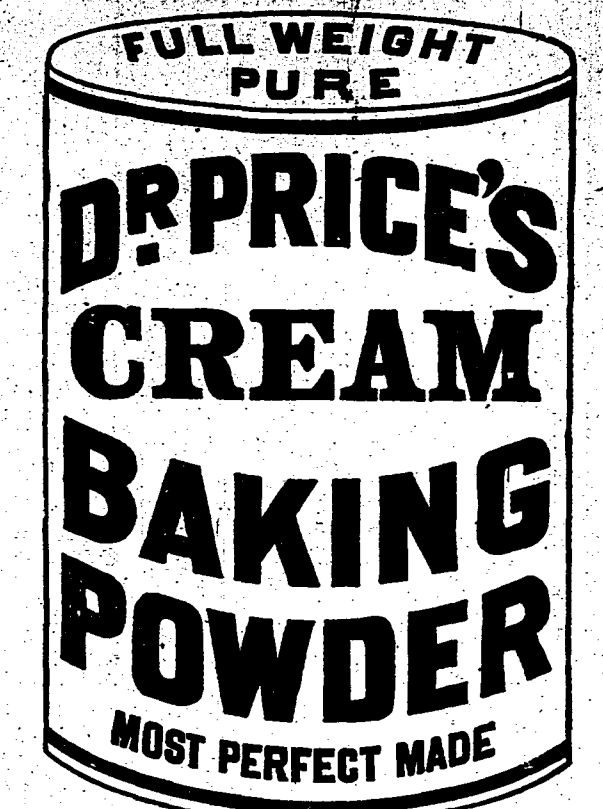
The Chicago and Nashville Fast Train leaves Chicago (Dearborn Station) at 3:50 p. m., daily, and arrives at Nashville the following morning for breakfast at 7:10 o'clock, a run of only 15 hours and 20 minutes. Night Express leaves at 11:20 p. m.

No extra fare is charged on Fast Train, and the sleeping car rate from Chicago to Nashville is less by this route than by any other being only \$2.50 for one double berth.

Reservations for sleeping cars can be made ten days in advance by addressing Ticket Agent Evansville Route, 64 Clark St.

For further particulars address William Hill, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago and Eastern Illinois R.R., Chicago.

A French paper states that at Cherbourg a short time ago two sailors were found in the morning, till 5 in the evening under water at the depth of ten meters in a submarine torpedo boat, without experiencing the least inconvenience. They were constantly in communication by telephone with a commission.



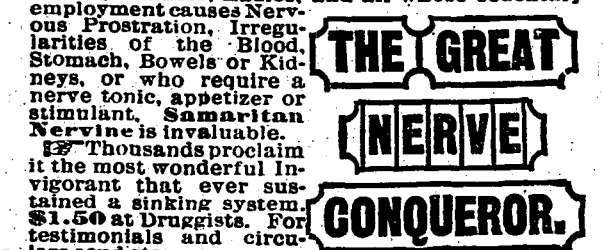
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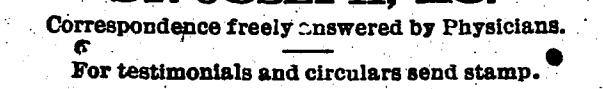
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